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CV. 1.
THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE:

CONDUCTED

BY THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



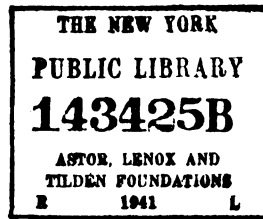
"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudaeque YALENSES
Cantabunt SOBOLIS unanimique PATRES."

VOLUME THIRTY-TWO.

NEW HAVEN:
PUBLISHED AT No. 34 SOUTH MIDDLE.
City Agent, T. H. Pease.
PRINTED BY TUTTLE, MOREHOUSE & TAYLOR.

MDCCCLXVII.

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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXII.

OCTOBER, 1866.

No. 1.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '67.

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J. JAY DUBOIS,

JOSEPH W. HARTSHORN,

RICHARD W. WOODWARD.

Concerning Things Unfinished.

It appears to me that the old proverb, "The more knowledge, the more sorrow," had its origin in the fact, that following after education, and growing with its growth, is the idea of incompleteness, perpetually haunting the mind, and marring the delight of all attainments, up to the very moment when this one-sided, unfinished thing which we call life, is "rounded with a sleep." Perfection, in human affairs, is a thing outside of rational belief. But it avails well, so far as it is understood, as a standard; being permanent and universal, because beyond all attainment.

There are periods in our life whose approaching conclusion awakens a more than usually earnest inquiry concerning its comparative completeness. Many of us have just welcomed one another back to a year of companionship, which concludes one phase of our lives; and it is naturally regarded with questioning scrutiny, to discover what things unfinished we have still power to perfect, ere it closes. We have arrived so far on our way, that by a comparison of our acquirements with an outlook to our proposed relations with the world, we may judge, with some degree of accuracy, what is wanting, and what may yet be supplied. Of course, whatever peculiar advantages of study this last year has in store for us, must be left out of consideration. But a candid self-examination, and a somewhat extended intercourse with fellow-students, convinces me that we are likely to

graduate with certain marked deficiencies, which are hardly to be expected among persons possessing so high a degree of mental culture.

The chief of these deficiencies appears to be an indefinite and unreliable foundation for our individual beliefs. This is not, perhaps, peculiar to the present Class of Students. Some of us will remember that a Professor recently remarked, that he had rarely met a man of liberal education, who could concentrate his thoughts for an hour upon one subject, go into the roots of it, and thoroughly understand it. But the evils of our predecessors have no claim upon our tolerance, and certainly do not deserve to be transmitted farther.

We have decided opinions. The outlines of our beliefs on subjects of politics, religion, and human nature, may, perhaps, be distinctly drawn. But, few of us could tell how those beliefs have arisen, or to what result they are leading us. They have been mostly adopted by authority, or have been shoved into our creed by the pressure of surrounding circumstances. Once there, they are regarded as fixtures. If they are the occasion of thought at all, it is to find arguments to support them, not to investigate their truth. Even these are not often our own. We read the current arguments which favor the side we have chosen, or hear them repeated from pulpit or platform. Received without creative thought, the chief points only are remembered; and if suddenly called upon to defend our position, our remarks would be mostly confined to vehement assertions, with little connection to give them force. A conversation with a majority of students will betray the fact, that their opinions are not generally the result of patient questioning, profound reflection, or unbiassed judgment; but that they are, rather, influenced by certain plausible generalities, and little versed in regard to the extent or nature of the particular truths upon which these are based. There are, among us, thoughtful, earnest men, who will indignantly deny these statements, as respects themselves. To such I do not address myself. But there is another and larger class, who will perhaps be surprised by a candid inspection of their own minds.

Inconsistent as is this state of things with the purpose of a College education, its prevalence is in part due to that very thing. We come to College with a vast reverence for the learned men who are its life and strength. This is natural. We had long ago believed knowledge the most ennobling of all acquirements. Hence our aspirations. It approaches a reverence for our own ideal selves. The customs of College life tend to increase our respect for these eminent men, and

almost to establish their infallibility. Why should we question the theories of such embodiments of truth?

This feeling is confirmed and strengthened by the daily routine of study. The student's thought is forced into certain fixed channels. He daily commits to memory a certain number of pages. His capacity is measured, not so much by the amount of thought bestowed on the subject, as by the exactness of his memory. If he reflects at all, he may differ from certain theories and assertions. But he may not presume to express the difference; for his *standing* is at stake. In a majority of cases, the student's energies are turned to the task of keeping this as high as possible. And to this end he speedily learns to cultivate the power of reception, rather than of development of knowledge. A free translation of a classic author would not be accepted in a recitation room, nor is the sense of his writings called for, except as expressed in a literal change of word, sentence, and paragraph, from one language into another. The validity of his reasoning is neither questioned nor approved. Beauty of thought and expression is seldom noticed. The truth of historical statements is seldom commented upon. It cannot be denied that this method of study engenders habits of accuracy; but it must also be acknowledged, that if the power of original thought is not greatly narrowed, it is not much developed. And yet, I believe that mistakes, resulting from the careful consideration of a question, are a better sign in a learner, than the unqualified adoption of a correct result, the problem in the latter case being, question and answer given, to find the connection between them.

There is, to be sure, one department, in which the student is expected to employ and express his own thoughts. I refer to the exercise of English Composition. And perhaps nowhere, in the prescribed course of study, is this ill-built, neglected structure of opinion, more clearly revealed, than here. I do not include the most finished productions of College, such as Townsend Premiums, and the more fortunate of Prize Debates, but to the ordinary exercises of the class. These, indeed, are the only calls for original thought which the student is expected to answer. Here, we must acknowledge, his ideas are not forced into fixed channels. The subject only is given, and only propriety demanded. He has no past suggestions to follow; no individual faults have been pointed out for his correction. Constituted authority has planted the subject before him, like a dead tree-trunk in a desert plain. Naturally relying on this authority, he thinks of but one rule for his guidance, which is the spirit of the class-room, namely, "Confine yourself to the text." How carefully he follows this, any

one may determine by visiting the Libraries, immediately after the subjects are given out. We have even known cases where the labor of compilation and arrangement appeared too great, and it was performed by some more energetic classmate. Thus the student's degree finds him with the faculty of independent thinking yet in its infancy, and the manner of its culture and growth yet unlearned.

As a result of these things, the student's social life is a re-action, a rebound from his mental labor. He has not the incitement which a free discussion in reciting would give, to make investigation or original comment. To the necessary spur of a compulsory recitation, is added the close confinement to a train of thought, which, taken piecemeal, as it must be, is sometimes clumsy and obscure. At least, it does not always readily adapt itself to every mind, and its repetition in the Class room, stripped of the individuality which a greater freedom of expression would give it, becomes dull and tiresome. The Tutor clings desperately to his text, suggesting only the driest kind of comment, inviting none at all. As the hour drags slowly on, the student often seeks relief in boyish activity. This is annoying. Wholesome discipline checks it. But whenever the burden of compulsory labor is lifted, the reaction is complete. From absolute confinement, without play of fancy, he seeks unrestricted freedom. And he makes this to consist in the absence of all reflection and serious thought. There seems to be, on one side, a continual effort to make study a boy's task, instead of a man's delight; an effort which smacks somewhat of the times when students had their ears publicly boxed, while kneeling in front of the Chapel pulpit. On the other side, the results are everywhere evident. The distinctive marks of College life are not generally such as refer to intellectual pursuits, unless we so interpret the oft-repeated expressions, rush, fizzle, flunk, or the occasional use of a classic nickname, but those which refer to the sports and pastimes which would naturally arise among any organized body of young men. Admiring friends and relatives look wonderingly at gilded badges, adorned with mysterious Greek characters, and congratulate us upon the intellectual advancement which such a connexion affords. And perhaps it is better not to surprise them with conclusions drawn from experience. Table-talk and conversational gatherings betray a sensitive shudder, when a thought creeps in of sufficient depth and importance to jostle one's mind. Conversational criticism, when it is introduced, dwells upon the manner, rather than the matter of a sermon or lecture. The style of delivery, *the pronunciation of particular words*, the frequency and aptness of

quotations, make up the chief points of observation. The large Societies, as they are at present conducted, serve little purpose, save as a libel upon the public spirit of College. The questions there proposed are, usually, such as affect the principles which are the basis of every one's creed, and an intelligent comparison of sentiments is the best possible means of confirming a right judgment, or overthrowing a false one. But neither Society, with a list of some two hundred active members, can muster an average attendance of more than a single score.

For this inefficient, tardy growth of independent thought, there is but one means of reform, and that is, a steady and determined resistance to those influences which produce this mental condition. By this I do not mean a rebellion against College authority. The Round Table has seen fit, from time to time, collectively, to baptize the Faculty with the name of "Old Foggy," and with some show of reason, has declared that they do not take advantage of certain wise suggestions of the times. But they devote themselves, whether rightly or not, to the work of guiding, rather than of creating, mental activity. And if we do not give evidence of sufficient motor power to make headway over the less worn roads, we must be content to be led through the older paths. The College, more perhaps than we imagine, is dependent upon its young men, for its public spirit and its progress. This is fully shown by the past. The history of European Universities has, at times, become an important part of the history of the Commonwealth, when the problems of society and the principles which govern the State, are examined with an active *personal* interest, and the careless dependence of boyhood has given place, by the pressure of emergencies, to the responsible feeling of an educated, vigorous manhood.

Resistance, then, must consist in a disposition to pursue, persistently, those means which seem to us best adapted to promote individual improvement; to determine, *for ourselves*, our position with respect to the leading topics of the day; to call in question any opinion, however old or well-attested, with all due deference to the wisdom of its originator, but none whatever to his supposed infallibility; when we arrive at a conclusion by mature reflection, to fortify it as far as possible, and then defend it; and to regard standing, which is an enlarged edition of the tactics applied to infant spelling-classes, as of little value, beside a thorough and appreciative understanding of subjects which most concern us here, and in the future to which we are looking. *By this I do not mean to express disrespect for the studies*

appointed. I acknowledge, for the present at least, that others know more about our real inclinations than our experience reveals to us; (for there can be little improvement in the face of inclination and prejudice.) But I mean, to deprecate the excessive devotion to that problem of College ethics, which is, how can we attain the highest possible standing, with the least possible study? At the best, we are too apt to satisfy our consciences with the tasks laid upon us, and to regard them as covering our whole duty. But they are tasks with definite boundaries, plain and easy, compared with the labor of deciding for ourselves those questions concerning which the wisest minds are at variance. Nevertheless, it is by earnest discussion and reflection upon these questions, that the main ends of College life are to be attained, namely, a greater nobility of life, and a more rapid and equal intellectual growth. And no College can be worthy of the character which such institutions claim, until it possesses a voluntary, active, and continued growth of this spirit of investigation, and a manly, though respectful, mental independence.

Four Years.

"And on her bonnet graved was plain
The sacred posy—libertie."

BURNS.

The dismal storm of war howls o'er the land;
Black threatening clouds sweep through the humid air.
The lightnings forkéd flash and lurid glare,
Pierce through the pall of darkness and reveal
Rivers of blood and rivulets of tears,
Where yesterday the piping times of peace
Made laughter echo and made gains increase.
Anvil and sledge forget their cheerful clang;
Grim famine stalks triumphant everywhere;
The orphan begs, the widow shelter craves.
The fertile plain is rich with new made graves,
And strewed with carrion and bleaching bones.

On the brow of yonder hill,
See the rebel ramparts grim,
Frowning darkly through the dim
Dawn-light of the morning still.

'Long the foot-path here ascending,
Loyal troops their way are wending,
Silent all.
Each brow with firm resolve is knit;
Each eye with battle-zeal is lit.
Hear the call
From the van!
Every man
Gladly hears the order "Forward!
Vengeance be your fearful watchword!
Liberty
Your battle-cry!"
Now may the God of battles shield
Our forces on the bloody field!

Hark! The musket's deadly volley
Rings upon the air!
"Up, my men! No flinching! Rally
'Neath the old flag floating there!
Forward! Steady!
Muskets ready!
Not a shot till on the walls
Of yonder battery, 'mid the balls
That strew the field with dead!
Then let loose your sword-blades, glimmering,
Sabres thirsty, bayonets shimmering!
Dose them well with 'Yankee lead!'"
In the face of cannon deadly,
To the musket's martial medley,
Upward still!
Lock-step, quick-step, but they now
Cheering, shouting, reach the brow
Of the hill!

Stripes and stars,
Stars and bars,
Mingle folds, so close the battle.
Listen now! The hoarse death-rattle!
Cursing, groaning,
Praying, moaning,
See them writhe in death's cold shiver,
Warrior's crossing Time's dark river!
Clashing arms and roaring cannon!
Life-ties snapped asunder!

See! they have the rebel pennon!
Shouts now rend the air like thunder,
Hand to hand
The patriot band
Struggles with the traitor foe,
And streams of crimson heart's-blood flow.
But look! A panic in their rear!
Their phalanx breaks—they flee! They flee!
The air resounds with cheer on cheer,
And joyful shouts of "Victory!"

The fight is o'er—the field is won,
Cannon and sword their work have done.
The golden West
Lights up the exit of departing day,
And o'er the battered walls the sun's last ray
A moment rests
Upon "old glory," true,
Our dear red, white and blue.
Long may it wave o'er every foot of sod
Sacred to Justice, Liberty and God!

Amid the desolation drear,
And in the war's alarm,
Is heard the voice of fervent prayer,
Like Christ amid the storm.

The suppliants raise their toil-worn bands,
And hearts with sorrow sore,
To Him who notes the sparrow's fall,
And helps the helpless poor.

"Oh God of Freedom! Hear our earnest prayer,
These clanking chains, the shriek of black Despair,
Exert Thy power to set us free!
Hasten the hour of liberty!
Oh heat the furnace of Thy vengeful ire,
And melt the links of slavery in its fire!"

Up to the heaven of the Eternal One,
Like incense, from the altar to the throne,
Wafted on gentle zephyrs to the skies,
The prayers of Afric's weary children rise.—

A gracious Father wipes away their tears,
And, swift to vengeance gives—Oh gift sublime!—
An armored knight against the dragon fierce,
A heaven-born Lincoln 'gainst a hell-born crime.

He saw the lowering clouds o'erhead,
 Black with the nation's bitter woe;
 He saw the lightning flashing red,
 Boding the nation's overthrow.

He grasped the pen with eager hand—
 A pen of fire and dipped in gore—
 Proclaiming freedom through the land
 "Thenceforward and Forevermore,"

*"In '63, upon the New Year's morn,
 The chains of Slavery shall rive in twain,
 And every mortal, free and equal born,
 Shall free and equal walk the earth again!"*

Freedom's joyous bell is ringing,
 Angel voices praise are singing;
 And the oppressed are shouting "Free,
 "Free, forever free!"

Loud oppression's bell is tolling,
 On the tidings glad are rolling,
 And hills and vales are echoing "Free,
 "Free, forever free!"

Loud hallelujahs rend the air;
 Hosanna!
 Thanks vesper breezes heavenward bear;
 Hosanna!
 Glory to God! To God the praise!
 Four million freemen voices raise
 To swell the loud hosanna!

The grass-grown streets resound at last,
 And paupers feast and mourners jest,
 And swords are into ploughshares cast;
 The bloody times of war are past!

The cannon's gaping mouth is dumb;
 No whistling ball, no hissing bomb,
 No clang, nor groan, nor dying gloom;
 The "piping times of peace" are come!

But bells are tolling and mourners are weeping,
 The armored knight his last sleep is sleeping,
 His work was finished; his Captain said "Come,
 For the victor's crown to the patriot's home!"

Spread thy verdure, lovely Nature,
 Pour thy sunshine on the mound,

Where the ashes of the martyr
'Wait the trumpet's wakening sound

Free Columbia, in thy glory—
Purchase of the martyr's blood—
Cherish dearly, love forever,
"Justice, Liberty, and God!"

D. J. B.

Griselda.

IT very commonly happens that popular opinion concerning a subject, establishes itself upon popular rumor. Especially is this the case with regard to literature and the arts. Man will seldom be careful to oppose the general sentiment as to this work of fiction, or that piece of statuary. Rather will he receive that sentiment as his own, and thereby save himself the trouble of "explaining his position." And while one man thus thinks and acts, the opinion, the fame, the rumor issues from ten thousand mouths, is proclaimed through the world, and is unanimously accepted as finally settling the mooted point. So a volume is published, sent abroad, and, as chance wills it, praised or condemned, and that for all future time.

These reflections stole upon us after reading Chaucer's "Clerk's Tale," in which the ever-famous Griselda makes her first and only appearance on the great stage. Having finished the story, we naturally formed an opinion thereof, and this opinion, to our utter surprise, seemed to disagree entirely with the popular one. Everywhere we had been accustomed to hear naught but praise bestowed upon the fair heroine. We had continually heard of the "exquisite story of Griselda," "the patient Griselda," and so forth. The plot is universally denominated "perfect," "beautiful," and the like. Now, following, doubtless, a wrong line of reasoning, we had arrived at a conclusion that rendered necessary, for the expression of our idea of the plot, a set of adjectives and epithets entirely different from that employed above. And this conclusion, not without much fear and trembling, we herewith submit.

First, let us rehearse the plot.

The clerk of Oxford, being requested to produce a story, begins the recital of one which he claims to have learned from Petrarch, that ancient bard of Italy. The plot of the story is simple and singular;

from its singularity it becomes interesting. A Marquis has for a long time been the object of his subjects' love and admiration. The good people are dissatisfied with their lord in only one particular, and that is his solitary mode of life. He has no wife, nor is he seemingly desirous of having one. Thereat the burgesses are greatly exercised, fearing that, when their patron shall die, they may not be treated so kindly by the succeeding Marquis. They therefore importune Walter, the present incumbent, to marry. He consents to obey their whim, and accordingly selects Griselda, a poor but beautiful maiden, who lived not far from the palace, to fill the position of Marchioness. He mentions his choice to Griselda the daughter, and Janicola the father, who present no objections to the plan. She accepts the proffered hand and fortune, promising to obey Walter "in all things, as a good wife should." Shortly afterwards they are married with great display of pomp and royal magnificence. They then lived together most happily for a time. At length, having found that his wife is everything that could be desired,—that she is faithful, kind, even-tempered and dutiful, the Marquis is seized with an unnatural desire to tempt her. He wishes to see whether she will preserve her equanimity when covered with the cloud of adversity. He accordingly, under a shallow pretext, causes her child to be conveyed to a distant town, and causes her to believe that he has ordered it to be slain. This she believes, but makes no indignant protest against the inhuman proceeding, saying only that she is in duty bound to will as he wills, and desiring only that the child may be decently interred. Her second child is treated in the same manner, and still is Griselda all submission and humility. As if exasperated by her very meekness, Walter concocts still another scheme for overthrowing his wife. He falsely declares that his people are displeased with her, and that the Pope has commanded him to take a new companion, in order that no strife may spring up between Marquis and subjects. This he proceeds to do, while Griselda meekly, almost cheerfully, leaves the palace, and, clothed meanly and insufficiently, returns to her poor father. All this she does through love for her false and brutal husband. Finally it appears that the Marquis' intended is, in fact, his daughter, kept in concealment by him for twelve years, and that his second child, a son, is still alive. The husband having accomplished his design, relents. Then comes the announcement to Griselda of the children's safety, the confession by Walter of his deception, and the reinstating of Griselda in her former position.

Now we find little beauty in the plot, taken *as* a plot. In our humble opinion, beauty dwells not in the unnatural and the cruel. And

that one personage in the story exhibits in his organization an almost unprecedented combination of the meanest cruelty, most bigoted perversity, most obstinate thick-headedness, none will deny. Walter is one of the greatest simpletons and, at the same time, one of the most fiendish villains of whom we have ever been so unfortunate as to have read. He is represented as endeavoring to tempt a wife who had always given evidence of absolute goodness. Upon this the whole interest of the story rests; this is the plot. Now how much beauty is there in this conception? How much loveliness exists there in brutality, in persecution, in infanticide? Absolutely none.

But let us turn to the people. Here doubtless we shall find industry, morality and common sense. But how are they represented? The first view that we catch of the populace is one which is rather of a ridiculous nature than otherwise. For with great solemnity the worthy folk gather before his Majesty, and straightway the previously chosen orator of the day presents his humble petition. He, in the name of the assembled audience, prays the Marquis to wive, as he expresses himself. The whole proceeding could hardly have been more gravely carried on, had the people desired a respite from tyrannical oppression. The cause of their unique desire is not, however, without weight, and we might overlook this curious exhibition of popular whimsicality, had we no further intimation of similar peculiarity. But the people are inconstant. The very ones who most revered Griselda regnant, forget Griselda dethroned, and bow before the new idol. This may be very true, and in accordance with the actions of men, but we do not perceive any beauty therein.

Let us now with great caution approach Griselda. This is almost holy ground. The nature of Griselda seems to us to be a combination of love, humility, gentleness, conscientiousness, respect, and—I am sorry to add—folly. As a maiden, assisting her poverty-cursed father, attending to her simple duties with cheerfulness and assiduity, void of pride and ambition, she presents a most charming picture. But, unlike the majority of her sisters, she cannot be said to have been improved by marriage. In her second sphere, her *good* qualities, it is true, still shine forth, unimpaired in lustre. But we fail to detect any charm in her celebrated “patience.” Any woman that will see her unweaned infant torn from her breast and slain, by command of her husband; any woman that will suffer herself to be driven from her rightful place, and cast forth, with bare feet and uncovered head, into the road; any woman, in fine, that will endure what Griselda endured, *and be silent, as Griselda was*, and even uphold her persecution, as

Griselda did, is unworthy of the sacred name of wife, and the more sacred name of mother! Such conduct as Griselda exhibited, is more than foolish; it is wrong. It may be said that a strong, womanly love prompted her to do as she did. Truly she must have loved her husband much! You may search through the annals of history, and you will not find, in human love, a parallel to hers. We have heard of drunkards' wives who endured much, but we never before heard of any woman countenancing and upholding the murder of her children by her husband. Her love was cruel: and not only was it cruel, but it was unnatural. We do not believe that the woman ever had being who would make a like sacrifice to love. Thus we think that the whole plot is cruel and unnatural, and for this reason, as we stated at the outset, we claim that it is not beautiful. C. S. E.

Summer Rain. •

OH darling rain outside my chamber sobbing,
Soothing with loving tears earth's fevered plain,
Steal to my heart and still its deep, wild throbbing;
Scatter its voiceless, never-ending pain.

A weary, vague unrest seems ever dwelling
Within my soul, with longings yet unthought,
And tears unbidden, fast from mine eyelids welling,
With shadowy myst'ries seem so strangely fraught.

Visions of radiant beauty often fill me
With joy and love, as birds at earliest dawn;
But while their forms of beatific splendor thrill me,
Flitting like shadows, they are lost and gone.

Panting with wild despair, and hope, and longing,
My soul grows faint with waiting their return,
And ever, on the altar of the heart are throbbing
The same wild hopes; alas, how fast they burn!

Thought in its wildest searching never entered
This world of mystery and of sad unrest.
Alas! nor words expressed the longing centered
Deep in the soul, 'twere worse than useless quest.

Weakling I strive, yet sometimes catch the gleaming
Of snowy sails, spread o'er the crystal sea;
But while I gaze—*would I were only dreaming*—
The pictured radiance fades far out to lee.

O darling rain outside my chamber sobbing,
Low crooning wind, with gentlest music sing;
Steal to my heart and still its deep, wild throbbing;
Soothe in my soul the pain which there must cling.

c.

Prescott, the Historian.

THE death of no literary man in this country, except Irving, has caused such universal regret as Prescott's. The nation had reason to mourn. Few men have contributed more to the honor of their country; few have deserved equal praise for personal merits. His literary services deserve the deepest gratitude, and his personal character is worthy of studious emulation.

He commenced his literary labors when American authorship, beginning to assume the dignity of a profession, appealed earnestly for just such writers. The Revolution had cast odium on English ideas, and a period had been opportunely embraced, to lay the foundation of a style of thought and writing wholly American. He was not one of the pioneers in this work. American literature had already been launched, a small and modest bark, but sufficiently large to dispel doubt as to the capability of the country in this respect, before he began. Usually when a people first attempt to create a literature, some great writers arise and furnish, to a certain extent, a model. Homer the bard, and Herodotus "The Father of History," appeared in Greece; Ennius was called "The Father of the Latin song;" England had Chaucer and Shakespeare. This feature had not been so marked in our country. Force and elegance had characterized writings previous to the Revolution; but a style purely American had not been originated. The reason is obvious. We were then English colonies. English books were our books. What American books there were had been published by men educated in England. Their productions were good but not peculiarly national. The English co-

temporary writers, Pope and Gay, Swift and Addison, were exerting their influence as models. But when the Revolution came it was a revolution of thought as well as of colonies, and the English style was required to give way to the temper of the public mind. When it had attained its height, the throes of liberty called forth authors permeated with the spirit of independence, and their writings were as averse to the English style and thought as freedom itself to royalty. Then came Marshall the jurist, Graydon and Wirt and Brown the novelists, their books infused with the spirit of the day, and Washington Irving crowned the list. So, by the time of Prescott, a literature had been started, but it was mostly a field of tender herbs, and it needed the introduction of a more sturdy plant. No style or nature of writing could be more acceptable than his. His fame throughout the world proves the worth of his substantial tribute to our young literature. His books have contributed more perhaps than any others to its respect abroad. The nation also must take pride in claiming a writer whose repute gives indications of growing for centuries. For a good history is better with age, and the older becomes the faithful record of events contiguous to the early settlement of this country, the more will it be prized and needed in the researches of the future historian.

The life of Mr. Prescott, "The Gentleman of Letters," as he received the appellation, was a beautiful and glorious one, and it is profitable for the consideration of his countrymen. A great historian had not been foreshadowed in the smiling fortune and easy disposition allotted him by nature. These blessings usually present a temptation toward a life of elegant ease too alluring for resistance. His temptation had been peculiarly strong. He was heir to a proud legacy. He was the grandson of Col. Prescott the hero of Bunker Hill. His father was a distinguished and prosperous lawyer. He had graduated at Harvard College with sufficient honor to ensure him, in connection with his inherited distinction, a high standing in a refined and literary circle which had already won to Boston the name of "The American Athens." Here his genial nature and amiable character were promised great appreciation without an effort to secure honor by his own achievements. Nor would he have lacked an apology for yielding to the enticement. As if the Siren voice of pleasure were insufficient, calamity had extended her palsied arm and smitten from his use a sense which seems indispensable to any occupation. The dark veil of blindness had fallen over him. But while it left him unfitted for any labor, it had not marred his comely features, and so-

ciety still presented an open door to its favorite. But Prescott had been endowed with nature's noblest gift,—a firm will. Against this the attractions of a life of ease could not prevail. Blindness could not enforce its claim to regard, and he did not pause at the choice of Hercules.—

“He storms the mound, the bulwark falls.”

He contemplated a literary life. Fiction or poetry seemed his department, but a noble aspiration and desire for usefulness stood in another path and beckoned him thither. He chose History, and plunged into his task vowing “Muse of History never to desert thy altar though I may have little incense to offer.” Few men in this country have devoted themselves so closely to literary pursuits. His blindness was partly the cause, but his sacrifice was complete. He presented to his work his time, his attention and means. This was a rare phase of life in America. Not so strange perhaps in his own favored community, but at variance with the bustle of commerce and hum of business in the newer portions of the country. Such a life is here so unusual that we almost regard it as some fairy dream. It seems like a shepherd's life on the hills of the Holy Land, beautiful as we behold it, but entirely contrary to our surroundings. Yet every writer who presents so clearly the attractions of literary occupations must be hailed with joy by those who hope for the advance of our literature and who consider its progress wholly compatible with the developement of an infant nation. They must see that every such example furnishes an incentive for the extension of education and refinement. It is with respect to the devotion of his entire attention to such labors, that Mr. Prescott differed from Mr. Bancroft. The latter has occupied part of his time in composing a good history, but the country must regret the part spent in political life, as distracting his attention from the higher pursuit. Prescott was no politician. Undoubtedly it was not to his taste; but the conscientious manner in which his whole work was executed, induces the belief that he refrained from absorbing interest in the questions of the day, fearing to disturb the justness and accuracy of his representations. Some have thought his entire renunciation of other pursuits to have detracted from the merit of his writings. Gibbon has said that he owes the excellence of his history very much to his military life. Prescott's books have been thought to lack something to be supplied in the same way. But the clear and distinct truthfulness far more than compensates. Blindness in his case would have prohibited very exciting occupation;

but he was not wholly without the spirit of the day. His early life had been spent in stirring times. He had scarcely entered college when the country was echoing with the war-cry from Tippecanoe in the West. He was reading of Platea and Salamis when the guns of the Chesapeake and Shannon were resounding in his ear from Boston Harbor. His life was sufficiently active for a historian. It may be questioned, also, whether our national character does not contain the elements of vigor and life in a degree sufficient to endanger constancy, if the American author participates in pursuits of a very active nature for the purpose of acquiring practical ideas for his book. To the public mind, also, surfeited with the boisterous style of the current literature, something of the opposite nature must ever be acceptable.

Mr. Prescott's private character was high and noble. He is remembered among a circle of honored friends as an estimable and agreeable companion. His nature was winning, and his attention was constantly on guard against any word or action to offend. If anything could be more praiseworthy than his amiability, it was his industry. It has been remarked that he was not naturally diligent. His habits show that his perseverance cost a painful struggle. "It is of little moment whether I succeed in this or that thing provided I am habitually industrious." This was his battle hymn when the conflict between Will and Inclination became critical, and it evinces that the historian's success was well earned. But his aversion to labor was not from an inactive mind. Reading was a pastime, and a style of reading which some would deem onerous, he considered his "literary loafing." His habits of composing abundantly prove that his mind was remarkably active and vigorous. Compelled to make it assume the duties of the eyes, he listened to the perusal of the historical materials, and then composed mentally, dictating the beautiful rythm of his histories to the pen of a secretary. This process necessitated the most comprehensive knowledge of the subject, the retention of all the facts in memory, and the complete maturity of the work. Cousequently his books are marked as productions of the intellect, and perhaps here may be discerned the cause of that vivacity of style for which they are notorious; for no critic has dared to disallow this merit.

Mr. Prescott's diligence was, remembering his advantages, prolific in results. Industry and perseverance are rivals of genius and ability, and the works of both are before the world to be judged of their relative merits. The former accomplish a sure and useful work. The latter lead a brilliant train; their effects shoot off like meteors, but like meteoric masses they lose their brilliancy with their heat, and

then can be judged only of their bulk and density and gravity. The ponderous efficacy of the former is then found to outweigh them. Genius and ability were not wanting to Prescott, but it was by uniting with them his patient industry that he conquered his nature and rose to a high position among the historians of the world. But stringent measures were adopted. His habits of literary labor and all the duties of life were subjected to such inexorable scrutiny and ceaseless regularity, that an insight to his rules of conduct suggests to the mind a living machine. But it is astonishing to find that these restrictions were unsuspected by his most intimate friends, and only discovered when the sacred mysteries of his private memoranda were exposed to view. Among his friends he seemed the most unconstrained of all. This indeed was a marked characteristic, and together with his genial nature, held in captivity to his graces the affections of all to whom fame gave introduction. These included the "fore front" rank of the literary world. He was the leading spirit in a circle of familiar companions whose names are written high in the estimation of the public. The social and literary gatherings of this pleasant coterie, call to mind those meetings of the "wits of the day" in England when Johnson's profound erudition, Goldsmith's absurd vagaries, and Garrick's facetious repartee, made in truth "a feast of reason and flow of soul." On such occasions the presence of Prescott was demanded, for in him alone were united the peculiarities which distinguished each of his three predecessors of the "Literary Club." But his friendships extended beyond his own community. Throughout this country he had devoted friends. In Europe they were equally numerous and attached. Where distinction and rank are wont to cool social intercourse, the great and illustrious were drawn into the magic toils of his fascination, and courtesy ripened to the warmest intimacy. Some of England's haughtiest aristocracy were proud to enlist among the number of his friends, and the impression of America and Americans, left by him on the minds of all, must justly increase our indebtedness.

His noblest characteristic was reflected from every page of his histories. His high regard for truth is manifest in every sentence. The ablest reviews could not find food for criticism in this quarter. His scrupulous regard for verity and truthfulness left no fuel for the scorching satire of professional censors. It was his habit to review and compare his productions until he was properly assured of their accuracy. He rightly considered that duty required unerring precision in historical statements, and admitted no deviation for speculative

indulgence. It is a historian's duty to moralize on the events of which he writes, but in such a manner as to preserve authenticity in his assertions. Caution against error led Prescott to dispense with speculation so far as to incur censure. But we must ever prize correct statements higher than the best conjecture. If we have the facts we may ourselves surmise and deduce our theory. But the historian who has the facts in his possession is a criminal if he does not present them uncolored. Justice insists that he shall not dye them in the hues of his own opinion. Mr. Prescott had not the insincerity to do this, and it requires no deep investigation to make the discovery. He wrote of the Inquisition, and though his heart shuddered at its bloody deeds, his pen did not tremble at the post of duty, and his fair impartiality is everywhere apparent. He wrote of the Reformation, and no one can allege that Catholicism received injustice from his religious opinions. He wrote of the discovery of America, and the hostility of his nation against the enemies of Columbus did not move him from the true character of the historian. His "Ferdinand and Isabella" treats of the age when literature was revived; when art was receiving its best incense at the altars of Angelo and Raphael; of the time when printing was learned, civilization advanced, a revolution of ideas begun:—but in all questions the feeling which men of the nineteenth century must entertain toward the sixteenth, could not influence the sincere integrity of the historian. His highest ambition in writing was to make a truthful history. The judgment of the world declares him preëminently successful in attaining his wish.

We may perhaps regret, at the first impulse, that Mr. Prescott did not devote his pen to the history of his own country. It was not for want of patriotism that he failed to do so. But the prospect did not seem so bright in that direction. It was occupied ground. Besides the thorough work of Mr. Bancroft, Hildreth had written the history of the United States. Many of Irving's historical works were upon American subjects. It was moreover not the period to write the history of this country as he wished. His manner was to wait till the causes could be discerned from the most remote effects, and portrayed with the certainty with which he pictured the times of Ferdinand. "I belong to the sixteenth century, and am quite out of place when I sleep elsewhere," was his humorous remark; but it is expressive of his actual feeling as a historian. He desired to wait till the events had become dimmed by age, then present them in such light that their beauty and force seemed almost new. In other paths also he was impeded. It was a time of historians. Writing in competition with

Hallam, Napier, Tytler and Macaulay, he deserves the highest credit for success; but he was obliged to select his subject warily. After mature investigation he describes a gap in the story of ages, which promised a glorious reward to the writer who could do it justice. Ten years of laborious research produced the "Ferdinand and Isabella," from the abundant materials collected by his perseverance and fortune. His popularity at home gave the book an immediate circulation. It crossed the ocean and sustained the ordeal of criticism in the best English reviews, with remarkable commendation. On the continent it was the same. It was translated into the languages of France, Italy, and Spain. The Spaniards received it with ecstacy. "Gonsalvo de Cordova," "Ximenes," were familiar names to them in tradition, but they had no good history of that age, and were not loth to acknowledge their obligation to the American author. It is probable that, had Prescott left this ground untrodden, American feet would never have ventured upon it, to win glory for this nation; to grant information intensely important to our early history; to write from our standpoint of view, and in such a manner as to be considered a standard authority throughout the world. His countrymen, then, cannot consider this, and "The Conquest of Mexico," subjects unfortunately chosen. On the contrary, they must be more thankful for Prescott, for his nativity, and his success.

A common affliction associates, in the mind, the name of Prescott with that of Milton. But though alike travelers on the road of misfortune, how unlike their voyages! Milton, his ship freighted with the accumulated products of study and learning, sails forth with a sublime imagination as his guiding star. Blindness overtakes him amid the storm of domestic and political persecution, and he is driven further and further from the path of comfort. His only faithful comrade is his cheerful spirit. His anchor drags through the sands of unmerited obloquy.

Prescott's fair craft puts to sea beneath a sunny sky, and from the lowering clouds of blindness falls only a shower of blessings. As he nears the end of life's journey, fame and reward send a cheering welcome. Milton, in a land where the family seat is handed down for centuries to successive descendants, died almost a wanderer. Prescott, in a country where children seldom drink from the same well as their fathers, lived and died in the home of his ancestors.

Within a short score of years the ranks of the literary world have been fearfully decimated. Humboldt fell at his post in Germany, Macaulay and Thackeray in England, Hawthorne, Choate, Everett,

and Prescott, in America. But though the same day saw the fall of so many captains, no name on the list has now a greater fame than Prescott.

The death of the great historian seemed a fit end to his life. A kind Providence seemed desirous of mitigating pain, and removing the terror of the grave. Death was sent in his mildest and most speedy form, and one quick stroke paralyzed the mortal frame, releasing a mind in the midst of its unimpaired vigor. He died engaged to the last in his work while each succeeding day was adding a brighter lustre to his renown. His farewell to life seems like the setting sun of a summer's day. We watch it from some eminence as it sinks lower, till now it hangs just above the edge of the horizon. Its disc is larger, and appears more beautiful, more subdued and gentle in its glare, than during its whole circuit over the heavens.

- "Low walks the sun and broadens by degrees
Just o'er the verge of day,"
• •

But behold, while we gaze, it quietly, suddenly, sinks away beneath the landscape,

"He dips his orb
Now half immersed; now a golden curve;
Gives one bright glance, then total disappears." W. A. M.

Jugging.

If the jug is not an element of civilization, it must still be confessed that it has always been its constant companion. They have progressed together, hand in handle, so to speak. In gloomy times the jug has grown in importance, and the oftener and more completely it has been overturned, the stronger and more deeply felt has been its influence. I suppose a jug was broken upon the bows of the Pilgrim ship when she was christened "Mayflower." That the Pilgrims found this homely earthen vessel a reliable agent for the amelioration of the "Lo!" condition of the "Poor Indian" and the shortening of his dreary life. Their Yankee descendants for many generations, found it difficult to raise their barns or gather their crops without its presence.

But forgetting the good it has done, they look with contempt upon the jug despoiled of its contents. They avoid an empty jug as they do an empty house, but for opposite reasons. The Pike of Missouri is wiser than his eastern brother. Having with his overflowing jug ensnared his fellow man, he snatches the opportunity when he finds it empty, to inveigle with it the rampant catfish. The catfish is amphibious, living in mud and water. Hence the largest, ugliest and most vivacious are found in the Missouri river. Wherever there is fever and ague, you will find catfish as thick as fleas in Italian monasteries. But which is cause and which effect, no one knows. His name is taken from that of the familiar domestic animal which he resembles in features and disposition, but he has no ear for music, and will not disturb a sleeper unless eaten in large quantity. I never saw one that had attained the scale, chromatic or otherwise. They are hard to kill; the surest way to dispatch them is to put them in clear water or tie them together in couples and let them fight it out. An enthusiastic friend of ours proposed that we should go "jugging" for catfish. He would furnish twelve jugs if we would get fifty feet of clothesline, and an equal amount of strong cord, with a number of fish hooks. We doubted his ability to find twelve unoccupied jugs in that region. But when he informed us that he should wait until the day after the county convention, our doubts were removed. He kept his word. We never saw jugs more thoroughly empty. Aurora arose rosy-fingered, red-faced and muggy, and found us at the landing. Our staunch skiff the "Semper Caput," (she never was beaten), was speedily loaded. We had intended to wait for the semi-weekly packet, which was due at sunrise, to tow us up the river some eight miles, and trust to the current to bring us back. She came in season, leaving a wake in the thick water resembling a furrow in a damp prairie, and we embarked, having tied our skiff to the stern of the "Badger," which boat we found furnished in that fashion of subdued elegance characteristic of western steamers. If the walls and ceiling of the gents' cabin had been made of meerschaum, its depth and evenness of color would have been admirable; a student of natural history would have revelled in the state rooms. She walked the water full of things of life. But the glory of the "Badger" was the "Exchange," whence the fluent barkeeper dispensed his "sod com," "hair puller," and "sudden glory." "Walk up, gentlemen, and replenish your vital current!" And we went and saw the little bar surmounted by the picture of the "Badger," proudly displaying her broom at the head of the jackstaff, in token that she swept the river, with the

"Wolverine" desperately far behind. The lemons, toddy stick, jugs, decanters, bottles and tumblers distributed with delightful carelessness over the three narrow shelves, decorated with fly-papers, and the legend "No trust no bust," expressing thus poetically and positively, his principles in the past and his hopes for the future.

The passengers were not yet astir, their number and size being indicated by the rows of boots, various in fashion and material, which were on dress parade along the cabin floor. But western men can't afford to doze useful time away. Those boots soon begin to be occupied and directed toward that bar-room window; their owners evidently anxious to "sound the mellow horn" as early as possible. The thimble rigger also makes his appearance, desirous of awakening the sense of humor, supposed to dwell in the bosoms of the passengers to an extent sufficient to cause them to invest a few dollars in the discovery of a certain missing wit called the "little joker." Before he was found we had reached the wood yard, supposed to be at the head of catfish navigation. We cast off, assured of the sympathy and good wishes of the passengers. Our mysterious jugs had touched their hearts. If they had known the purpose of our expedition, every pike would have left the "Badger" for the "Semper Caput." For pike and catfish are as inseparable as Damon and Pythias. Fortune favored us and piled up thick and heavy clouds until the sky was as black and heavy as the river.

We now developed our strategy. The clothes line was strung with the jugs four feet apart, a cork injunction was laid on each jug's mouth, and to each jug handle was fastened a short piece of small cord, hooked and baited in most hospitable style. Our string of jugs was then cast upon the waters, and as they calmly floated with us down the stream, we flattered ourselves that we were better fishermen than those of old, for each jug was as sensitive to a bite, as patient and as silent as Isaac Walton. We had twelve Isaac Waltons on one string.

Scarcely had the jugs become settled in the current, when Isaac number one felt a bite, turned wrong side upward and started up stream. Isaac number two was seized suddenly by a desire to go down stream. Before we had time to calculate the resultant of these two forces, the whole Walton family was in uproar. The jugs seemed haunted by the departed spirits of the previous day. Thus fighting among themselves, they were conquered by the current and kept within easy distance of the skiff, so that when we had seen enough of the battle, they were close at hand to be drawn in. Now

came our turn. As we hauled in the short lines, the fish drawing near the surface, bespattered us liberally with extract of Missouri River, so that very soon we resembled men of iron, or anything else that is black. But the struggle was soon ended, and there were our twelve catfish. Again and again we sent forth the earthen deceivers, and got bites by the gross and fish by the dozen. The jug has revolutionized angling. It has become food and drink to the pike, and the glory of Missouri. And when the Missouri, Father of Mud, shall have accomplished its appointed task of washing the State, its namesake, from the map, some future Guizot will dip his pen in the moonshine and place the jug among the grandest elements of American civilization.

L'Allegro and Il Penseroso.

MILTON's great Epic poem, the only one in our language, has become so identified with his own name, that the common class of poetic readers scarcely imagine that he ever wrote anything else. They suppose all his characteristics there displayed, all his habits of thought and style of expression therein embodied. Even the best of critics have dwelt most on this poem when speaking of Milton's genius, regarding the rest of his poetry as, comparatively speaking, the efforts of undisciplined youth, or of a weakened old age.

The main characteristics of this great work are so prominent, and have for so long a time held such an acknowledged superiority, that the same general impressions are likely to be conveyed to every reader, namely, that it displays an almost limitless extent of imagination, a continuously sustained sublimity, a vast amount of learning, a most elaborate and harmonious musical structure, all and everywhere accompanied and encumbered by an oppressive sense of ambitious and conscious power. But these two minor poems, like modest buds scarcely peeping out from beneath the spreading leaves of a full blown flower, have been passed by with only here and there a dainty touch. Yet they exhibit a beauty without grandeur, a genial, thoughtful sweetness, an exhibition of power understood, without an individuality so constantly displayed as to amount almost to self worship, which is scarcely to be found in *Paradise Lost*, certainly nowhere out of the Fourth Book.

They are composed upon precisely the same plan, and are intended to depict two exactly opposite moods of the mind. The contrast is so thorough, so minute, that it is sometimes found even in particular words. For instance, in *Penseroso*,

"I walk *unseen*
On the dry, smooth-shaven green,"—

And in *L'Allegro*

Sometimes walking, *not unseen*
By hedgegrow elms, on hillocks green,—

L'Allegro (the mirthful) introduces a series of lively pleasures, beginning with the earliest song of the lark. *Il Penseroso* (the melancholy, or rather pensive,) awakes a train of quiet meditations, by the sound of the nightingale's song. Daybreak and twilight, how exquisitely suggestive of hilarity and melancholy. Both were written nearly at the same time, and it is supposed, at the same place.

These two compositions are convincing proof that tenderness and beauty are incitements of Milton's imagination as well as sublimity. In his pictures he loves to dwell on the qualities of the beautiful adding one after another until the reader becomes overburdened with an increasing sense of delight. Every description appears to have passed through a transforming process in the author's mind, by which the soul of fancy is made to animate the forms of nature, thus investing her with a two-fold power to please. Perhaps he is enabled to give this impression by the intensity of his conception and the complete absorption of his mind in whatever engages his attention for the time. This power is well illustrated in the example so often quoted, from the *Penseroso*, where he describes the

"Wandering moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray,
Through the heavens' wide, pathless way,"—

So that, if we judge these poems by the "excess of the imagination beyond actual impressions," we shall arrive at a most admiring appreciation of the author's poetic talent. Let us suffer ourselves to be borne, not by imagination, but by memory, to a lonesome seat beside some quiet fireside, in whose uncertain light we have spent many a winter evening hour in drowsy idleness, or prosy, commonplace reflections. Yet Milton finds it a "still-removed place" where "divinest melancholy" attends upon him, joined with

"Calm Peace and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring
Aye round about Jove's altar sing:"—
* * * *

"Where glowing embers through the room,
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom."

Nor does he want words to depict these images of his brain. There is a wonderful correction of touch and conscious perfection in the little pictures, intermingled in fit places ;

"Beds of violet blue,
And fresh-blown roses washed in dew ;"—

There may even be found word-distinctions almost as exquisite as in that passage of Coleridge wherein he describes the most beautiful of all weeping eyes—

"And both blue eyes more *bright* than *clear*,
Each about to have a tear."

The almost perfect harmony of Milton's verse, as far as sweetness and beauty goes, here reaches its culmination. His own description of this quality of verse is unrivalled in its easy and flowing measure,

"And ever, against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Innotes with many a winding 'bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out :
With wanton head and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running ;
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony."

There is a sympathy between the sound and the sentiment so close as to suggest itself almost without the effort of thought. The movement pauses or hurries on, rises or falls, with exquisite art as the occasion requires.

In one place we find the slow steady motion, which embodies in words, as it were, the very sublimity of the thing described,

"Oft, on a plot of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound,
Over some wide-watered shore,
Swinging slow with sullen sullen roar :"—

In another, a rapid and joyous movement equally appropriate,

"To mǎny ā youth, and mǎny ā maid,
Dancing in the chequered shade :—"

But lack of space forbids us to multiply quotations.

Our first impressions with regard to Milton's learning are, that his poetry is over-informed with Graecisms and allusions to mythological fables. But such a criticism would probably have appeared to him an indication of ignorance so great as to disqualify one for the business of a critic. For in these fables he took great and continual delight, and they were as familiar to him as his own dreams. Still it must be acknowledged that he had not the faith in the things he describes, that many poets have : he cannot let them speak without helping them with his own learning : and this fact is apparent in his minor works as well as in his *Paradise Lost*.

These two poems, written at that period of his life when the elasticity, strength, and passions of manhood were at their fullest tide, is perhaps the best test we have in his writings, of his sympathy with, and appreciation of, his species. Yet he seems to stand aloof from them, watching them with a critical, and even an eager eye, yet never forgetting his own individuality, so far as to blend himself with the mass. His Muse is always making ready for the pleasures she describes, but never participating in them. The scenes she pictures are realities, so surcharged with beauty as to become unreal. They are

"Such sights as youthful poets dream,
On summer eves by haunted stream."

L.

"The Tempest."

In glancing at the heading of this article, the reader must not, and if well informed, he will not anticipate for himself any great intellectual gratification,—“a feast of reason and a flow of soul,”—for in the very initiatory attempt to place before you an intelligent, and if possible, a plausible exposition of the various merits and demerits of the play, we meet with the awkward fact that there are but few, and those

unimportant, features of interest in it. We would seek then to have the criticism itself judged by the play as a standard, rather than that the play should be estimated by the truth and force of the criticism.

There are among the productions of the great poet's mind, not only in the tragedies, but also in the comedies, pieces, each of which, upon a retrospective view of it, impresses and astonishes us by its whole general effect, as some great labor accomplished; something wonderful among the triumphs of the human intellect; as a remarkable index of human nature; as awful in the profoundness of its philosophy; irresistible in its appealing outbursts of soul and passion, or fascinating in its fancy and wit.

The "Tempest" is wanting, however, in this *tout ensemble* effect; its final conviction is tame. We do not mean to say that the piece cannot lay claim to any merits at all; that it is absolutely insipid and colorless. That is impossible of any of Shakspeare's works. They have all a distinctness of character and incident, a vital energy, a purity of thought and expression, which are entirely peculiar to the collection. No poet or dramatist has ever attained this perfection so fully as he. Now it is true that "The Tempest" possesses these attributes in common with the rest of the plays. It bespeaks its author in every sentence. But in its individual nature as compared with the individual natures of the other plays, it seems to us very temperate and subdued. It lacks the intensity, the fullness, the high degree of originality, the all-pervading proofs of the creative power, which are so conspicuous elsewhere. It evinces but little participation in those grand moving inspirations—those rare conceptions overflowing with wit and jollity, which, rather than the legitimate offspring of Shakspeare's will, were irrepressible in themselves, and demanded fitting and satisfactory expression by the characters, the personages giving them material form.

It is a very natural sort of inquiry on our part, that we should look for some object, some moral, some prevailing and animating principle in "The Tempest," such as we are accustomed to see developed in the other and various products of the same pen. Many such instances might be cited to show that, with all their absurdity and drollery, nearly all Shakspeare's works have in them some underlying and beneficial tendency, and this more largely exemplified in some particular and prominent personages.

"The Tempest," however, as far as we can see, has no such characteristic, no such definite aim. It introduces the beautiful Miranda and her devoted father on the desert isle; portrays the shipwreck on this island of the king and his followers. The young prince Ferdi-

nand becomes separated from his father, meets the young woman, falls in love; through magic influences the king finds his lost son and injured brother; the kingdom is restored to the rightful heir; the marriage takes place and all go home well satisfied.

Now this is all well enough to be sure and all very pretty—a charming little romance. But what does it signify? We cannot feel that we have been instructed by a review of historical facts—by the display of any great principles of truth—by any remarkable developments of human nature; nor have we even been amused by any ludicrous situations—any strange combinations of circumstances. We do not perceive any thing very witty in the sayings or doings of the personages interested. There is no such roaring merriment and pompous insignificance as convulses one with laughter in the presence of Jack Falstaff; no such quibbling nonsense and absurd verbosity as is heard from the demented old Dogberry; no such awkward officiousness as belongs to Launcelot Gobbo. In fact the play leaves but a passing impression on the mind of one acquainted with the other and better comedies of the author.

Let us now relieve the subject of this relative estimate, and notice some of its points of absolute value. Let us consider it, not as Shakespeare's work, but merely as a charming work of the fancy,—as a bright, cheery story of love and adventure, mystified, and thus enhanced in its charm, by the presence of the supernatural. Thus relieved, we can find in it considerable to admire. We at once acknowledge in it, a light, airy sort of nature, which strongly appeals to our sense of the beautiful; there is a pleasing simplicity in the conception, and smoothness in the involvement of the plot, which renders us forgetful of any regulating order or principle, or desirous of any ultimate object.

The sweet, innocent, and confiding character of Miranda is the first object which attracts our attention, and immediately there is awakened in us an interest concerning her hidden, yet unpromising future. The earnest love and filial obedience of Cordelia she combines with the faithfulness, the virtue, and gentle womanliness of Desdemona,—although of course she does not possess these respective qualities in so eminent a degree as either. For the trials and emergencies which developed their splendid characters, had been wanting in the placid course of her young life. It is a noticeable instance, too, of the poet's strange and capricious fancy, that he should wish to introduce into his play such a very unusual character;—a girl grown up to woman's full estate, completely separated in this island from the rest of the world,—without companions of her own age of either sex,—utterly

unsophisticated,—entirely ignorant of the existence of any other human beings than herself and her father, or, in fact, of any other sphere of existence than their sea-bound home. But we will accept Mr. Craik's apology, or, more properly, explanation, as applicable here, that Shakspeare was not dependent on reality, or his own observation for his characters, but that he drew them at will from Fancy's realm, and rendered them none the less plausible and interesting, for all that.

However remarkable may be the conception of such a character, and however improbable may be the course of events necessitating such a situation; yet both of these results serve to furnish a fine illustration of that spontaneous, irresistible impulse which at some period in our lives, suddenly arouses our faculties to a new and pleasing sort of consciousness. They are a speaking instance of that keen, but indescribable instinct in our natures called Love, which tells us of a lack, a void within us, which must be filled; which tells us that there exists some creature possessing a soul and a nature similar to our own, who can, and ought to satisfy this yearning of ours, through a constant and full communion of spirit.

We find Miranda, as we have already said, a perfect stranger to all these experiences of the world, which have usually taught a person arrived at her age, the divine and beautiful constitution of our natures, and which have also tended to develop, to some degree at least, the sentiments and passions resulting from social intercourse. She hardly recognizes the person of man—their physical embodiment,—let alone those emotions and affections themselves.

When, in her wanderings, she first meets the young prince Ferdinand, she cries out in her astonishment,

"I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural I
Ever saw so noble."

But astonishment soon yields to a more tender, yet not less controlling emotion, and her woman's love reaches out after its object with a "bashful cunning" and perseverance which show at once its intensity and necessity. Her purity and frankness finally overcome her modest reserve, and the whole force of her compelling passion she thus delicately but thoroughly expresses:

"I weep at mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give; and much less, take
What I shall die to want. But
. . . . prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me."

So then in Miranda's character and history, there centres an interest

and satisfaction, which if wanting in other parts of the play, the reader feels is only the more appreciable.

Again, her father, Prospero, the dethroned Duke of Milan, the solitary exile, lays something of a claim to our compassionate sympathy, as a victim of wicked usurpations and unnatural cruelty. His fatherly devotion to his only child, his ready approval of her lover's suit, his generous forbearance toward the brother who had injured him—all recommend him.

But his greatest attraction is the supernatural power with which Shakspeare has invested him, of employing invisible spirits to bring about in a miraculous way, any desirable results. These results, which he effects, as well as the means which he uses, were of course all out of Nature; but as his fancy alone gave existence to these creatures of the air and flower, so our fancies alone embrace and follow them. This they do easily, and satisfactorily too, with no desire to remove from their own sphere, but leaving stern Reality to judge her own natural and more unruly subjects.

"Delicate Ariel"—fitting, fair and faithful, ought, it seems to us, and multifarious as were her tasks,—to have been assigned to some more pleasing and appropriate one, than that which chiefly busied her pretty little hands, *i. e.* to pinch and torture the ugly monster Caliban, whenever his brutish propensities rose in rebellion against his severe and unrelenting master. One of Macbeth's witches would have formed a less striking contrast. And this Caliban,—what shall be said of him? Is not his hideousness almost ineffable? Was this thing, too, altogether a creation of the imagination, as we would gladly believe, or did Shakspeare ever see in flesh and blood, such a contradiction to the laws of Nature,—such a mockery and insult to humanity? Such a combination of mental, moral, and physical enormities, it is difficult to find elsewhere. And, then, one's comprehension of these embodied qualities is so thorough: the personality, the form and habits of the animal are so distinct, that the character will be as lasting in its impressions, perhaps, as any other feature of the play.

The remaining personages are quite inferior,—or rather, are not at all prominent, and hence, though the characterization is quite as decided as elsewhere in "The Tempest," they are hardly worth a consideration here.

The qualities common to all of Shakspeare's works,—those which render the plays, as a class, entirely distinct and peculiar,—are here also, noticeable. The novelty of idea, the consistency of sentiment, the faithful *pertinence of the expression*, and where occasion demands, *the beauty of the rhythm*, all combine to testify their author's genius.

While "The Tempest," then, can neither boast the thrilling intensity of character, incident, idea and diction which belongs to many of the tragedies; while it wants the sparkling wit and irresistible absurdity of the other comedies; we can still recommend it unhesitatingly to our College friends, as the source of a winter evening's quite pleasant entertainment. *

Memorabilia Yalensia.

The Baccalaureate Sermon.

This Sermon was preached on Sunday afternoon, July 22, by Prof. Clarke. The subject was, "The Beautiful, its relation to educated and Christian men."

Concio ad Clerum.

This discourse was delivered on Tuesday evening before Commencement, at the North Church, by Rev. Lavelette Perrin, Class of '40. The subject assigned by the General Association was, "The Scriptural doctrine of a future life." The text was, II. Timothy, i. 10. "And hath brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel."

Alumni Meeting.

The Annual Meeting of Alumni was held at Alumni Hall, on Wednesday. Hon. David L. Seymour, of Troy, N. Y., was chosen Chairman. Prof. D. C. Gilman was chosen Secretary, in place of Dr. Dutton, deceased. Hon. Josiah M. Carter, Class of '36, was chosen Assistant Secretary, pro tem. The meeting was opened by prayer, by Rev. Geo. E. Adams, of Brunswick, Me., Class of '21. The obituary list was then read, and copies distributed. President Woolsey paid a beautiful tribute to the memory of Mr. Street, and mentioned his liberal endowments, amounting to \$300,000; also, that of Mr. Sheffield, who has given about \$50,000 to the Scientific School. Prof. E. E. Salisbury, as Chairman of the Committee on Memorial, read a Report. No decided plan was recommended, except to build a Memorial Chapel. The Alumni Committee for the following year are, A. C. Twining, Leonard Bacon, Elias Loomis, Noah Porter, E. E. Salisbury, Worthington Hooker, Geo. E. Day, Thos. Thacher, C. S. Lyman, James Hadley, Timothy Dwight, Daniel C. Gilman, Edward I. Sanford, Geo. J. Brush, H. A. Newton.

Phi Beta Kappa.

The oration before this Society was delivered in the North Church on Wednesday evening, by Andrew D. White. The subject was, "An Aristocracy founded upon Oppression." The poem, which was unusually fine, was delivered by Hon. Gideon H. Hollister.

The appointments for the following year are as follows:—

ORATOR,—Gen. O. S. Ferry, of Norwalk. SUBSTITUTE,—J. P. Thompson, of New York.

POET,—Rev. Edward D. Morris, of Columbus, O. SUBSTITUTE,—Rev. G. P. Dole, of Mass.

OFFICERS.

President,—D. B. BARROWS. *Vice President*,—ALEXANDER THOMAS, Esq.
Corresponding Secretary,—Prof. D. C. GILMAN. *Treasurer*,—Prof. H. A. NEW-
 TON. *Assistant Secretary*,—C. T. COLLINS. *Assistant Treasurer*,—D. L. BURRELL.

Cup Presentation.

The Cup presentation came off on Wednesday eve, at the New Haven House. The recipient was HERMAN WOODRUFF BUNDY, son of G. H. Bundy, of Boston. The members present had an unusually jolly time, which was prolonged until daylight.

COMMENCEMENT.

ORDER OF EXERCISES, JULY 26, 1866.

FORENOON.

1. Music: William Tell, Overture, Organ and Orchestra.—*Rossini*.
2. Prayer.
3. Salutatory Oration in Latin, by Hamilton Cole, Claverack, N. Y.
4. Oration, "Individuality," by Geo. Shipman Payson, Fayetteville, N. Y.
5. Oration, "The Military Orders of the Crusades," by Maurice D. Collier, St. Louis, Mo.
6. Music: Elisire d'amor, Aria.—*Donizetti*.
7. Oration, "The English Aristocracy," by Charles Avery Collin, Penn Yan, N. Y.
8. Essay, "Genius," by Henry P. Holmes,* Worcester, Mass.
9. Dissertation, "Solitude," by Richard Edward Smith, Guilford.
10. Music: Stradella, Overture, Organ and Orchestra.—*Flotow*.
11. Oration, "Universal Suffrage in Large Cities," by Frank Smith Chapin, East Bloomfield, N. Y.
12. Dissertation, "Earnestness," by William Henry Bennett, Hampton.
13. Music: Athalia March.—*Mendelssohn*.
14. Dissertation, "The Chivalric Romances," by Edward Comfort Starr, Guilford.
15. Oration, "The Permanence of England," by Cassius Marcellus Clay, Paris, Ky.
16. Music: Favorita, Romanza.—*Donizetti*.
17. Oration, "The Penates," by Henry Otis Whitney, Williston, Vt.
18. Essay, "Character," by Gilbert Livingston Bishop, New Haven.
19. Music: Donanlied.—*Strauss*.
20. Oration, "Citizenship of To-day," by Darius Parmalee Sackett, Tallmadge, O.
21. Philosophical Oration, "The Efficiency of the Laws a Test of National Character," by Marcellus Bowen, Marion, O.
22. Music: La muette di Portici, Overture, Organ and Orchestra.—*Auber*.

AFTERNOON.

1. Music: Semiramis, Overture, Organ and Orchestra.—*Rossini*.
2. Dissertation, "The Influence of the Revolution of 1641 on Civil Liberty," by Gustavus Pierpont Davis, Hartford.
3. Dissertation, "The Venetian Republic," by Harry Ward Foote, New Haven.
4. Music: Siege of Corinth, Finale.—*Rossini*.
5. Dissertation, "The struggle for Rights," by Henry Burnham Mead, Hingham Mass.
6. Essay, "Michael Angelo," by John Hampden Wood, Albany, N. Y.
7. Music, Schenbrunner.—*Lanner*.
8. Essay, "Rufus Choate," by Levi Clifford Wade, Pittsburgh, Pa.
9. Oration, "The Balance of Power," by William George Bussey, Utica, N. Y.
10. Music: Tannhauser, March, Organ and Orchestra.—*Wagner*.
11. Oration, "The American Congress," by Samuel Benedict St. John, New Canaan.
12. "Tom Hughes and his works," by Edward Elizur Goodrich, New Haven.
13. Music: Der Blitz Romanza.—*Halevy*.

*Excused from speaking on account of sickness.

14. Oration, "Ruskin's Creed," by Charles McClellan Southgate, Ipswich, Mass.
15. Oration, "Communism in Politics," by Lovell Hall, East Hampton.
16. Music: William Tell, Terzett.—*Rossini*.
17. Essay, "A False Liberty," by Edward Young Hincks, Bridgeport.
18. Oration, "The Universities and the State," with the Valedictory Address, by Frederick Newton Judson, New Haven
19. Music: Nachtlager in Granada, Ouv.—*Kreutzer*.
20. Degrees Conferred.
21. Prayer by the President.

Additions to the Faculty.

In the Academical Department the following persons have been elected Tutors:

EGBERT G. BINGHAM, Class '63, Tutor in Mathematics.

WILLIAM G. SUMNER, Class '63, Tutor in Mathematics.

GEORGE S. MERRIAM, Class '64, Tutor in Greek.

Worcester.

On Thursday, July 26, the contest between Yale and Harvard began by a match game of Ball between the Freshman Classes. The match was very exciting on account of the closeness with which it was played. The following is the record:

YALE.					HARVARD.				
	O.	R.				O.	R.		
Condict, c.	4	4			Watson, p.	6	2		
Hicks, 2d b.	2	5			Smith, c.	0	6		
DeGrove, c. f.	4	3			Peabody, 1st b.	3	3		
Stevenson, r. f.	2	6			Simmonds, r. f.	4	3		
Cunningham, s. s.	4	3			Fay, s. s.	3	4		
F. Terry, l. f.	3	3			Bowditch, c. f.	3	3		
Hooker, p.	0	6			Severence, 2d b.	2	5		
Van Wyck, 1st b.	5	2			Rawle, l. f.	3	4		
R. Terry, 3d b.	4	3			Pickering, 3d b.	3	3		
Total,	28	36				27	33		
Innings, 1.	2.	3.	4.	5.	6.	7.	8.	9.	
Yale,	1	1	2	7	8	0	3	3	11—36
Harvard,	6	6	2	3	3	4	3	3	3—33

Umpire—Mr. Delano, of Williams College.

Scorer—Yale, Lincoln; Harvard, Wilson.

The Races.

On Tuesday came the boat races. First came the Scientific race. The crews were

NAMES.	CREW.
Lawrence Scientific, (Harvard.)	Chas. Dunning, stroke, Thomas Motlew, Jr., E. L. Hodges, O. E. Deane, S. M. W. Peters, S. L. Holdridge, bow.
Sheffield Scientific, (Yale.)	A. S. Palmer, stroke, T. Skeel, J. K. Beeson, P. Grove, T. Bennett, J. Whittlesey, bow.

Harvard's time was 18 m. 53½ s.

Yale's time was 19 m. 38 s.

The University Race.

YALE CREW.

E. B. Bennett, stroke,	Arthur D. Bissell,
Wm. A. Copp,	Edmund Coffin,
Wm. E. Wheeler,	C. F. Browning, bow.

Boat 40 feet long, 20½ inches wide, weight 175 lbs., built by McKay.

HARVARD CREW.

Wm. Blaikie, stroke,	R. S. Peabody,
E. T. Wilkinson,	A. P. Loring,
E. N. Fenno,	B. H. McBurney, bow.

Boat 57 feet long, 8 inches deep, 19 inches wide, built by Elliott.

Harvard's time, 18 m. 43¼ s. Yale's time, 19 m. 10 s.

The Navy.

At a meeting of the Yale Navy on Saturday afternoon, the following officers were chosen for the ensuing year: *Commodore*—A. D. Bissell, '67. *First Fleet Captain*—J. Coffin, '68. *Second Fleet Captain*—R. H. Grove, '67. *Treasurer*—J. C. Hall, '68.

Yale Base Ball Club.

At a meeting of the Yale B. B. Club, held in the President's Lecture Room, on Thursday, September 20, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President—G. P. Sheldon, '67. *Vice President*—T. C. Sloane, '68. *Secretary*—W. A. Linn, '68. *Treasurer*—T. P. Van Wyck, '69. *Captain First Nine*—J. Coffin, '68.

Messrs. Sheldon, Coffin, Hooker and Cleveland were appointed a Committee to arrange the Nines.

Class Pictures.

At a meeting of the Senior Class on Saturday, Sept. 24, the following persons were chosen a committee to procure class pictures: O. W. Betts, J. H. Brooks, L. H. Kitchell, J. W. Partridge, B. Smith.

Obituary.

At a meeting held September 14, 1866, the Class of '67 of Yale College, passed the following resolutions:

Whereas, On Thursday, Aug. 30th, Harpin M. Lum, of the Senior Class of Yale College, was drowned at Prairie du Chien, Wis.; Therefore,

Resolved, That we deeply feel the loss of our friend and classmate, who in the providence of God has been so suddenly and mournfully called away.

Resolved, That we will cherish the memory of him whose sterling worth and warm heart, more and more endeared him to us with each successive day of our three years association.

Resolved, That we extend the sympathy of loving classmates to his bereaved family and friends, and that we commend them to the tender consolation of the great Comforter.

Resolved, That as a class we proffer our thanks to Isidore Roscoph, of Cleveland, for his kind attention to the remains of our late classmate.

Resolved, That in token of our sorrow, we wear a badge of mourning for thirty days.

WM. H. GOODYEAR,	} Committee.
FRANK H. HATHORN,	
H. W. PAYNE,	

Editor's Table.

ONCE more, Classmates and students, we greet you all. The old Table sends forth a rheumatic creak of dignified delight and pride, at thought of the weighty contributions which you are to lay upon it during the coming year. One after another we have come in, and, with a short, business nod of recognition, have taken our places round it. The Bohemian smokes contemplatively; the Metaphysician grasps madly after an imaginary train of thought, which he sees galloping over the worn and inky boards; the Doctor looks inquiringly at the cracks and crevices, like veins, as if he saw, coursing through them, blood, which was the life of by-gone thoughts; the high-oration man is convulsed with emphatic gestures, as if in accompaniment to high oratorical ideas of poetic beauty; and the fifth individual bites, pensively, the nib of the historic quill which wrote the first "Table," and five right hands are, on a sudden, placed together upon the center of the old tripod, as we invoke, for our labors, the aid of the spirits of the men who, for one and thirty years, have successively filled the places we now occupy. And if not with us, they have at least left their representatives heaped up before us, in the shape of Volumes of our Magazize, some yellow with age, and others with a more modern look, till at last the pile is completed, with Volume XXXI, which closes with a trace of our own inky fingers. We look them over thoughtfully, and reverently, too, as conscious of the greatness of some whose work we would criticise. But the metaphysician, carefully scratching his bump of self-esteem, remarks, that he notices a great improvement in the later volumes of the LIT., as compared with the earlier publications; that there is far less of bombastic, meaningless language; that there are fewer descriptions of gorgeous sunsets and autumn-tinted leaves:—

"Yes," interrupts the orator, with a regretful sigh, "and less of poetic taste. The readers of this periodical are getting ashamed to acknowledge that anything is excellent, or entertaining, unless it is a learned and metaphysical discussion, or an exposition of material facts, expressed with mathematical accuracy."

"And less, too, in my opinion," says the Bohemian, puffing away a cloud of smoke, "of real, honest, natural thought. The fact is, that men at our age are too proud to own that they are guided by sentiment, as well as reason, and too thoughtlessly ambitious, to see that there is more of interest in easy thought, voluntarily suggested, on subjects of special interest to the class of men for whom the Articles are written, than in ponderous reflection on questions which the highest earthly intelligence has for ages been unable to settle, and will be unable for ages to come. Most of the productions are an appeal to the admiration of the reader, rather than an effort for his entertainment. And they are failures, for the very reason that they promise so much."

Here the Metaphysician began to say, that the style recommended was harder to acquire than the one generally adopted, but he was unable to finish his remark, for the Doctor, with a startled look, exclaimed, "If that is the case, I'll be hanged if the LIT. is a real picture of College life at all; but it's nothing more than the abstract of a man, with a student's gown on, and an old, worn gown, at that."

The Doctor, of course, was summarily ejected, for this treasonable utterance, but *the look of pitiable entreaty* he gave us, as he was shoved outside of the door, has

forced us to be charitable, and to acknowledge that there was a grain of truth in his assertion, and that we ourselves, also, are the occasional cause of fault finding. But we ask you, reader, to marvel not, if now and then you find in our Table-talk worn-out jokes and repeated allusions to things connected with our work. For, month after month, for more than thirty years, this Editorial chit-chat has been sent forth, to amuse its readers. And College life, with all its elements of growth, has in it much of repetition. Besides, there is, comparatively, little transferable stock in an Editor's personal experience. And the portrait gallery of the LIT. can boast of no wrinkled foreheads. Our predecessors have taken their year of experience, and departed, leaving us to do the same. So that, like all works of its kind, it smacks somewhat of the school. But, in its sphere, it gives you an opportunity to use a deal of power. It offers an expression for your thoughts. In a word, it belongs to you; it depends upon you, and each of you, through your literary and pecuniary aid, for its life. And we cannot doubt but that, on such a foundation, it will be well sustained.

We have received several communications of a would be poetic nature, which, out of consideration for both reader and contributor, we put in the waste-basket. It needs experience to understand how much of emptiness can be embodied in a few rhythmic lines. We therefore select at random a stanza from one of these pieces, entitled, "To a Friend at Home."

"As I sit in bright meditation
O'er scenes enacted to be,
Still brighter than fancy's conception
Are th' days when I were with thee.

Take away from this expression its rhythm, and what is left? An idea so obscure that it will not make sense expressed in prose, is seldom worth much in any other form. We by no means wish to discourage contributions to the LIT., and use this piece as an illustration, chiefly because it is anonymously sent. But we venture to suggest, that if the writer should attempt, as he says he is anxious to do, to

"Take the wings of the morning,
And fly to an evergreen shore,

he would find his verses a very fair letter of recommendation, on his arrival.

We have no extended comments to make on the re-assembling of the College world. A few days of bustle and confusion, and we were taking our walks to the Club-house and Post-Office, hardly able to persuade ourselves that we had been eight weeks away. But the fact is forced upon us, that the process of growth and change in the Classes, has not been stopped by separation. We can hardly realize how different is the Class of '67, to-day, from the same Class three years ago. Then, many faces were indifferent to each other; some were consequential, some timid. And the year 1867 seemed a long way farther in the future than '63 now does in the past. Since then, some that was good has been removed from us; much that was bad. And perhaps more than for any other reason, because evil finds less room to grow, in proportion as real friendship grows stronger, and becomes more deeply rooted. Maturer age, closer acquaintance, common pursuits, a common pride, and a common love, are all leaving with us their influence, and making a Class character. *Death, too, has more than once made a vacant place among us, and*

left a something in our hearts which is felt, rather than talked about; and there will be at least one less than when we parted last, as we gather once more around our Class Historian, but many more sorrowful faces, as he pronounces the name of Harpin M. Lum.

The Class which has all these experiences before it, appears, as far as we can judge, on short acquaintance, to possess good material for this moulding and shaping process. They are beginning to make their presence known by inscriptions on the fences and College buildings, a rather boyish practice, by the way, but one of which every Class must, to some extent, plead guilty. The number 70 here and there engraved upon the summits of East and West Rock, makes it evident, also, that they have a full appreciation for certain points of natural scenery. But we suggest, from experience, that they don't get too far from home. For we remember a certain friend of ours who, not long ago, on a Saturday night, watched the sunset from the top of Mount Carmel, and caught, besides, an occasional glimpse of the last down train, as it hurried on towards New Haven. Having the delightful consciousness that he had entirely lost the only path that would lead him to level ground again, and beholding on one side, in the gathering duskiness, the appealing glances of three helpless ladies, and on the other, an impenetrable thicket, he was impelled, to use the language of our Chemical Professor, "even in the midst of the Laws of Nature, irreverently to laugh at his own ignorance." What else could he do? But if any one is anxious to know what at last he did do, he may find on the southern side of this mountain, certain bits of delaine and cassimere, which will, perhaps, suggest an answer. But there are other points, which have less of danger, and quite as much of interest.

And now, if our talk with you has proved less interesting than you expected, you will oblige us by blaming the man who interrupted us, as we were trying to think up these notes, while sitting on the College fence. We never quite knew why he so suddenly ordered us away, and then, without giving us time to ask an explanation, made a transit (and exit) across five spider-lines, which have been dancing before our eyes ever since, so that we cannot see clearly. Perhaps he thought we were idling away our time; and remembering what the Country Parson says, that, "if you are not always growing wiser, you will be growing more foolish; for there is no fool so foolish as an old fool," he thoughtfully sent us away to our books. Or perhaps he thought we were staring too rudely at the passers by. But those that we looked at most, certainly acted as if they came to be seen, as well as to see. At all events, it is worth while to note the students' devotion to rules, even most obnoxious and dimly understood. For we noticed, the other morning, that some of the most obedient ones had, apparently, staid up half the night, to remove the cause of temptation. But we are growing mistier than ever. We bid you good-bye.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXII.

NOVEMBER, 1866.

No. 2.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '67.

WALLACE BRUCE,

ALBERT E. DUNNING,

J. JAY DUBOIS,

JOSEPH W. HARTSHORN,

RICHARD W. WOODWARD.

Cleopatra.

It is my purpose, in this brief sketch, to describe as far as I am able, the character of this singular woman. I am aware that this is a task of no ordinary difficulty. The only accounts of which I can gain possession are fragmentary or superficial. With, then, a few salient points of character as guides, I am obliged to grope my way in the midst of gigantic and mysterious characteristics. If I shall be able to delineate the terrible character of this woman, if I succeed in any degree in my effort to represent the lurid splendor of her powers, I shall be well pleased. Her distinctive representative characteristic was a genius for exercising power over individual minds. Much of this power, doubtless, lay in her magnificent personal attractions. In youth, I think we may infer that she was a model of lithe elastic grace. The method by which she gained access to Cæsar indicates her form to have been very light and airy. As she then appeared before Cæsar, I doubt whether any person ever presented a more winning style of beauty. Her figure, although slender, was yet rounded and perfect in outline. Nature seems to have given her a delicate moulding of hand and feature, finishing them in minutest detail, so as to satisfy the demands of the nicest taste. She was delicate and exceedingly sensitive in the nervous tissues. We seldom see such tremendous, indomitable physical life as she possessed. Here, then, we might look with reason for a fiery grace and all the eloquence of motion. In a person so exquisitely organized, the sensations

would naturally find an appropriate expression through the medium of movement. Occasionally, though very rarely, one encounters a being whose touch sends a thrill through one, who in subtle, almost imperceptible movements, busies the watchful observer with the translation and study of unspoken eloquence. In such, the whole being, like some fiery steed, seems to tremble with breathing, speaking life. With this quivering superabundance of life was also united, what is very unusual, an oriental languor, a capability of profound repose. There is meaning in this fact. I have watched such natures. I have discovered that when nervous force and intensity are added to the qualities already enumerated, the capabilities of excitement are tremendous. Such natures, when roused, can move with the momentum of a cannon shot. So in this woman, this languor was but as the hush that precedes the sullen roar and destruction of tempests. This also is a characteristic in many of the most distinguished and impassioned orators. Mirabeaux is an example; Spurgeon, also, has this as an especial characteristic. The great personal power of these men is their grand distinction.

In this place, her eyes, as sources of peculiar power, deserve mention. These were large, dark and luminous; their chief beauty, however, lay in their range of expression. In their clear depths they perfectly mirrored every extreme and variety of emotion. They seemed, besides, to have in them a magnetic power of attraction; a mysterious something in their clear and splendid light, that held the eye and took captive the senses. Her voice was still more remarkable as a source of attraction. This has ever been remarked as of indescribable sweetness, and most varied and musical in its modulations. This alone would have given ordinary conversation a singular charm. Plutarch compares it to a many-stringed instrument producing a sweet, ever varying harmony. Without question Cleopatra was wonderfully gifted in the music of oral expression and conversational eloquence. Her magic tones, penetrating and thrilling the realm of passion, would subject this whole domain to her influence. And here no one can fail to be impressed with the idea that nature endowed her with every external requisite for exercising great influence over men. With such endowments she could not fail of gaining immediate access to the deepest, most powerful elements of the nature of man. Everything, in look, in eye, in voice, immediately touched the heart.

So far I have only described the external fashion of the temple; I now propose to go within, and recount, as far as I am able, the interior furnishing. We have already learned that her temperament

was one of extraordinary delicacy and elastic vigor. It was such as did not admit of a quiescent character. It compelled, on the other hand, in every faculty, an intense aggressive activity. Hence every vigorous faculty which nature gave her would be wrought out in clear and definite outline; its manifestations would be the intensest possible. We are, therefore, to look for a cluster of brilliant and tremendous faculties, rather than a well balanced nature. As I have previously characterized her, she was the great representative of power over individual minds. A prominent quality, common to all rulers of men, is insight into human nature. For this she was eminently distinguished; this at once gave her entrance into the realm over which she was to reign. It gave her vital union with the material on which she was to work. But whence comes that sharp insight into this wondrous world? To answer this, we are compelled, I think, to assume that there is a specific faculty whose function it is to present to us the movement of the inner life of humanity. The action of this faculty is introversion. We learn humanity then by first learning ourselves. No statement of an experience, no observation of character, is worth anything to us unless first we can detect what is presented to us in our own souls. This indicates that our knowledge of men comes by a research into our various experiences. Thus, by watching our own experiences and noting the methods of their manifestations, we learn to understand the sources of similar manifestations in others.

In a genius so refined and vigorous as that with which Cleopatra was endowed, this power must have served to furnish her with an instant and profound apprehension of the most delicate tracery in the characters of her associates. Nothing could elude her quick observation, her terrible analysis. As the trained nice ear clearly determines the character of sound when others think there is but silence; so she could, as it were, detect the secret pulsing of the very centres of life. When this faculty serves as guide, no power acts blindly, but every movement is made, every blow struck with masterly skill.

But besides, she had extraordinary powers to bring into the field; her intellectual powers were of a very high order. Quick, versatile, brilliant, she was distinguished for love of learning, patient labor, tenacity. We learn that she spoke seven languages, one of which was the Egyptian; this difficult tongue no one of her predecessors had ever been adequate to master. Such disciplined intellectual powers, as we may infer, would serve to impart, in addition to her native delicate instinctive sense of character, a cool and clear meas-

urement of others. This quality is an admirable auxiliary to the despotic will. Whether she could follow in the way thus clearly indicated, would depend upon her versatility, upon her genius for facile adaptation to various characters. There are few, however, that have a genius so versatile that they can adapt themselves to the requisitions of opposite characters without losing in the transformation all vitality, all individual vigor. An appeal to facts, in this case, reveals that Cleopatra had a wonderful facility of this sort. We note with wonder how quickly she apprehended the rude, powerful character of Antony. We are struck with admiration at the fine skill with which she adapts herself to his rude wit and strong motive powers of character. So successful was she that a complete ascendancy was immediately gained over him.

Thus far we have only considered her personal charms and the intellectual facilities which she possessed for their masterly employment. The power of fascination, however, does not reside in the intellect nor but little in personal charms; its special home is the realm of passion. It is passion that electrifies, it is passion that imparts a moving life to the intellect. Of these motive forces ambition in Cleopatra stands preëminent. It was with her a constant and controlling influence. Never, however, did it assume the dignity of a high, heroic trait. Her strong ambition never induced her to espouse a magnificent idea, a broad regenerative purpose; she never proposed to invigorate the State with the might of her genius.

This great thirst for fame became the more intensified as she rendered it narrow and selfish. Hence, devoting herself to the sway of individuals, we observe that she pursued the victims of her wiles with relentless persistence. This quality also produced in her an extraordinary fondness for display. Her genius peculiarly fitted her to devise magnificent entertainments, to dictate on all occasions of grand display. She had not only a taste but a genius for personal adornment. All the harmony, all the grand magnificence that this world can afford, all that thrills the senses, intoxicates the heart, and absorbs the whole attention with sensuous delight, she understood and controlled. What a world of enchantment she gathered about her when first she set forth to comply with Antony's imperious summons. She had rendered the Cydnus immortal. What grand sweet harmonies floated through the air! What subtle splendors flashed in the sunlight! The very waters seemed to offer sweet incense, as if in honor of the queen of beauty. The fair ones of her land were gathered about their peerless queen, in the presence of whose radiant

charms all beauty else seemed to fade into insignificance. Thus she floated to the end in a Lethe of magnificent display. But at last what a direful fate smote her. On all sides and around her were the sullen thunders of war. Every misfortune rolled upon her like an avalanche. Her empire was tottering to the fall and she herself was destined to grace a Roman triumph. Preferring death to this humiliation she miserably put an end to her own life.

Another great power which she employed to compass the demands of ambition, was that of the passion of love. This sense of the relationship between her mind and man's, was of great scope and intensity. In an organization of such native refinement, the energy of this faculty would endow her with all the ideal graces of womanhood, with all the fine instincts, the winning manners, that lovely women employ with such effect. These powers, too, would present no ordinary and merely common graces, but would act with peculiar intensity. In her presence the senses woke to the sweetest music. Love, in common natures, feels in but few—a nice responsive harmony. Great powers, on the other hand, sound a music so positive, so swelling, that lesser ones chime in unison. So in this master passion, Cleopatra could create a universal symyathy, could arouse in minds of ever so diverse characteristics, a sense of harmonious union. It is the peculiar and exalted province of such natures to glorify human love, to teach its holy philosophy, rather than fill the earth with the discords that spring up from below. With such passions and such a genius, we can readily perceive how dangerous she might become.

The power of love is mighty. It clenches the soul strong as the hand of the great destroyer. It can wrench away the life of both body and soul. In Cleopatra this passion presents itself in its most fatally insinuating character. Her passions, and this of all others, were strong and swift as the lightning. Their action, too, though swift, was silent, inscrutable, deadly. This matchless craft, this impenetrable art, made her one of the most fearful human beings that ever lived. Her resources were infinite. With her versatile, trained and active intellect, with her nature, broad, deep, finely organized, mightily passionate, what a vast range of brilliant and beautiful human experience she would be able to conceive and represent. To a watchful, determined associate, she would sound no alarm. She would proceed to allay suspicion, divert attention, inspire confidence, but yet advance. If necessary, she would fire the intellect, arouse the imagination, appeal to the tastes. Well she knew, that when she touched the higher nature she inspired confidence;

with confidence comes self-surrender. O, the results that spring from the power of a devil to assume an angel's guise. Thus with an analysis that laid bare the secret home of the passions, with an instinctive insight that pierced all disguises, with a tact so exquisite that only genius could compass it, she involved her victims in a network of passionate impulses which they could neither escape nor resist. I find it impossible to express my sense of her amazing craft; it gave her illimitable power over the minds of her associates. When she chose, her power was such that she could almost compel belief and whatever states of feeling she desired. Thus she seemed to shape the by no means facile Antony to her will. Thus the great Cæsar was well nigh wrecked.

She possessed another power which was quite unusual, to which perhaps I should have alluded before. It imparted to each faculty a peculiarly impressive character, though it was something quite different from temperamental intensity. To this quality I shall not attempt to give a name. The influence, however, which it imparts to expression is well described in the following brief account of Richard Shiel. Says the account: "his extraordinary power of pushing the meaning of words to the utmost extent, and wringing from them a force beyond the range of ordinary expression, was such that when he rose to speak, members took their places, and the hum of private conversation was hushed, in order that the house might enjoy the performance of an accomplished artist." So we have a right to infer was her expression distinguished. To the passion of love this quality would impart a winning force well nigh irresistible. This energy also characterizes the great general. It indicates the necessity of tireless activity, shapes the course straight to the object, never yields an advantage gained, and is the first to seize upon an advantage offered. This quality, so deadly in its intention, when united with powers of fascination so great and various, with an art so impenetrable, with so adroit and facile a power of adaptation to every variety and shade of character, we can well imagine would account for her amazing power over individual minds. When we consider, in addition, that these rare powers found expression through eyes the most lustrous of her time, through a voice in whose vibrating tones lurked a music sweeter and more varied than that of the harp, we cannot but be lost in admiration and wonder at such splendid endowments.

But I have spoken of Cleopatra in relation to those powers only which specially contributed to her power of fascination. She had, however, characteristics not well calculated to produce this result.

She drew men with a mighty and mysterious force, notwithstanding her character was in some of its traits frightful to contemplate, repugnant to the soul even of the lost and abandoned. She was heartless and cruel as a demon; she would murder for sport. She could inflict most dreadful tortures merely for the sake of an experiment. She could watch her tortured, dying victims, as unmoved meanwhile as a pillar of adamant. She was as false as her great genius could make her, and if in any way it subserved her interest or safety, could plot against the life of him for whom she professed the tenderest love. She was generous, generous as the serpent that fascinates the eye but the next instant devours its unsuspecting victim. She could afford a small gift, if, as a return, a soul would surrender itself to her sway. Not the first vestige of moral truth, no evidence of a sense of obligation did she ever give. The spiritual powers seemed wholly wanting. As a woman she was a disgrace to her sex, a blot on the page of history. The most beautiful and gifted of her sex, she was deadly and awful as a fiend. An utter selfishness controlled her life. It was the only principle to which she constantly and consistently adhered. The ruin which she wrought for herself, her country, and all connected with her, may be taken as a fair exposition of the tendency and ultimate result of espousing such principles of action. After all, she was the saddest wreck on the shores of time.

We are struck, as we contemplate her various powers, with her fitness to become a leader in modern fashionable life. Her extravagance, her taste, her heartlessness, are admirable qualifications. She perfectly represents its frivolity, hollowness, total want of earnestness. She is the great representative of all forms of modern social falsehood. She is the acknowledged queen of the flirts of all time. Her principles of action in this matter coincide with those of this class at present. That few in our time proceed to such fearful lengths I admit; but this difference is not owing to the laxity of her principles, nor to the firmness of the same in those who now seek after universal admiration. She had tremendous passions; we moderate ours in "feeble and relaxed natures." This fact, and this alone, explains the difference.

YALE LITERARY PRIZE ESSAY.

Sidney Smith.

BY HENRY MORTON DEXTER, ROXBURY, MASS.

SIDNEY SMITH was a rare man. Endowed with remarkable talents and combining at once the practical thinker and the brilliant wit, he justly ranked among the foremost of his day. His was a truly original genius. Scorning the blind acceptance of popular opinions, it made for itself bold ventures and new conquests in the realm of thought, daring to lead the way where others hesitated, able alike to to maintain itself and to encourage them. Such a genius cannot fail to obtain celebrity. Slowly yet surely establishing its reputation, it insensibly exchanges notability for distinction, and ere long merges distinction in enduring fame. Thus it was in the case of Mr. Smith. From obscurity he rose to eminence; disregarded at first, he struggled for appreciation, and won it. His reputation is permanent. Founded upon unquestioned merit, the lapse of time has only augmented it. Wit, wisdom and manliness, his innate characteristics, must ever receive the homage of mankind, and the present age agrees with the past, that he richly deserved his renown.

Preëminence commonly arises from the successful development of some particular capability, or from the determined pursuit of some single object, and when based on acknowledged excellence in different directions, it becomes far more substantial and extensive. Sidney Smith's fame was due to his diversity of talent. He was distinguished as a divine, a literateur and a wit; yet being on the unpopular side in politics, and holding certain theories in sequence to the church, which, though true, were unpalatable to those in its high places, he had to contend during his earlier years with obstacles almost insuperable. His stout heart, however, enabled him to endure and conquer them. He deemed it "impious to dare to despair."

On entering upon his lifework he sacrificed his inclinations to his sense of duty, and selected the church in preference to the law. To appreciate his self-denial in this choice, and his disheartening situation on commencing his work, it must be remembered that in the clerical profession especially, an independent thinker was doomed to neglect. Politics ruled the Church as well as the State. The Tories were in power, the Whigs in the background. Religious preferment depended largely on political belief. In strictly spiritual matters, too, the deep-

est apathy prevailed. The zeal of the clergy was thoroughly chilled, which of course prevented rather than promoted accessions to their number. Liberal opinions were sternly discountenanced; toleration was almost a myth. Now Sidney Smith was both a Whig and an earnest Christian. His political views were the most liberal, and in urging them he was bold and explicit. He had no sympathy for shams, no reverence for mere position. He was quick to detect imposture and corruption both in high places and in low, and detection was followed by swift exposure and scathing rebuke. Careless of mortal favor, he deemed himself accountable to God alone. Once a clergyman, he fulfilled his office most conscientiously, recognizing the true meaning and value of his work, and applying himself to it with alacrity and earnestness.

Commencing his clerical life as an obscure curate, he was at first condemned to the deepest poverty, not only of physical comforts but even of companions and incidents. His only riches were his thoughts. Time, however, bringing him promotion, brought him also change of scene and many friends. While still a young man, he became the intimate associate of Walter Scott, Brougham and Thomas Brown, and before his death his friendship was sought and prized by the best and greatest men of the age. Yet he remained quite poor till the later years of his life, and during his first residence in London he was almost utterly neglected, though even then he was laying the foundation of his subsequent renown as a pulpit orator. Rising by degrees in his profession, he was made Canon at Bristol, and afterwards of St. Paul's in London. Public opinion awarded him a Bishopric, and Lord Melbourne, in whose power lay its bestowal, candidly said in after years, "that there was nothing he more deeply regretted in his past career than the not having made Sidney Smith a bishop." Mr. Smith, himself, however, never desired the position, and would have refused it if offered. He saw inferior men promoted at his expense, yet his idea of a true Bishop was so exalted that he distrusted his own worth. Moreover, he felt his non-appointment to be really a compliment to his manliness, for he knew that the only objection to him was his being "a high-spirited, honest, uncompromising man, whom all the bench of Bishops could not turn upon vital questions."

As a preacher he was as faithful as he was popular. Indeed, his faithfulness was a prominent source of his popularity. Earnestness in religious matters was a novelty, and the more the public heard him the more it longed to hear. He was clear, practical and impressive, animated by a warm love for his fellow men, and a hopeful purpose

of making them better. Drawing his illustrations from the daily lives of his flock, he impressed upon their minds both the reasonableness and the necessity of the truths which he preached. He had firm faith in mankind, and addressed his people as one of their own number, and thus his success was as natural as it was complete. As a pastor he was equally useful and beloved. Possessing in a great degree the rare power of adapting himself readily and successfully to existing circumstances, he always won the love and respect of his people. He mingled with them freely and interested himself in their occupations. A diligent student of human nature, he thoroughly familiarized himself with their habits of thought and life, and his shrewd suggestions were always of practical advantage. He rebuked delinquencies, he instituted improvements, he devised relief for the poor and suffering, and endeavored in every way to promote not only their spiritual but their temporal interests. Rare indeed are clergymen who, like him, combine at once social polish, literary genius and Christian philanthropy. The influence of such a man cannot be computed. It is purifying, civilizing, Christianizing. Earnestness never fails of commanding respect, but he who is earnest in doing good wins more than respect; he is beloved and imitated. Thus an individual may elevate a people, and such a man was Sidney Smith.

In glancing comprehensively at his whole course as a divine, we see that like other good men he made some mistakes. Two things in particular here attract our notice. One was his unreasonable dislike for the Methodists. He could not realize how their strong expressions of religious emotion could be aught but hypocrisy; and with strange inconsistency he denied their sincerity because their mode of worship differed from his own. The other point was his determined opposition to the missionary work in India, the absurdity and injustice of which course of action was even then too evident to need demonstration. Himself in the front rank of English reformers, his attacks upon Indian reform were as unaccountable as they were vigorous; but it is gratifying to remember that in his old age his views on this subject were essentially modified, and his objections withdrawn. On all other subjects, however, he was preëminent for his charity. In opposition to the prevailing sentiment of the day he constantly advocated freedom of religious opinions. He censured the Methodists, not for entertaining beliefs different from his own, but for expressing their views in a different, and, as he thought, in an outlandish fashion. He preached toleration towards the Catholics who were then the objects of Protestant ill-will, and by his manly frankness he opened the way for a

radical change of public opinion in their favor. His life was a bright example of Christian usefulness. In a time of spiritual torpor he was earnest; in an age of religious dogmatism he advocated liberty of conscience. He denounced all abuses, he advocated all true reforms. He sympathized alike with the rich and the poor, the learned and the ignorant, preaching the gospel to all men, and striving to educate their souls into a knowledge of the truth. He said of the Christian religion: "It carries the order and discipline of Heaven into our very fancies and conceptions, and, by hallowing the first shadowy notions of our minds from which actions spring, makes our actions themselves good and holy." Striving with his whole heart to lead this well ordered life, he failed not of his reward.

Viewing our subject now in a different light, let us consider Mr. Smith as a literary man. It was his good fortune to live in a literary age. He grew to manhood in the days of Burns, Campbell, Scott, Charles Lamb, and Edmund Burke. Yet his own reputation is of a kind different from theirs, for, though he was an able and a popular writer, literature was not his specialty. During his life, however, he did more than almost any of his contemporaries to encourage literary criticism, and to create a sound literary taste. All his writings, whether religious or secular, were of real worth as literary efforts. It was said of him "that he had no *youth* in his writings; no period of the crude, extravagant, theoretical opinions" with which most writers of his time were imbued. He weighed well his views before adopting them, but, when once his own, they were defended and urged most convincingly, and the power of his thought was rendered doubly effective by his peculiar literary style. Its chief characteristics were simplicity and straightforwardness. He was a clear thinker and therefore a clear writer. Bombast and circumlocution he detested. He made frequent use of illustrations which, being always pointed and entertaining, never interrupted the train of thought, but imparted additional force. Increased vigor, too, was the result of his using special names and terms instead of generalities. Thus, in his lecture on Taste he says: "But where are such critics to be found? They are to be found in Dover St., Albemarle St., Berkeley Square, the Temple; anywhere wherever reading, thinking men, who have seen a great deal of the world, are to be found." Indeed, his sermons illustrate this point in plan as well as in language. Shunning general exhortations to virtue and self improvement, much less contenting himself with praises of justice, beauty, and happiness, he warned his flock against their specific sins, depicting the evils of selfishness,

falsehood, and the other vices, and at the same time explaining the nobility of the true Christian life, and how each in his own sphere might make that nobility his own. His acuteness of thought, made keener by his pointed phraseology, pierced clear through the outer crust of indifference and conventionality, and stung their better natures into at least temporary activity.

His style was also delightfully natural. He wrote just as he talked. From a mind overflowing with his subject, he rapidly transferred his ideas to paper, and then laid his work aside, rarely making any corrections. Hence his style was conversational, yet it was easy and dignified, and at times surpassingly eloquent. Its true beauty can be shown only by quotation, and I select a few lines from his sermon on Riches: "We talk of human life as a journey, but how variously is that journey performed! There are some who come forth girt and shod and mantled, to walk on velvet lawns and smooth terraces where every gale is arrested and every beam is tempered. There are others who walk on the Alpine paths of life, against driving misery and through stormy sorrows, over sharp afflictions; walk with bare feet and naked breast, jaded, mangled and chilled." How vivid is this picture, how rich in imagery! How strongly marked its contrasts, and yet how simply and clearly expressed! Take, again, his description of a poor curate: "The poor working-man of God—a learned man in a hovel, good and patient—a comforter and a teacher, the first and purest pauper of the hamlet; yet showing that in the midst of worldly misery he has the heart of a gentleman, the spirit of a Christian, and the kindness of a pastor." As a specimen of word-painting this can hardly be surpassed. For its tender pathos, its gentle sympathy, its manly appreciation and admiration, rendered out of an honest heart in the light of personal experience, it is incomparable, and half its charm, withal, lies in the artless, unaffected style. His habit of recapitulation also merits notice. He was wont to condense the main points of any production into a few, pithy, closing sentences, thus leaving a clear, concise thought in the mind of the reader or listener as food for reflection. A perfect literary style is that which conveys ideas most fluently and gracefully, combining at the same time the greatest clearness, force and impressiveness. Sidney Smith's style approximates this ideal very closely, and by many is considered to be unequalled.

His contributions to literature were peculiar. He is an example of a distinguished author who never wrote a book. His productions were lectures, sermons or essays, and he published at different times

several collections of such short pieces, but never a connected work. Probably this is due to the fact, that he wrote not for the sake of reputation, but only in the cause of social and religious reform. Had he so chosen, his brilliant and varied talents would have placed him in the front rank as a novelist or historian. He also issued at intervals during his life, several very celebrated series of letters on social and political matters. Among these were his letters to Arch-Deacon Singleton, criticising the unjust and impracticable efforts at reform on the part of the Ecclesiastical Commission, which, having been appointed to devise for the clergy measures of relief from their temporal perplexities, had either wilfully erred or lamentably blundered in their work. These letters have been considered as among the ablest productions of his life. Public opinion supported him both in his objections and his suggestions, and his able arguments won the praise of Lord John Russell himself, a member of the Commission. There is one great literary achievement, too, with which his name is inseparably connected, of which he was the originator, and at first the chief support. It is the famous *Edinburgh Review*. At the time of its foundation, the state of the nation was anything but favorable for its reception. Edited by Smith, Jeffrey and Brougham, it was of course bold and outspoken. Its object was the criticism and rebuking of social abuses as well as the cultivation of a true literary taste. Indeed, its strength lay not so much in the talent of its editors and contributors, as in their frankness, in the very fact that they dared to institute a crusade against such mighty social evils, and to trust for a hearing to the innate love of justice in the human mind. Consider what these evils were. The Catholics were not emancipated; the Test and Corporation Acts were in force; the game laws and those of debt and conspiracy were cruelly severe; prisoners on trial for their lives were denied counsel; the slave trade was still permitted; the affairs of Church and State were in the most corrupt condition, and the nation had sunk into a state of phlegmatic indifference to its situation. The Review had to contend with both public opinion and private interest, yet—thanks to the pluck of its founders—it fought successfully, and to its potent influence upon the public mind is due the gradual and now complete reformation of the evils which it attacked. Mr. Smith contributed to its pages throughout his life. He had the gratification of witnessing its increasing usefulness and prosperity, and the loss of his ready pen was one of the worst mischances in its history.

Sidney Smith's wit was another source of his renown. His irrepressible humor displayed itself in everything. It seasoned all his actions and conversation, and illumined his whole life. He could not help being witty; it was his nature. His wit was always fresh and original; he never was known to utter an old or a poor joke. The sparkling fancies came crowding forth from his active mind in brilliant profusion, each suited to its moment, each complete in itself. His witticisms were of a kind peculiar to himself. They were always keen and spirited, and he never spoiled them in utterance or by repetition. They were also of unvarying purity. Vulgarity was abhorrent to him. He was a Christian gentleman, as all his conversation proved. Furthermore, his sallies never gave offense. Uttered in the kindest spirit, they were thus received. The subject of the joke enjoyed being made fun of. The eccentric Lord Dudley once said to him: "You have been laughing at me constantly, Sidney, for the last seven years, and yet in all that time you never said a single thing that I wished unsaid." His innate drollery often found expression in words of his own coining, gaining thereby remarkable force. Thus, "He was a one-book man. Some men have only one book in them, others, a library." And again he speaks of "lachrymal and suspicious" clergymen. He made frequent and comical use of simile and metaphor, as, in allusion to the sloth, "This animal moves suspended, rests suspended, sleeps suspended, and passes his life in suspense—like a young clergyman distantly related to a Bishop." He rarely punned; his wit was of a higher order. As the elements of a chemical combination unite by fusion, so his wit blended itself with all his conversation. It revealed itself in the commonest occurrences of his every-day life and talk. I give a few specimens saken at random: "Of course, if I did go to a fancy ball it would be as a Dissenter." "Don't you know, as the French say, there are three sexes—men, women and clergymen?" And, alluding to the conversational manner of two persons, "There is the same difference between their tongues as between the hour and the minute hands; one goes ten times as fast, the other signifies ten times as much." He also found scope for his wit in satiric fiction, in parables and allegories, as in his story of Mrs. Partington. In ridiculing the peculiarities of the nation, the Church, or a political party, under the form of domestic eccentricities and personalities, he was unrivalled. Nowhere is the keenness and delicacy of his humor more apparent. He conveys truth by satirizing error; he exalts wisdom by deriding folly. His wit was practical, *vivid and transparent*. Its object was to amuse the light hearted, to

cheer the dependent, to instruct the ignorant, and to humble the arrogant. Though sharp, it was also charitable, and it was as varied as it was incessant.

A few closing words of a general nature. Mr. Smith's best side was unseen by the public. Only his intimates knew him truly. Some men have called him heartless, and most have admired him more for his wit than for his nobler qualities. Thus injustice has been done him. He possessed a sound judgment and an energetic will. His disposition was frank and generous, and he was an earnest partizan. Though sometimes controlled by prejudice, he was usually far more tolerant than his contemporaries. Religion was to him a reality; not an indefinite system of gloomy doctrines, but a bright faith and an earnest purpose to "do good and communicate" here in the hope of a blessed hereafter. In his family relations he was very happy. Mrs. Smith was a lady of great cultivation, an excellent housekeeper, and a devoted wife and mother. His children, too, were fondly attached to him, and were his constant companions. He was not an accomplished man, but his sound common sense, and the innate refinement of his manners, never failed to please. He built two parsonages with little experience and less money, and managed the pecuniary affairs of St. Paul's with unwonted shrewdness and success. As has been said, in politics he was a Whig. He has been accused of abandoning the Whigs in his contest with the Ecclesiastical Commission, but it is unfair to construe an honest criticism upon a particular action as a desertion of the principles of his party. On the contrary, he repeatedly did good service in its behalf, advocating at all times its true reforms and enlightened measures. He was a close student of books as well as of men, and by constant reading and the regular study of history, the classics, and the Bible, he greatly increased the natural riches of his mind. Said Edward Everett, "The first remark that I made to myself after listening to Mr. Smith's conversation was that if he had not been known as the wittiest man of his day he would have been accounted one of the wisest."

Such a man, then, was Sidney Smith, whose death his country mourned as truly as it had enjoyed and profited by his life. "The love and esteem of many good and great men," he once said, is the "one earthly thing worth struggling for." It is pleasant to know that in his life he was loved and admired by all such men, and that his name will go down to posterity as one of their number.

III. Satire of Juvenile.

ARGUMENT.

Pylades disgusted with life in the Groves of the Academea, resolves to depart and seek some other abiding place. He pauses beside the temple of Themis, and, in a strain of bitter invective, enumerates the ills that he flies from. The approach of the car that is to bear him away, puts an end to his soliloquy.

"*Quid faciam Romae? nescio mentiri*——."

His staff was in his hand, upon his back
 His latest tunic; shone his sandals black
 As polished ebon; from his shoulder swung
 His frugal scrip; his eyes fierce glances flung
 Before, behind, and raged his muttering tongue.
 He stood. There where tall elms o'erarch the street,
 There at the civic temple's pillared feet,
 There where alternate years law-givers meet,
 He stood and thus 'gan speak—"Since reign
 All kind of force, and fraud, and cheat, and bane,
 Within yon learned shades, no longer there
 I'll stay, nor linger longer forth to fare.
 To delve in sooty mines, to roam the sea
 Though cold it were, and rough as rough can be,
 To hoe, to spin, to sweep, to haul, to pull,
 To deal in pots and kettles, rags or wool,
 Ere to you, fickle, false and foolish school,
 I will return, is my resolve and rule.
 My soul craves ease, still lakes beneath the moon,
 And solemn woods where leaves fall one by one,
 All still—"Not going to leave us?" quoth a friend,
 "Thou art not going Pylades, Heaven send!"
 Yes! but I am, Orestes—Noise shall rack
 My brain no more, nor study bend my back;
 No more for me shall toot the midnight horn,*
 Nor direful discord din the early morn.

What do I in the Groves? How noise is rife
 How worse than chained convict's drags my life,
 How thumps and bangs and roars the day affright,
 How howls and yells and hootings mar the night.
 'Tis twelve o' the clock, I burn the studious oil
 And strive to read or write. My silent toil

*One Alexander Pope, has a reading in which the sense is somewhat altered, viz.:

"No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
 Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn."

Progresses fair; bright thoughts across my brain
 Course thick and fast, as meteoric rain
 Shoots down the sky.—A hideous call of fire
 Breaks from below and knocks my fancies higher
 Than soaring kite. A hundred throats repeat the strain,
 And “fire! heads out!!” they shout with might and main;
 The old brick walls in terror quake again,
 Steam engines splash and shriek till I am fain
 To stop my ears. The cause?—why none—
 The thing’s a joke, Pylades, only fun.

What do I in the Groves? How faith is broke.
 How solemn oaths avail like fleeting smoke.
 “Behold!” cries one, “I vow, I swear to thee,
 So thou but plight thy troth to vote with me,
 Thou shalt Class Hist’ry have, Lit. Mag. or Spoon.”
 He plights—and seeks his prize from the man i’ the moon.

Within the Groves thrive stratagem and ruse;
 All subterfuge and shift, all base excuse.

—Orestes cutting daily exercise
 Sails down the bay;
 On inland, shunning sharp detector’s eyes,
 Walks far away;
 Next day
 Frames fair excuses in the usual way.
 “I saw thee walk abroad,” says archon L——m,
 “Why that thou did’st not leave thy room
 To me pretend?
 Impend
 For this offence, all pains the law doth lend.”
 “One cannot leave a place unless he’s there,”
 He doth reply;
 “I left Euclidon’s room—not mine—I swear.
 His stands close by.
 Descry
 The nice distinction now, with half an eye!”

“But stay!” cries Plato, “wait for cooler time!
 You’re angry; there’s no reason in your rhyme.”
 But, nay! good sage, I’m cool as Norway’s clime,
 And I do know there’s reason in my rhyme.

—I know such a voice as this:
 Without, howl the wild blasts of Winter
 Howl through the leafless boughs
 And shake in their casements the windows.
 Cast down, Pylades, thy book
 And shivering turn to thy klinon.
 There, whilst thou lyest asleep

In the measureless spaces of dreaming
 And thy soul with uncertain aim
 Grasps at thin visions and phantoms,
 Low burns the fire in thy grate,
 Smoulders and flickers and dies out.
 Cold is thy chamber at dawn,
 Ice is the water for washing.
 Empty of money thy purse,
 Empty thy closet of fuel.

Why tarry in the Groves? There are all pests
 More than obey Beelzebub's behests.
 A knock comes at my door; it opes—"fine day!
 Ole clothes to sell?" I hurl a boot straightway.
 A knock comes at my door—"me and my friend
 Walked yesterday from Thebes, and we do bend
 Beneath a weight of wounds and woe and want,"—
 "Ye thieving scamps!" I cry, "begone! avaunt!"
 Ten thousand knocks—"I'm blind, I'm deaf, I'm dumb,
 I've broken every bone from toe to thumb;
 I've fought on land and sea; I've——" out vile scum!
 About ye hang Plutonian fumes of rum.

What should I do i' the Groves? What bores there dwell!
 What maddening plagues, what piece-meal murderers fell!
 Do I to Musikalen purpose to go,
 Or to behold the gladiatorial show,
 "Ha!" cries the bore, "ha! yes, I'm going too,
 About the seventh hour I'll stop for you."
 Do I desire to stroll at leisure times,
 He preys on me, as on fresh verdure Hyems;
 "Stay but a moment till I bring my stick,"
 He asks, and cools my walking ardor quick.
 —Do I sit me down in my easy chair,
 Secure in my lofty four flight stair,
 And grasp my book, to sling things,*
 He enters then
 To borrow a pen,
 He'd raise the ire of the mildest of men.
 He sits and clacks like a China hen,
 From quarter after the chime of ten
 Till five minutes before the bell rings.
 I inly fume and rage, rip tear and swear,
 Oh! why, Politeness, men must such ills bear?

* "To sling things"—a piece of Grecian slang. It was necessary to keep throwing out—as one might throw stones from a sling—the parchments then in use, which had a tendency to roll up. Hence the expression comes to be applied to severe study.

Again, with studious mind, I read at night,
 Soft radiance throws my kerosenium light.
 Pop! splutter! pop! red glare and sudden dark,
 The trait'rous lamp gives up its vital spark.
 Ho! chum, the can! 'tis brought; I gently pour,
 With careful hand, its contents—on the floor.
 Now fire the wick. All's well. Not so vain man—
 Smash goes the chimney, clatter goes the can,
 Crash goes the table down; thick streams of oil
 My parchment soak and my best tunic soil.
 The bare remembrance makes my blood to boil.

Naught, naught of good is found where'er one roves.
 How glibly Glycon doth his task repeat,
 With open book behind the friendly seat,
 How bold Orontes marks the chalky board,
 Who 'neath his coat hath ready parchment stored.
 Oh! I could rage for hours—but see the car
 Roll rumbling on, that comes to bear me far,
 Th' impatient driver becks—Farewell ye Groves!

Chitchat.

HAVING been duly teased and worried by the "philosophical" editor of the LIT. Board, into the rash promise of contributing to his next number of the LIT., and having been repeatedly admonished that the time was rapidly approaching, I find myself compelled to sit down on this glorious Saturday morning, to my uninviting task. Peelers, the College choir, (that unfortunate scape goat for grumblers like myself,) the Freshman Class, base ball, the Yale Courant, and various other interesting and suggestive topics occur to me as meet subjects for disquisition. The first named I pass by, as the last named will doubtless enlarge upon the subject, since it possesses unusual interest just now, before this shall reach the eye of a reader. So we come to number two on the list, and proceed to discourse on our Chapel Music. I hope the singers (*quorum pars fui!*) won't consider my remarks personal, as they will not apply to the choir now more than they would have done at any time within the past two or three years.

The College Choir (to be methodical) may be divided into three elements,—the singers themselves, their leader, and the congrega-

tion for whose benefit they sing. And, first, a word in regard to the congregation. It is exceedingly embarrassing to the singers, when any mistake occurs, to be conscious that a sea of faces are staring with concentrated gaze upon that quarter where the mistake was supposed to occur. It is not calculated to make the unfortunate individual read his notes aright, nor to give confidence to his coadjutors. In this respect the students in the body of the house often act much as a congregation of monkeys might be supposed to,—the force of example seems overpowering. No. 1 hears a discord, and at once bobs his head around to discover the originator; No. 2 sees No. 1 turn, and at once bobs his head around likewise; No. 3 thinks something extraordinary must be the matter, and around goes his head. Of course every one else does the same, and the singers grow red in the face. After a protracted study of physiognomy of the various members, No. 1 turns around, No. 2 follows suit, and the equanimity of the choir is slightly restored. Seriously, in a small way, this is one of the little things that serve to give students a character for ill-manners.

But to consider the choir itself, there are some faults that are so radical that a great effort ought to be made on the part of the leader, (I mean the organist,) as well as on the part of the singers, to remedy them. And one of these is the slight pains taken to pronounce the words distinctly. Oftentimes it is difficult to understand them, and as the students generally have no books, of course this becomes a serious evil. I have no especial remedy to propose beyond more carefulness. That at present there is carelessness, may be illustrated by one or two blunders recently noticed in the case of individual singers. Two words in these well known lines were transposed so as to make them as follows:—

Ten thousand thousand are their joys,
But all their *tongues* are one!

Notice, again, how the sense is destroyed in two lines that were sung thus:—

Let me live a life of *death*;
Let me die thy people's *breath*!

Of course such flagrant mistakes as these are not usual, but they give evidence, as I said, of too little care.

Another trouble is the unequal distribution of the parts; that is to say, the tenor is not powerful enough for the bass. Especially when the

notes run high, with the exception of the leading voice, is this very noticeable. Now with the same material that is in the choir at present, I believe a wonderful improvement could be made by judicious re-arrangement, not of the singers only, but of the music itself. For in this last respect the most serious difficulty of all is found. The music, as arranged, cannot be sung by a choir of American voices, unless they be of extraordinary capacity. We don't have tenor voices in this country, (genuine tenors, I mean, not baritones,) save once in a great while. Any one who is accustomed to notice and compare choruses of gentlemen's voices, will agree with this statement. What we call tenor voices in College, are in general baritones, and are rare at that. The first tenor of the Beethoven last winter, was notoriously the weak part, although it had one leading tenor the most genuine I have ever heard in College. It is for this reason that music for American voices should not be arranged on the same scale as that, for instance, for Italian singers. The tenor will invariably run too high. It won't do to take music arranged for a different scale, and simply set it on a lower key. This involves a lowering of all the parts, and brings the basses down to a grumble, even if the right note is struck at all. The best student music, without question, is that which originates in some miscellaneous "crowd;" or if not miscellaneous, under circumstances when each feels free to sing as he pleases. Now in such cases there is seldom a distribution of the parts like that of written music, namely, into first and second tenor, and first and second bass. There are really two tenors, but generally no distinction between the basses. The result is, each part is distinct; each part has room enough, and does not crowd upon its neighbor, as is very apt to be the case when an arrangement is attempted that has four distinct parts, exclusive of falsetto. To begin with, then, I believe our Chapel music will not materially and *permanently* improve, until an arrangement of the music is made that shall be adapted to the capacities of the singers. It would involve some work on the part of the organist, but as the choir sing a dozen times or more a week, it would be well worth while.

As my remarks are stringing out too far on this particular subject, I would only make one or two further suggestions. Let the different singers who have the same part, practice together; their voices ought to chord exactly. All the tenors should be drilled to sing and *sustain* themselves on the high notes, and not only that, but to sing softly as well as loud. It is impossible for the choir generally to modulate successfully, unless the leading part can do so. After all said and done, the Chapel is a very poor building for musical effect, and while it is

easy enough to carp at the singing, this, in itself, is a more serious obstacle to improvement than most have any idea of.

As my article seems to have taken a musical turn, a word about Parepa and her last concert. Notwithstanding the great popularity of this singer last season, there were those who justly found fault with her singing in one respect. There was not always or generally on the softer notes sufficient delicacy. To sing with a wealth of volume and power was the easiest part of her task, and she took too little pains to have the less prominent tones of that fine quality and purity that so enhances the effect of all parts. At times the tone was really gross. Hence ballads, which require spirit and life more than any thing else, were her favorite songs. But at this concert she seemed to have made marked improvement. Possibly it was accidental, but she certainly sung in better taste than at any time when we heard her last winter. The subordinate parts were subdued, as they ought to be, and the general effect was greatly improved. The capricious Briguoli was in one of his bad humors, and did his worst. It seems a pity that such a bear as he seems to be, should be gifted with such an exquisite voice. No matter how little he tries, there is a quality in his voice that is very seldom equaled. It seems something peculiar, in fact, in the richness of its tone. He probably thought himself in a country town, where it was not worth while to sing well. The audience, in its turn, grew ill-humored, and naturally enough, as on his first appearance it was evident that he was out of sorts. Then he grew jealous of the applause of the other singers, and in his duett with Parepa, hurried her through and off the stage, apparently against her will. It was now the turn of the audience to be thoroughly out of humor, and on his third appearance there was almost no applause. And then Parepa came out alone, and, as if she would have said, "I am determined you shall see I am not out of humor," sung delightfully. She was vociferously encored, and gave us two ballads with marvellous sweetness. The closing trio was again spoiled by Briguoli. It was impossible for the others to do justice to the piece, when he was bound to be so mulish. It is said that he used to be a plowman, until some one with a good ear chanced to hear him singing in the fields one day, and had him receive a good musical education. The story sounds very plausible, for he shows himself to be a boor, in the way he treats his audiences and his music. For no true artist, I take it, will trifle with his art, as Briguoli does.

Well, "the freshmen," &c. will have to wait till another time. I don't believe, however, they will feel much slighted!

Yale Practicality.

ANY question in regard to an American College laying claim to the rights of a University, with the legality that we do, is worthy of more than passing notice and careless scrutiny. American institutions like herself are new, and any improvements which may now be engrafted into them, or any real change now found necessary and carried out, must make itself felt for the profit and improvement of all coming generations. We cannot here stop to enquire whether the changes of the future are to hide our Alma Mater in the shadow of their greatness, or raise her with them to a still higher pinnacle of honorable advancement, (although this question may still be a mooted one,) but for a moment will look to her present situation, and see if already, as many claim, the foundation shows signs of crumbling, and demands the hand of a careful revisor.

We take it for granted that Yale is the foremost College in America; foremost in purpose, foremost in the corps of its instructors, foremost in the quality of its students, and foremost in entertaining and promulgating those republican principles by which alone our country can be saved, and under which alone she can flourish. As such, is her course of instruction what it should be? Americans have a wonderful idea of *practicality*. Boys are hurried into the school room, when they might well be resting in their cradles, and are hurried out again almost before their shadow fades from the doorway, that they may be placed in some *practical* business. Youths of twelve or fourteen, stand behind dry goods counters, or, after a three months' course in a so-called Business College, enter a bank, start a school, or in some other way introduce themselves into *practical business*. Self-made men, too, are in great demand, and to hear the eulogies poured upon these fortunate individuals, one would think that they alone are worthy of the patronage or support of an enlightened community. Neither would we take from them one iota of their greatness, nor attempt in any way to tarnish the bright luster of their education; and if every individual born or to be born, could follow out the course of a Franklin or a Lincoln, and like them rise to honor and renown by their own unaided exertions, we would willingly do away with Colleges, and in their place erect the humble log cabin, as a high incentive to a mighty purpose. But as Franklin was but one from the members of a generation, and the great and unknown crowd

who were his coteremporaries and the witnesses of his success failed to mount with him to the great temple's shrine, it becomes necessary to invent some method by which the multitude may be elevated from their primeval condition to a state of intelligence and worth. And as the nation goes on increasing in power, wealth and luxury, so will the demand for education increase. The oak in the rugged forest, where all like itself trust to the guide of fortune for existence, finds escape from the storm and tempest by seeking strength from the destroyer, and with its rude productions supplies the wants of those who trust to it for their subsistence. But when the forest falls beneath the hand of man, and in its place the fruit tree is planted in mellow soil, with tender corn, then must the gardener watch with anxious toil, and seek by artificial means to ward off the destructive colds from which nature now refuses to supply a refuge. So with a nation. In its early days, man draws his strength out of the rugged soil, and, battling with opposing elements, grows strong, and meets the wants of a community. But as society becomes more refined, a different state of education is required, which must be nourished and well trained, failing like that of olden time to draw its sustenance from the rich resources of its surroundings.

We are now entering upon that period of our nation's history, and schools and colleges abound and are continually springing up throughout the land. Are we, as the head of American education, sufficiently practical in our course of study? Are we sent forth to battle with the foes of life, and shed an influence throughout the world, sufficiently prepared? Or is the time spent in poring over musty Latin and still mustier Greek, in searching for sines and blundering over logarithms wasted and in a manner useless? We say it is not wasted, and that to our College, most of all, America will be debtor hereafter for whatever of scholastic refinement she may possess.

What a work is yet before us as a people! The first line of railroad connecting the Atlantic with the Pacific, is still to be built. The vast prairies and unknown regions of the West are to be peopled, cultivated, wrapped in the net-work of rails and wires, which civilization now demands, and refined; and while multitudes there are toiling with the plow, multitudes in the East must supply the wants of the toilers. Is there then no need of an institution pointing with an eye ever directed upward to a sphere above the mere necessities of existence, elevating the mind to a realization of the truly great and beautiful, and forming and moulding intellects which, like Spenser's, Shakspeare's, Milton's, Byron's, or Irving's, shall live and act long

after the names of their contemporaries in every day life have passed from the rolls of memory? Aye, America must have an incentive in this direction, if she would move. As a nation, we are hurrying on in the avenues that lead to wealth, power, and other earthly allurements. We must be lifted from our feet, if we would fly. It is this diet of seemingly dry and insipid food called *classics*, on which we must be fed, ere we will believe it capable of sustaining life; and if its influence *is* lost upon the common observer, when diluted with the uneducated throng, it will still exist, like the scarlet thread which permeates the cordage of the British navy, unseen by the idle looker-on, but always recognized by the careful observer. During those ages of darkness, before a Chaucer wrote,—a Spenser or a Shakspeare,—what kept alive the vital spark which, when quickened by the warmth of advancing freedom, was again to illuminate the world? It was the classic learning of the monks' cells, the Latin, so to speak, keeping charge of the Greek, and lending to it a part of the slight attention it received. Our dark ages may be yet to come, and future generations still unborn may own to us their knowledge and enjoyment of the tongues of Cicero and Virgil, of Homer and Demosthenes. L.

Birket Habou.*

THERE was silence in Thebes,
 For night had come down on the Libyan plain.
 The roar of the chariots, the sounds of the streets
 Were hushed, and the life of the city had died
 With the day. The repose of the Tombs of the Kings
 Reign'd o'er temple and palace, and black as the grave
 In the shadow profound, lay the Lake of the Dead,
 Unstirr'd by the softest-winged zephyr of night.
 But lo! on the darkness beams suddenly forth
 The flashing of torches,—a funeral cortége
 Is approaching the wave, and the cries of the mourners
 And wailing of virgins are borne on the air,
 Strangely startling the stillness of night. On the shore
 Of the lake stand the judges awaiting the dead.
 No accuser appears, and the voices of woe

* The Sacred Lake at Thebes.

Die away on the ear. Then the consecrate boat,
 Receiving its burden, glides over the lake,
 And the torches stream o'er the dark water. But now
 O'er the Nile, from behind the vast fabric of Luxor,
 Arises the moon, and immingles her beams
 With their lurid red glare, while the echoing chant
 Of the virgins soft floats from the shadowy bark.

Hymn to the Funeral Triad of Deities.

O, Osiris, Lord of Nations,
 Of all gods and mortals king,
 Mighty Ruler of Amenti,*
 Hear us while thy name we sing;

Hear, O, Isis, Queen of Heaven,
 Mother Goddess, Friend of Man,
 Dread Beginning of the Ages,
 Thou in whom this soul began;

Mystic Nephthys of the Manes,
 Who of all things art the End,
 Virgin sister of Osiris,
 Now our suppliant prayer attend.

Nephthys, Isis and Osiris,
 Glorious and unchanging Three,
 Welcome back this ransomed spirit
 To the realm of Deity.

P. B. P.

Dreams.

It is not the purpose of our presumption to dive far into the dim depths of Dreamland, where profoundest philosophers have dropped their intellectual plummets in vain. We recoil from the investigation of phenomena so strange, so inexplicable that the finger of the Eternal seems to have marked them *holy ground*. "Dreams,—what are they?" Byron asks, his strong mind drowned in the contemplation of "unimpressed impressions on the retina of sleep." And Shakspeare, with a flourish of his mighty pen, forswearing the philosophy of Locke and Bacon, answers:—

* Hades of the Egyptians.

They "are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain phantasy."

While Dryden, lost in fruitless meditation, murmurs his obscure, though beautiful reply :—

"They are but interludes which Fancy makes;
When monarch Reason sleeps, this Mimic wakes."

And credulous Bailey, recognizing God in Dreamland, adds with reverence :—

"—— they are rudiments
Of the great state to come."—*Bailey's Festus*.

These definitions are themselves as dim as dreams, and they leave us still pursuing the fleeing shadows, echoing Byron's words, "what are they?"

It was our purpose to propose a theory, original, profound, and correct. We spent a weary day in "dropping buckets into empty wells, and drawing nothing out," and then abandoned our undertaking. The infinite variety and varied phenomena of dreams afford our faculties ample grazing ground, without trespassing on the barren field of theory.

Perfect slumber we conceive to be a perfect suspension of the mental powers. In accordance with this view, a distinguished poetess sings of

"A rayless realm where fancy never beams,
A NOTHINGNESS BEYOND THE LAND OF DREAMS,—
The oblivious world of sleep."

The brain (the seat of the mind) of a profound sleeper proves, upon examination, to be in complete repose. Dreams cannot *then* take place, for they require the exercise of mental power. But, as there is an hour called twilight, neither day nor night, but between them; so the twilight of the mind, the hour of visions, is neither sleep nor wakefulness, but intermediate. Accordingly Job speaks of "a dream when deep sleep *is falling* upon men;" and David, of "a dream when one *awaketh*." In this peculiar sleepless, *wakeless* hour, the faculties play hide-and-seek; some are unduly excited, while others have "flown on the wings of the morning to the uttermost parts of the earth;" the mind is *unbalanced*, the dreamer is in strictest literality *non compos mentis*.

Thus, by the absence of some of the faculties, those remaining gain additional freedom and force, performing feats impossible to them in a symmetrical mind. Reason, for example, when in sole possession of the brain, solves the most difficult problems. Dickens informs us that Codorcet dreamed his most complicate calculations; Coleridge devised his fearfully beautiful *Kubla Khan*, while dozing; Voltaire and La Fontaine composed exquisite verses in their broken slumber; and Franklin's dreams instructed him in science. Memory also labors with increased vigor. Old men recall their guileless infancy, their whining "school boy" days, their lusty youth,

"And scenes long past, of joy and pain,
Come wildering o'er the aged brain."

Prescience, too, a latent mental attribute, the lingering trace of God in man, revives and peers into the dim hereafter, making our dreams "speak to us, like sibyls, of the future." But stranger than all are the freaks of the Imagination, when uncontrolled by the other mental powers. Here the dreamer is companion to the "lunatic, the lover, and the poet." He wanders o'er enchanted ground, through pathless forests,

"Scaling the cliff, or dancing on hollow winds;"

dallying with fairies, listening to angel whispers, adorning the night with "gorgeous tapestries of pictured joys;" or trembling in the gaze of glittering demon-eyes, and filling the darkness with hollow groans and dripping blood. In performances like these, the faculties are all at rest, except *imagination only*, wherefore its flights are most fantastic, as in the following *dream* :—

We returned from the festivities with light hearts and light heads. Benignant Luna watched us with malicious laughter, as we wound our tangled way with stumbling steps. At length (this I remember distinctly) my companion, in his peculiar style, remarked, "By Gad! die, old fellow, let's rest." So we carefully assisted each other to a reclining position in a favorable spot. Hardly were we seated, when with wonder I beheld the fair Moon hide her blushing face behind her hands of cloud, not even peeping through her fingers, and one by one the stars, mourning the absence of their princess, wept out their eyes. Deep darkness enveloped me. The resting place beneath me vanished, and, floating in space with as little care or effort as the leaves *we see whirling in the air on windy days*, I pursued my aimless

flight. The force that carried me I knew not. Memory, curiosity, and fear were obliterated. I closed my eyes in ecstasy; such ecstasy as I remember to have experienced only in my boyhood, when, with heart in throat, I screamed with irrepressible delight, as I reached the highest point to which my little swing could carry me. Here and there I floated through the boundless blackness till my dreamy bliss and balmy flight were arrested by a sudden shock. My legs were borne with great violence against—I knew not what, but certain it is at that moment my power of volitation left me, and my body, carried by its momentum over the obstacle that struck my legs, fell headlong into a savory mixture of the consistency of hasty pudding. Opening my eyes, (which I had hitherto kept closed against the darkness,) I found myself in a vast tub, shaped like a railway water tank, but in dimensions much greater. The mixture, which proved to be gruel, was ground by the revolutions of a bladed wheel like that of a fanning mill, turned from without by a crank. These revolutions gave me great inconvenience, tossing me hither and thither, bruising my flesh and endangering my bones, alternately plunging me under the gruel and whirling me aloft like a rat in a churn. At length, clinging to the meridian as I passed the zenith of my orbit, my fear-bound tongue was loosed, and I cried aloud in piercing accents, "Help, in the name of God!" but no assistance came. In despair I shouted "Help, in the name of Satan!" and forthwith, to my joyful surprise, the revolutions stopped. A pair of fiery eyes peered in the dim light over the edge of the tank, and a brawny, bony, bearded hand was extended to my rescue. It lifted me out, placed me on my feet, and gently wiped the gruel from my eyes. I looked upon my deliverer, a being of superhuman proportions, whose powerful frame was knit with muscles so well developed that the smallest were as plain as the veins on the hands of a laborer. His face was brown and wrinkled, and his white hair hung in masses over his broad shoulders. His countenance was that of a man once proud and kind, now degraded and embittered by adversity.

"Who art thou?" I asked, when my amazement gave me words.

"I am Apollyon," he replied, "and in thy thoughtless wanderings thou hast trespassed on my realms. I am grinding gruel for my minions," he continued, pointing to the tub, "wilt thou assist me at the crank a moment?" As he requested this favor, a benevolent look flitted across his features, seeming like

"—— the lighting of a hope about to die
Forever from the furrowed brow of hell's eternity,"

like the shadow of a smile with which of old, as Lucifer in heaven, he might have been familiar,

I readily complied with his request.

He thanked me kindly, but before he turned away he stood for a moment with a lingering gaze, and said, partly to himself and partly to me, "Alas, I am friendless, cheerless now! Cling to thy innocence, O, youth; beware of sin that dragged me down; yet trust me as thy friend. O, eternal anguish, give me a moment's respite!"

I "pitied the sorrows of the poor old man," and thereupon entered into a friendly compact with the devil. In a moment he was gone. I grasped the crank and turned it long and faithfully; then growing weary, I sat down to rest and reconnoitre. This room was evidently the kitchen; for here and there lay heaps of provisions. The floor was the bare earth, and the ceiling was the impenetrable darkness. I was here interrupted in my observations, by an officer with a star on his breast, inscribed "M. N. P. C.," (which I interpreted to mean Member of the Nether Police Corps,) who struck me with his baton exclaiming "To your duty fellow; there is no rest for the wicked." I indignantly refused to obey, and we were fast coming to blows, when the timely arrival of my royal friend Apollyon put an end to the unfortunate affair.

"If you are weary," said he, "you may survey my halls to rest you."

So I wandered off into a labyrinth of dimly lighted passages, among massive stone pillars, and under lofty arches. As I advanced I met many in the streets, until at length the ways were crowded; and, strange to tell, each individual bore upon his back a monstrous bundle. Bending and groaning under the load, they walked continually, without rest or destination.

"Why is this?" I asked a policeman whom I met. "Punishment," was his laconic answer.

Many of the burden-bearers were men, but still more were of the sex called "fair" on earth; and most of these were very beautiful; possibly their beauty had been their ruin. As I pursued my meditative way, my eye fell upon a figure of surpassing loveliness, so surpassingly lovely that my heart fluttered with a passion which theologians say has no existence in the nether world. I was filled with pity, also, as I saw her bending her form under an exceedingly heavy bundle. Addressing her, with one hand on my heart and the other where my hat would have been had I not been bareheaded, I said, pointing to her burden, "Permit me to relieve you for a while."

She turned upon me a look so charming, so full of gratitude, so expressive of surprise (as if it were the first kind word that had fallen on her ear since death,) that I felt already repaid for the service I was about to perform. I loosed the load from her shoulders, and a sigh of relief escaped her. Placing the burden on my own back we proceeded along the dim passages together, conversing in low and loving tones, until I was suddenly confronted by an officer exclaiming "How, sir, is this?" I briefly told our story, said I preferred to carry the bundle, and quoted a passage of scripture which says, "Bear ye one another's burdens." He frowned fiercely, and replied in thunder tones, "Sir, you quote an article from the by laws of Heaven, this place is ——." His reply was cut short by a shriek from the fair damsel at my side, who, as the load was replaced upon her shoulders, fell fainting at my feet—literally "an angel fallen in the darkness." I stooped to restore and comfort her, but the vast crowd with one voice cried "move on;" and carried along in the dense throng I lost sight of her forever. Cursing my ill fortune I hurried back to the gruel tank where I found Apollyon, to whom I related in a dolorous voice my grievous complaint. He smiled and said "This is a sad, sad place. No liberty, no love, no life. But take heart and let us visit the Isles of the blest." I leaped for joy as I assented. So hand in hand we started down the shady aisles. Each moment as we advanced the twilight grew lighter, until at last we reached an open space of water, dazzling with brightness. From the surface arose continually a delightful perfume that hung visible upon the air. The sweetest songs that ever fell upon the ear of man came floating over the lake, wafted, as Lucian says, "out of the invisible;" low and solemn like the chanting of nuns in a distant Abbey. I attempted to pass an invisible boundary, but an unseen power restrained me. With angry impatience I turned to Lucifer—he was gone. My eyes were open to the sun, and the voice of the College watchman said "Gentlemen it is 5 o'clock in the morning—high time to be abed. In haste we retired from the door-step of So. Middle (where we had passed the night,) to our beds, where we slept till noon.

The preceding is an exact and perfectly truthful record of what was seen in sleep one night and sketched the next day, while the memory of every detail was fresh in the mind of the dreamer. Did imagination ever wing a stranger, wider, more ridiculous flight?

We thus perceive that memory, reason, prescience, imagination and the other mental powers, act with extraordinary vigor in the dreaming

hour; and that when one faculty is employed it labors strangely, fiercely, madly, because the others have all withdrawn to give it unrestricted freedom. So our theory, without pretense as to profundity, without certainty as to originality, without confidence as to correctness, has, in spite of us, proposed itself. And now it becomes us to humbly implore pardon of the world's giant intellects for even approaching this mystery of mysteries, whose intricate knot has defied their dexterous fingers.

If our words have been true, then, to conclude, Dreamland is an *accursed* spot where the weary mind in vain seeks rest; a purgatory through which the tired soul must pass before it enters the paradise of sleep. Thrice blessed he who never dreams, who, when life becomes "as tedious as a twice-told tale," can pass through Dreamland undetained, to court "the honey-heavy dew, the popped warmth" of "nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep." Heaven be praised for an escape from every care; God giveth His beloved *sleep*. "The brother of Death," says quaint Sir Thomas Browne, "exacteth a third part of our lives."

Concerning the Fence.

THE persuasive and philanthropic photographer advises us, in nitrate of silvery tones, to "secure the shadow ere the substance fades," and it is with the desire of saving the shadow of the College fence before destruction razes it, and of preventing the historian of our Alma Mater from passing lightly over it, as Remus did to his sorrow, in a similar case, that we pen these lines. The origin of our fence is enveloped in the mists of the seventeenth century. We know, however, that the post holes were dug at Saybrook in the year 1700, and as we saw some half dozen of these apertures yawning frightfully at early dawn a few days since, it is fair to presume that they were removed to New Haven, with the College, a hundred and fifty years ago. But as we saw at that time nothing in these holes to interest the general reader, we pass hastily to the fence proper. (By Fence Proper, we do not refer to the respected, but lamented College carpenter.) The founders of the institution sat long and earnestly upon the plan of the fence. It was finally decided to build it strong and simple, as befit-

ting the line of demarcation between the cultivated grounds of the College and the barren waste of the outside barbarian world; three rails high on three sides of the enclosure, and of boards closely joined on the fourth. The rails were so made that their cross section was a diamond. A few still retain this shape, and are looked and sat upon with aversion. This was the place and instrument of punishment in those dark days. Dull students were seated there that they might become sharp set, and accustomed to the seats in Chapel. Their incorrigible dullness dulled the sharp edge of their three-barred grief, and in the course of time the rails became cylindrical; so torture became temptation, and even oration men thronged the perch. But the close board fence is still thought to fulfil its design. It was ordered by the Faculty, that if the Freshman Class should be beaten in the annual rush, those Freshmen who had been in the rear of the rushing column, should paint, in token of their defeat, at dead of night, in running colors, the number of their class upon the fence, on pain of expulsion, if, in the course of their artistic occupation, they should disturb the quiet of the College watchman. The rugged winters of the last century, warring against the fiery orthodoxy of the Congregational school, upheaved its bulwark with their heathenish frosts, and the weight of heavy students became necessary to hold it down. That they might not, in a moment of abstraction, slide like avalanches from its summit, the Faculty, with true Puritan grit, resolved to give it a coat of sand, and the students finding this wearing upon their patience and pantaloons, in a lengthy but pointed petition, besought their instructors to remove the sand; but sand is still there, and the petition is preserved in the College library, under the title of "Sand Paper."

But why harrow up our feelings by recalling the roughness of the past? With brighter students came brighter days for the College. The fence suffered a change with the politics of the Colonies, and was no longer simply the guardian of the College exclusiveness; it became democratic; it was a lower forum,—the roost of the bird of freedom. Here all classes, yes, even outsiders, were wont to gather to hear the ringing utterances of the apostles of liberty. Here town and gown recounted their several grievances, and settled them. Here David Humphrey exposed the intolerance and aristocratic narrowness of a certain literary society, and acquired his enduring title, "*Par-nobile Fratrum*." It was on this fence that Calhoun remained during his entire course, and thus arose the doubts in regard to his membership in one or the other of those rival societies.

Many events in the history of our country have been foreshadowed by our College disturbances. The fence was once a convention hall. The students, overwhelmed with the strong beer sold by the College Butler, came out arm in arm, and the fence felt them lean on it for support. They shed alcoholic tears, and inaugurated a bread and butter rebellion. But notwithstanding the College members kicked, the College Corporation survived. The House of Fellows proved too much for the House of Commons. Insubordination was quelled, and the boys went quietly in to prayers. Soon the bars of the old fence began to ring with music,—music rude, perhaps, but refreshing. When they rolled out "Gaudeamus," passers-by, however unclassic, knew that they were rejoicing. They loved Yale College, and they said so. Why don't we sing "Vivat Academia" now, as then? Is it because of our admiration for the taciturn female, who "never told her love?" "Lauriger," too, if not purer in morals, is superior in its poetry to "Here's to Good Old Rum!" At least its objectionable features are hidden by its untranslatable Latin.

But it is foreign to our history to cry for a revival of letters. Pat Malloy sings his sentimental story in a manner which would be interesting, if he belonged to Yale; but if his fifteen brothers, dissimilar to pigs, will stay at home, we expect Beethoven beneficence to pay that rent. The Ethiopian fiddler, too, has helped our morality. The first scraping of his strings was sole-stirring, and always brought a delighted crowd to the fence, where they were soon relieved of all temptation to court fortune by the pitch of the uncertain copper.

These musical soirees, if they did not give it birth, at least nourished and strengthened that healthy mutual admiration and respect which is the soul of all college happiness. There was hardly room for the indulgence or display of petty passions on the narrow fence; but when the College Song was shaken up, those rails would blossom, like Aaron's rod, into some such flowers as "the Last Rose of Summer," or the "Sweet Potato Vine." After all, we'll dash sentiment, and advocate all College Songs, of any time or air, if always it be open air.

Students of Ethnology will be gratified to learn, that traces of the lost ten tribes of Israel have been discovered near the fence. If the day is fine, large numbers of these Jews, attired in a manner of modest magnificence, may be seen there conversing affably with the students, Gentiles, who apparently consider them their dearest friends; in fact so great is the veneration in which a certain tribe is held, that the boys are constantly heard appealing to its ancient founder, and

the name of B. Gad is on every tongue. This regard is reciprocal, so that these favored people of high birth and long and ancient line, (we mean the old clothes line,) never despise even that student who wears a ragged coat. But we fear that this friendship is unstable. To be sure these itinerants bring greenbacks, but so do the worms. They are arrayed in sheep-skin, like a drum, and like it they are hollow. Beware of these anti-porkers; buy not their watch-chains nor their meerschaums. The chains will color, but the meerschaums won't. Be not dazzled by the brilliancy of their diamond pins, or too late you may discover that they are merely Ju-ju-paste.

Daniel Pratt found in the fence a convenient auditorium. At its corner he has unfolded to listening and liberal crowds the mysteries of the laws of motion, by maintaining that a motion to adjourn was always in order. Daniel used to swing about the circle considerably in his harangues, but we are forced to believe that he will never live in the White House. He is too honest to be successful in political management. How much better it would be for the country if every politician was a non-est-man.

But the fence is passing away. The sturdy wood which was a pine cone two centuries ago, and has for a hundred and fifty years, by day and night, in storm and sunshine, guarded the College Green, must yield in the vigor of its age to the age of iron. There are dreadful rumors of a new fence of iron bars, to be sixteen feet and one inch high,—just the distance an apple will fall in one second $\frac{1}{2}$ -g. Thus the new student will receive his first lesson in gravitation at his very entrance, and be spurred on to deeper research. And there is to be one great gate, which the street watch will close at the tick of twelve. How belated star-gazers will run down that watch! The south-east corner,—scene of many a wholesome revel,—is to be superseded by the new Museum. Let us hope that the old right angle will be taken up tenderly, and laid with care in some honorable place in the hall of curious things, that returning sons of Yale, as they rejoice at the increasing glory of their Alma Mater, may find it a substantial reminder of the simple pleasures of the College Fence.

Memorabilia Yalensia.

Jubilee Committee.

J. M. ALLEN, C. H. GOODMAN, A. JOHNSON, of the Senior Class.

W. C. BRAGG, C. B. BREWSTER, N. P. S. THOMAS, E. J. TYTUS, of the Junior Class.

A. L. BROWN, A. CAMERON, W. C. CLARKE, C. H. SMITH, of the Sophomore Class.

R. JOHNSON, W. L. PALMER, E. G. SELDON, J. B. TYTUS, of the Freshman Class.

Linonia.

President—E. W. CLARKE, 422 Chapel Street.

Vice President—W. H. GOODYEAR, 11 S.

Secretary—S. B. COLT.

Vice Secretary—G. D. MILLER, 48 Howe Street.

Brothers.

President—IRA S. DODD, 105 N.

Vice President—BENJAMIN SMITH, 192 C.

Censor—W. H. INGHAM, 58 S. M.

Secretary—J. COFFIN, 75 N. M.

Vice Secretary—S. T. TERRY, 3 S.

Matrimonial.

SPRAGUE—FELLOWS.—On Wednesday, Oct. 31st, at Hudson, N. Y., F. N. Sprague, late of the Class of '67, to Abbie Fellows.

Yale Literary Prize Essay.

The undersigned Committee award the Yale Literary Medal to the writer of the Essay on Sidney Smith.

CYRUS NORTHROP,
ARTHUR W. WRIGHT,
ALBERT E. DUNNING.

The accompanying envelope contained the name of HENRY MORTON DEXTER.

Editor's Table.

WE, too, at last, send our hearty greeting to the College world. This is easy, and if this were all, we should be heartily glad. But this is not enough. We must make a talk to this most complex organization. Herein is a difficulty. There are here two currents of life, two classes of men of directly opposite characters. One is full of life and animal spirits; the other thoughtful and earnest. There is power and character in each. Each, however, is disposed to put a low estimate upon the other. Each would rather like to sweep the other from existence. "Superficial," say the earnest ones, of those full of gay life. The jolly souls look at the earnest men and ejaculate with unction—"Fossils." Then they meditate just one instant. In that brief space they settle it irrevocably, that the so-called "fossils" have no business among living men—except as curiosities. The grave is a fit place for the dead, they think, and they at least think logically. Now in this state of things there is advantage. Minds little accustomed to serious thoughts, have their attention occupied for a brief space, at least, with realities. All this, too, comes in through the influence of oppugnant characters. Now, we say, let both classes remain. They help each other. The influence of the lively renders the earnest ones less rigid, more expansive in their sympathies, less self-absorbed. The influence of the serious ones upon the wide awake class, is to impart at least a momentary gravity. Let both classes, say we, live and thrive. Each needs the other. Both, however, need to be more generous. If there is anything detestable in a man of any pretensions to culture, it is a contracted, exclusive sympathy. The man who always refers to the peculiar structure of his own individuality, and measures a man's worth by the degree of his resemblance to that standard, is a pitiable specimen. There is no danger that the skull which covers such a brain will ever be broken. The Juggernaut wheels themselves couldn't crack it. Yet some, indeed not a few, measure others thus. If the individual observed conforms to some favorite type, it is well, if not, he is an imbecile. Expansive, very. As if, when that peculiar type of character was fashioned, all forms of admirable characters were, also, exhausted. As we have before intimated, we wish there were a more genial recognition between the two. We don't believe in drawing the lines of classes distinct and clear. Chasms between classes and orders have been the causes of unending conflicts the world over, and through all time. Let orders, races, characters blend. What will civilization be worth until this be thoroughly accomplished?

But I began with the idea of the difficulty of saying anything to a world composed of such oppugnant elements. There is one realm, however, into which both classes

penetrate more or less. We shall hazard nothing in saying that all classes appreciate liveliness and witticisms. We enjoy the same exceedingly, but could never (we've lamented it a thousand times,) furnish the same for others. If there is anything we covet, it is the power of effectually dispensing jokes and stories. Few gifts are more acceptable to all parties. None live longer in a sunny and genial memory. Our own memory of a gifted story teller, a genial, hearty old man, who on stormy, Winter days, held our wrapt attention as he dispensed his interesting tales, is cherished with peculiar pleasure.

But in the matter of jokes, the College world is no wise behindhand. For this matter, nearly all the jokes perpetrated of late, fall on the college fence. By the result, we judge that the fence is worsted every time, in fact, well nigh demolished. In other respects the college world moves quietly. Things are settling into routine, that immovable calm that to many is so wearisome. The rival classes have smothered their animosity, or else in their numerous conflicts it has evaporated. At any rate things are moderately placid. Base ball continues to rage as an epidemic, with undiminished fury. Only a few have escaped an attack. The whole region round about seems more or less afflicted. It is supposed, however, that the approaching cold weather will completely put a stop to its ravages. The College Chapel is the only place in which a hurtling ball does not appear. Therein, on Sundays, and during twenty minutes on each morning, there is absolute safety. This twenty minutes in the Chapel is very refreshing. It alone enables the systems of those not attacked, to endure the successive and violent attacks to which all such are subjected. We have been struck once. This sort of missile gives no warning like the screaming shell, no whistle like the rifle ball. Its movement is silent like the walk of the pestilence. It comes upon you all unseen. The first thing you know you feel a blow that might have felled an ox. This at least was our first impression. Then you feel a sharp pain. Next a curious phenomena presents itself; it is, I think, a nervous affection. The sensation is very much as one feels when a sudden gust of passion comes over one. Then comes an almost irresistible disposition to employ a phraseology marked by strong and violent expressions. It is needless to add that this peculiar literary accomplishment is greatly disapproved of by community, and hence is never on any occasion employed in College. Since we were struck we have never approached the gymnasium without the sense of almost overpowering fear. The missiles in this section fly in all directions. The victims of this malignant ball playing epidemic rush over you without compunction or remorse; four at one time once rushed on and over us, with momentum enough to have knocked down the walls of Sumter. If we had been the Macedonian Phalanx, all bristling with spears, we have no doubt it would have been just the same. Suffice it to say, we never approach the gymnasium without feeling as *though we were between two hostile batteries in battle time.*

There is one thing on account of which we must not fail to congratulate the College world, and that is, its proximity to the recent Blood Hound Show. The free exhibition of these animals to the students was a matter of unparalleled generosity for a showman; the full attendance of the students on that occasion does credit to College appreciation. This exhibition, the manager informs us, in his advertisement, is "interesting," "instructive," and withal "moral." We never seriously questioned the two first qualifications, but we had grave apprehensions as to whether the exhibition was strictly a moral one. This information, so kindly vouchsafed by the manager, doubtless relieved community of a serious doubt about the matter.

We also congratulate the Senior Class on a temporary release, at least, from the study of chemistry. We have endured, with tolerable fortitude, every other event of our College course; this, however, was too much. We believe, though, that the instructors in that branch did all that men could do, to make the subject plain. If we wished to destroy digestion we would introduce to the stomach, at one time, a ton of solid food; it fairly illustrates the amount of chemical science that was crammed into the organ of mental digestion in a correspondingly short time. If men were born giants, or professors of chemistry, the case would then be difficult. Now it is unspeakably sad. The class might as well be sent out to level the Alleghanies, or cast the Rocky Mountains into the Pacific, as to do so much chemical work in so little time.

We have been somewhat surprised, of late, to receive an intimation that the LIT. is designed to be a picture of College life. We thought it was designed to be an exponent of the literary ability of College; its most earnest, vigorous thought. Now, as things seem to us, College life, and the ablest College thought and appreciation, are as wide apart as the poles. In the LIT. we sometimes come across a true sentiment, a genuine, earnest thought; in College every-day life, rarely. In this place, we get at what men are in general; in the LIT. we learn what men think they ought to be. In general, it holds true, that men write what will be respected; they live as impulse dictates. College life is, in some respects, unreal and frivolous. Is there much thoughtfulness or earnestness in its social intercourse? The men who are here ought to look forward to leadership in American intellectual life. The best institutions ought to produce the best thinkers. We ought, then, by this time, to have caught the key-note in this most thoughtful, earnest, progressive age. American intellect is all nerve and spring. From the American heart comes a voice earnest, and deep, and solemn as the voice of an Archangel; it presents to us the problem of life, the destinies of nations; it sounds in our ears the cry of the world's people, calling to their help all true hearts, all strong intellects. Towards fixing these grand feelings centrally in our hearts, College social intercourse *does next to nothing*. On the other hand, there seems

an effort to exclude all that has stern significance. Success, no matter how attained, is what we worship. Now we don't like an old foggy, a man whose nature is shrivelled, whose soul is as dry and hard as a rail; but we think a man full of human life and fire, who thinks earnestly and courageously, is a very beautiful character. We believe that half the disasters in life, in private life and in national legislation, are due rather to intellectual cowardice than intellectual imbecility. There is not one man in ten who dares face the serious facts of life. Men dare not think. They enjoy a jolly good time so much better than they can anything else, that a thought outside this narrow range is frightful. But we say, that unless we have grit enough to solve the problems that life and society present, we might as well have been born without brains. Why should not College social intercourse be genuine? Why, in social stations, is it not better that we should *occasionally* meet a man as he really is, rather than always what in him is grotesque and superficial? Is not man more than his dress, more than all his superficial graces? Most, however, seem to receive with utmost welcome, a soul all enveloped in what is artificial, while for one, strong, earnest, brave, they have only a sneer. But we have said enough. For the present, farewell.



Yale Lits Wanted.

The following YALE LITS are wanted to complete a set:

Vol. III,	No's 1, 5, 6.
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" VII,	" 2, 4, 5, 7, 8.
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" IX,	" 2, 3.
" XVII,	" 7, (June, '52).
" XIX,	" 2, (Nov., '53).
" XXII,	" 6, (April, '57).

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXII.

DECEMBER, 1866.

No. 3.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '67.

WALLACE BRUCE,

ALBERT E. DUNNING,

J. JAY DUBOIS,

J. W. HARTSHORN,

RICHARD W. WOODWARD.

Reform Needed.

OF late years much discussion has arisen among thinking men upon the subject of education, and weighty reasons have been advanced in favor of changes in the studies constituting the curriculum of most of our universities. Several eminent philosophers have been led to bestow upon this matter long and careful thought. Doubtless the truths eliminated by this discussion might be applied with profit to the system pursued in our own college, but we design at this time to consider another and more fundamental branch of the subject. It is our purpose to inquire into the correctness of the existing method of instruction. If this be false, it matters little on what it may employ itself.

A good part of the college course is devoted to the study of Latin and Greek. Yet the proficiency usually attained in these languages is far from commensurate with the time and labor bestowed upon them. Not a few of each year's graduates are unable to undergo a thorough examination in syntax, or to render accurately a page of Homer or Cicero. Nor do we anywhere discover that enthusiasm for the classics which alone can make their pursuit successful. Students go to their books as to irksome tasks; artificial aids supercede honest work; and the hour spent in recitation is the dullest of the day. For four years the majority stumble heedlessly over the studies of the course, and finally graduate with a crude and ill-digested stock of classical information which would do no credit to an intelligent lad of fourteen.

An examination into the system of instruction will afford a ready
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explanation of this deplorable state of scholarship. A fundamental error at Yale is the attempt to teach languages in detached portions. For a time the attention of the student is confined to the principles laid down in one division of his grammar, while all others are ignored. After a while another set of principles is taken up and discussed in the same manner, each being considered separately, and not in combination with others equally essential. Indeed, the student never expects to answer a question relating to the grammar of a previous term. Thus he advances through the course, viewing disconnectedly the different elements of each language, nor till the last term but one devoted to Greek, does he receive a word of instruction upon the modes, without a thorough knowledge of which it is impossible at all to comprehend the language. A similar usage prevails in Latin, and in either case the tendencies of the system are obvious. Vain will be the attempt of one to translate a language while ignorant of the chief element of its structure, and profitless the labor expended upon a great extent of text while his knowledge of principles remains so limited. Nor is the case bettered when further advances are made into the domain of grammatical rules, unless these be viewed in their proper connections and combinations. If principles once learned are kept constantly before the mind, and the modifications impressed upon them by other principles are carefully noted, the learner will soon grasp the structure of a language. But withdrawn from the attention, they soon vanish from memory, or retained unused their mutual relations remain unperceived, and they stand out an incoherent, unconnected, barren mass of facts, lumbering the mind with fatal weights instead of winging it for skyward flights. True, familiarity with the vocabulary of a foreign language, joined to a slight acquaintance with its syntax, may enable one to render easy authors passably. Yet in the absence of a definite knowledge of each and every element in all its relations, translation inevitably becomes confused and uncertain—the precise difficulty of the student of Yale. Moreover, essential truths lie neglected till the last, so that under ordinary circumstances he continues miserably equipped throughout the course. The student is shut off from all thorough and satisfactory knowledge, and do we wonder that enthusiasm finally dies out of his breast, and that unable to surmount the obstacles in his pathway, he lags listlessly behind and at length withdraws in disgust from the race?

It would be unfair to suppose that a method so radically faulty, was at the outset deliberately adopted. The system springs legitimately *from an attempt to hurry over too much ground, and till this be*

checked the evil will continue. Translation, however rough and uncouth, is exalted into painful prominence, while the length of lessons precludes the possibility of thoroughness. Many things essential to a proper understanding of the text must go unnoticed.

Reviews are also sacrificed to this spirit of haste, and what is superficially learned one day to be glanced at the next, soon fades from the memory. The pages of last week look as unfamiliar as those of next. Joined to so vague and fleeting an acquisition, the knowledge of principles partakes largely of the prevailing evanescence. In short, no thorough knowledge can come from such a course. Consequently the characteristic beauty of the classics must be entirely ignored, for a perfect translation is incompatible with imperfect knowledge. It matters not how rough or inelegant a version be, if it contains the outline of the thought, and ungrammatical, unidiomatic English is daily used in our recitation rooms in a way that ought to bring a blush to the cheek of the youngest tyro. No attempt is made to reproduce the form of the original. We get the mere skeleton, stripped of rounded life and grace. Read in this way, no culture, no discipline rewards the pursuit of the classics, and we may count as wasted the time spent in dabbling with them. Yet such is the system at Yale, and its results accord with its character. No thorough knowledge of the ancient writings, no appreciation of their beauties, no enthusiasm in their behalf, but well nigh universal ignorance and indifference! When College is over, they are flung aside, never to be re-opened, and with them is flung away the labor of life's best years. The pernicious errors of this system will be more clearly apprehended from contrast with what appears to be the true theory of instruction.

In learning a language, the first object should not be to translate, but to ground one's self thoroughly in the principles of its structure. Till these be mastered, translation cannot proceed with profit. The time of the student should not, then, be consumed in running over a great extent of text, examining into principles separately and unconnectedly. But at first, paramount attention should be given to principles, proceeding with the text slowly and with searching thoroughness. Confine the lesson to a short passage, a few lines if need be, and in them let not a single point escape scrutiny. Whatever topic has not been treated in the grammar already read, should receive a full oral explanation from the teacher. Indeed, these two modes of instruction must be combined constantly. What folly to suppose that important matters may be neglected with safety, *because they chance to fall last in the grammar!* Never pass a point

till it be thoroughly understood. Long and careful reviews should also form a prominent feature of the daily routine, and ample time be allowed for their preparation. It is only by thus dwelling upon principles, that they are made familiar and permanent possessions. The text becomes fixed in the memory, and with it the principles illustrated by its structure. It becomes a grammar,—a grammar, too, full of life and meaning, to which the student refers every difficulty encountered in his progress. Advancing thus, all the essential elements of a language can be as completely mastered in thirty pages as in three thousand, frequent application rendering them perfectly familiar. Translation now becomes a pleasure instead of a task, and can be pushed with great rapidity and with real profit. The knowledge acquired in a few months, exceeds in exactness and value the medley of classical lore which garnishes the minds of many students to the day of graduation. Henceforth he works intelligently and successfully, diving deeper each day, and constantly exhilarated by the richness of his discoveries. Difficulties vanish at his approach and yield up the beauties which they concealed. Every question directly or remotely suggested by the text is a fair question, nor should lessons ever be so long as to excuse their neglect.

But ability to answer every question, should by no means satisfy the ambition of the student. Extensive and accurate knowledge should evince itself in the translation. Care should be taken that the rendering may mirror the form of the original as well as represent its meaning. Much of the value of classical literature lies in beauty of expression. It is chiefly as works of art, faultlessly perfect even in the minutest detail, that the ancient writings claim our attention. Disregard this quality, and you lose what is best in them. Accordingly the translator should aim specially at elegance. Carefully noting how the arrangement of paragraphs, the flexibility of moods, the delicate shading of words and their position, all contribute to the forcible and beautiful utterance of the thought, let the student mould his English version after the same model, bearing in mind the while that the genius of the two languages is essentially different, and that the beauties of one cannot be literally reproduced in the other. Nothing is more at variance with good taste than an exact rendering of foreign idioms. Idioms are the outgrowth of peculiar and distinguishing principles of languages, and are, therefore, the very portions which will not bear transplanting. No rule is more frequently violated in the class-room. Loose, vulgar and meaningless expressions *daily grate upon the ear*, and the pride that would elsewhere cry out

against them, is cowed into silence by the countenance of authority. The real object of classical studies seems forgotten. Doubtless the classics are of value as a means of mental discipline. But whence will come the discipline, if we disregard their characteristic virtues? In the first place, clear insight into every point of structure is essential. Yet this only paves the way for a clear, faithful and elegant translation. It is in grasping the delicate shades of meaning so as to reproduce them truthfully, in the careful adjustment of every expression and in the diligent search after adequate words, that the various powers of the mind are exercised and strengthened. Hence spring habits of close and discriminating thought, a cultivated taste, facility of expression. So constantly are the varied faculties in use that we may reasonably view with distrust the attempt to substitute the sciences for the classics as studies of discipline. The sciences do not tend to produce a uniform development. Certain attributes essential to a well ordered mind they do not aim to cultivate, while these receive a just share of attention in the classics. The two departments, it is true, are rather correlative, each supplementing the deficiencies of the other. Yet for the college course, aiming as it does at the expansion of all the powers, the classics combine the greater number of excellencies and cannot safely be dispensed with.

Many persons incline to refer the decline of scholarship to external causes. They find its source in a general disinclination for study, fostered by the rise of other objects of attention, not an unnatural occurrence in a community composed solely of young men. Often the prevalent use of translations is alleged as a leading cause, and some have imagined that the importation from Germany of musty authors unknown to the collection of Mr. Bohn, would sap at once the foundations of poor scholarship. But the real cause lies deeper, and the causes alleged are but superficial outgrowths of the inward malady. To a thorough student, "a pony" is an incumbrance rather than a help, for he can make better time on foot than in the saddle. To hasty superficiality we are indebted for the disgraceful ignorance which invites the use of artificial aids.

Turning to the mathematics we discover the same tendency toward haste. Of all fields exhaustive thoroughness is here essential. Full of stern logic, the mathematics subject the mind to the most rigorous processes of thought, and satisfactory conclusions can come only through a thorough understanding of every step from beginning to end. Nor in these processes can the mind be hurried. It must have time to *digest every point* and to work out conclusions for itself. But

the slurring instead of the thorough process, is very tempting and prevalent. The habit of memorizing, of getting an external and not an internal view, is readily acquired. We have known persons to memorize whole books, becoming facile at recitation, without any apprehension of the why and wherefore. It is this tendency against which we have to guard. Lessons should be of such length that no disposition to slide over difficulties can reasonably arise, and to guard against barren superficiality the instructor should make use of the most searching questions. Moreover, principles should be dwelt upon and enforced by frequent example, till they become familiar as household words. A world of truth is contained in the old maxim, "line upon line, precept upon precept." On the recurrence of these principles the student is prepared to apply them instantly, and to proceed triumphantly and joyously to logical results. Otherwise, recourse will be had to the memorizing process. Hence arises the great difficulty experienced in the higher mathematics. The student, unfamiliar with the principles over which he has already passed, and of which his present studies presuppose a knowledge, can make little headway. Demonstrations become confused and unfathomable, whereas, being mainly deductions from previous theorems, they would appear clear and simple, had these theorems been mastered at the proper time. Indeed, from this source springs the prevalent dislike of all mathematical pursuits. The mind relishes nothing more keenly than a lucid and elegant demonstration of a mathematical truth. Every one can testify to the pleasure sometimes experienced in following a proposition of Euclid where the successive steps are clear and distinct. We believe that equal pleasure will reward a proper pursuit in any field. The more difficult and complicated the process, and the greater the mental effort requisite, the more complete will be the satisfaction of the final triumph. The science should be studied as it has been built up, rising step by step through combinations of previous principles. Its rigorous discipline would then prove invaluable, while at present we lose much of the good which we might derive from it. Particularly do we look back upon the mathematics of sophomore year as dark uninteresting regions, unconscious of any benefit from our journey through them. True, their frequent repetition gives us some idea of the facts there eliminated, but a living appreciation of them, the majority of us do not possess, and as a consequence we have been forced to accept too much upon authority in our subsequent studies. We fail of that clear conception of Philosophy, Astronomy and cognate branches, which comes from grasping fully their funda-

mental elements, and which alone can make them permanent and valuable possessions.

These remarks apply with great force to the subordinate studies of the course. Three times the allotted period would be wholly inadequate for the mastery of Logic. When French is learned in "six easy lessons," then possibly Logic may be in *twelve*; or when a knowledge of Euclid is gathered from a few scattered captions, then a few detached definitions may unfold to the learner the whole science of reason. Till that day the time thus wasted will be better employed in recreation.

Scarcely an individual enters college but thirsts for information upon the subject of Chemistry. Chemistry is one of those arts, which, as Herbert Spencer says, pertain to living, and a desire to investigate its mysteries is irrepressible. Yet scarcely a person leaves college, knowing aught or likely after to learn ought of this science. Our slight dabbings in it uniformly breed disgust. Yet it possesses great fascination for those who have bestowed upon it time and attention sufficient for its comprehension. We, however, after some dozen recitations, are supposed to have taken a thorough survey of its broad field, and corresponding demands are made upon us. Nothing could be more absurd; and the mind naturally recoils from this forcing process. Chemistry possesses such practical utility that its importance cannot be well overestimated, and sufficient time might profitably be allotted to insure its mastery. Otherwise banish it from the calendar. A subject of this nature, if untouched, will always invite investigation, and commenced under favorable circumstances, may prove of inestimable benefit. After the disgust of one failure, however, the chances are that it will ever afterward remain neglected.

What then is the general tendency of the college course? Of real knowledge we cannot expect to acquire a great deal during the four years spent here. The object is rather to develop the mental powers and fit them for future acquisition, looking well, also, to the cultivation of the taste, that we may be able to wield gracefully the weapons we have won. How far does the system of instruction meet this requirement? Its palpable tendency is toward superficiality. In attempting too much, it does nothing well. This evil crops out everywhere,—an evil fatal to correct and vigorous thought,—infecting the mind with loose and shambling habits, far more easily acquired than extirpated. Still less is superficiality compatible with that refined taste which dives instinctively into the depths where the kernels of truth are hidden. The inevitable conclusion is that the college

in great measure defeats its own design, falling far short of offering to the student the advantages which it promises. Nor, till a radical change be effected, will Yale ever send forth classes of vigorous and polished thinkers. The best commentary on the present system is found in the utter lack of enthusiasm for study which pervades the community, and in the too frequent separation of literary and scholastic honors. The two ought to be associated to a degree that success in scholarship is accepted as a guarantee of eminence in after life. The leading classical scholar of England graces a high seat in the state, and nearly all prominent positions are filled by graduates of her universities. In America there is a growing distrust of colleges. Men perceive that our national haste fails to succeed in this sphere, and while so many others are opening where young men are trained thoroughly for the duties of life, the idea gains ground that a college education possesses little real utility. It is to be feared that Yale contributes her share to the formation of such an opinion. Let her look well to her laurels, if she would lead the van of American colleges, and rear up sons who shall prove an honor to her name. w.

Pythagoras and Daniel in Babylon.

MORE than two thousand years ago, according to the testimony of ancient historians, a Greek philosopher and a Hebrew prophet met in the city of Babylon. That city was then at the height of its greatness. As the capital of the Babylonian empire, nearly all western Asia was subject to its sway. Greece was hardly yet heard of among the nations. The early glory of Egypt was fading away, and Babylon divided with her the learning and power of the world. In the progress of her arms toward the west, she had destroyed the nationality of the Hebrews, and scattered that people throughout her empire. A few of their learned men, and among them Daniel, were admitted into the mysteries of the Babylonian religion. History also makes it probable that Pythagoras was admitted to converse with the most learned of the land, and to compare his ideas upon all subjects *which interest men*, with the ideas of the Babylonian sages and the

Hebrew prophet. Here, then, we have the representatives of three distinct civilizations of the ancient world, their systems of government, morals and religion.

The government of Babylon was strictly despotic. The king was supreme. His word was law. The power of life and death was in his hands, and the highest of his subjects had no appeal from his arbitrary decisions. It was the patriarchal idea carried to its farthest limit absolute power on the one hand and absolute obedience on the other. But while the absolute authority of the patriarch over his children remained, paternal love was wholly forgotten. The people were not his children but his slaves. Passing most of his time in the seraglio, the monarch made his own pleasure and the gratification of his own passions the great object of his life, neglecting the good of his people and the welfare of his kingdom. The boundless resources of the empire, situated where

"The gorgeous East with richest hand
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,"

enabled these monarchs to gratify every desire of a depraved and sensual soul, so that they have become for all succeeding ages examples of debauchery and sensuality. The people were not slow to follow the example of their sovereign, and they too reveled in every species of luxury. For the rude hut of barbarians they built splendid edifices, decorated with all that wealth could supply or art invent. For the wooden and brazen vessels of other nations they substituted gold, silver and ivory. Under such circumstances the passions could not fail to be unnaturally developed. Woman was degraded to her lowest condition, and everything conspired to mark Babylon as the type of sensuality. From this country that stream of corruption flowed which in later ages, sweeping westward, involved Greece, and afterward Rome, in final overthrow. The religion of this people corresponded with their morals. Customs the most revolting were made a part of religious worship. The inherent ideas of religion implanted in the human mind had been fearfully distorted and corrupted. From a religion which we may suppose at first to have been comparatively pure, they had degenerated into the grossest idolatry. Their principal deity was Bel, supposed to have been the founder of the city. A lofty temple was erected to this deity, far higher than the pyramids of Egypt and, perhaps, identical with that tower whose top was to have reached into the heavens. From the summit of this temple, during many generations, the priests of Bel watched the mysterious movements of the heavenly bodies. Here their vivid imaginations

pictured those myriad shapes with which they peopled the heavens. The universal desire of mankind to look into the future, led them to seek a revelation of its secrets from the movements of the stars. Here they devised a system by which they pretended to have power to reveal the fates of men and to determine the leading events of a life from the position of the stars at its beginning. To the planets Jupiter and Venus they assigned a benign influence, while Mars and Saturn indicated evil. This college of Priests, like all other classes of men, was wholly under the control of the king, and no stranger could be admitted to its mysteries without his permission.

After the overthrow of Jerusalem, Daniel was brought, by command of the king, into this sacred body. He was of a nation which had, in the days of David and Solomon, extended its conquests as far as the Euphrates, but now, its glory was departed. No longer conquerors, they had become the conquered people. God had at last brought upon them that punishment for their sins which had been so often denounced. Their homes were desolate; their fields were uncultivated; their cities were overthrown; their land enjoyed its Sabbaths which they in their prosperity had denied it; their "holy and beautiful house," where their fathers praised the Lord, was "burned up with fire, and all their pleasant things were laid waste," and the people were gone into captivity. From these forlorn captives were selected, probably from the royal family, a few persons, that they might be instructed in the learning of the East. They were especially selected as men of wisdom and ability, well acquainted with the principles of their own government and religion. Their idea of government was peculiar and different from that in which they were now placed. From the time of Saul the government of the nation had been monarchical, but the true Hebrew never lost sight of the theocracy. That God, who had chosen them as his peculiar people, and had established their national existence, was ever thought of as the true Head of their government. "By Him kings reigned and princes shewed justice." Manifesting himself in the shekinah, and making known his will by means of his priests and prophets, he was no less regarded the true Sovereign of his people under the good kings of the line of David, than when the judges ruled over the land. Daniel was an admirable type of true Hebrew character. He was distinguished for his deep and abiding reverence for God and his law as supreme. If that law conflicted with human ordinances, he was never at a loss which should be obeyed. Regardless of consequences, he made the *law of God his only rule of action*. In this course he was sustained

by an unshaken faith in the power of God to protect him in any emergency, and hence he derived that firmness with which he persevered in the path of duty, and that courage with which on so many occasions he addressed his sovereign; as when he interpreted to the terrified Belshazzar the fearful meaning of the hand-writing on the wall. He was plain and open in all his dealings. He cared not for concealment and never used deception. As the Jews of the present day, scattered among all nations of the earth are still a distinct people; so Daniel, amid the luxurious court of Babylon stood alone and uncorrupted, relaxing not one jot from his principles, but clinging with unyielding tenacity to that which gave him character as a Hebrew, the law of his God. The religion which he brought to Babylon was far superior to that to which he was there introduced. Among the Hebrews, by direct revelation, a knowledge of the true God had been preserved from the earliest ages. Idolatry was carefully guarded against. The spiritual nature of God was inculcated. Three times each year the people presented themselves at the temple of the invisible God to render to Him their tribute of sacrifice and adoration. One day in seven was set apart for meditation upon the doctrines of religion, and for teaching them to the rising generation. The indelible seal of circumcision marked the faithful from the surrounding gentile tribes, and the strict prohibitions of the Mosaic law were an effectual check against too free intercourse with external nations. From the midst of such institutions, Daniel was brought into the Babylonian court where he soon rose to a high position. Possessing the true wisdom, he demonstrated his superiority over the arts of the magicians and astrologers, and without doubt improved the opportunity thus given him of spreading a knowledge of the true God among that heathen people.

At this point another character is introduced. A philosopher of Greece, with that burning thirst for knowledge which characterized his people, after having drained the fountains of Egyptian learning, seeks still further to enrich his mind with the choicest gems of oriental wisdom. He came as a learner, not to teach but to be taught. He was from among a people distinguished by intellectual activity. That people were indeed yet in the infancy of their existence. The sun of civilization which shone with meridian splendor upon the proud states of Babylonia and Egypt, had but just begun to gild the mountain tops of Greece, that country, the brightness of whose day was yet to eclipse all that had gone before it. He inherited that love of power *so natural to the Greek, and so different from the political apathy of*

the Asiatic. It was this peculiarity of the Grecian mind that originated those forms of government, which prevailed among their states, all of which tended more or less toward democracy. They considered man as a being fitted to rule and not merely to obey, and as all could not rule, there arose among them the doctrine of political equality and popular government, an idea whose progress is destined yet to confer, as it has already conferred, numberless benefits upon mankind. Pythagoras was also a bright example of Grecian sobriety and temperance. He viewed the luxurious habits of eastern nations as unworthy of so noble a being as man, and restricted himself to that which nature needed. He was well instructed in the beautiful religious system of his countrymen, who were a people remarkable for their piety. Among them each city had its patron god. Every mountain was presided over by some divinity. The singing groves were musical with the whisper of the dryads. The gushing fountain and the sparkling rill were peopled with innumerable nymphs. Bands of oreads sported over the mountain ridges, and satyrs danced in the shady valleys. The sea god, Poseidon, held sway over the waves, and amid the flame and smoke of the volcano was the forge of Hephaistus, and the Cyclopes his workman. The gloomy realms of death were governed by the stern Hades, who gathered the souls of the brave and the good into the bright fields of the Elysium, but condemned the wicked to the fires of Tartarus. The Furies followed the criminal to the day of his death, while the Graces danced about the hours of joy. From Olympus the high Thunderer issued laws to gods and men, and far above all the awful Moiræ dispensed the fate of the universe. But these idle tales did not satisfy the mind of Pythagoras. It might suffice for the vulgar to adore and pray to zeus, as a god residing upon the summit of Olympus, to fear the wrath of the avenging furies, or listen with breathless awe to the senseless tales of augurs, or the weak verse of pretended oracles; but Pythagoras felt the falsity of all this, and while he recognized the basis of the system as truth, he yet longed for such a system as would satisfy a reasoning, thinking man. Surrounded by darkness and error, he sought the true God. There is something touching in the thought of this heathen philosopher, wandering with restless feet through the earth in search of God, and at last finding in Daniel one who could teach him the long sought wisdom, and then rejecting it. The God of the Hebrews was not the God of the Grecian philosopher. As in later ages Christ, so in that age Jehovah, was to the Greeks "foolishness." After comparing the religious belief of the Egyptians with

that of the eastern nations, Pythagoras formed his own opinions upon God and his worship, and upon the existence and condition of the soul. His mathematical mind reduced all things in nature to perfect order and symmetry. Everything depended upon number, and all sprang ultimately from one. Ranged around the great unit, each in its proper place and corresponding with its fixed number, was everything in the universe. He thus, doubtless, unconsciously anticipated by more than twenty centuries, the beautiful discoveries of modern science, by which it has been shown that the arrangement of the leaves about the stem of a plant, the laws of crystalization, and the disposition of the heavenly bodies, may all be referred to the same arithmetical expressions. The inexplicable movements of the stars, which so perplexed the minds of the Chaldean astrologers, he reduced to perfect order, and claimed the high honor of being alone among mortals permitted to hear the celestial harmony of the spheres. Nor was this the only claim of superiority over the rest of mankind which he put forth.

"Above the petty passions of the crowd
He stood in frozen marble like a God."

He aspired to infallibility and taught his followers to take his words as decisive upon all occasions. From his position of pretended superiority he gave forth doctrines which he intended should contain much of mystery, and to our eyes do contain much of folly. He indeed rightly considered the soul as always

"Progressing, never reaching to the end,"

yet he strangely supposed the path of progress to lie through the brute creation, as if the soul of man could be elevated by inhabiting the form of a brute. Perhaps from his acquaintance with the Jewish system, through Daniel, he derived the numerous restrictions which he laid upon his followers in regard to their food.

Many ages after the time of Pythagoras, a distinguished Latin poet sang of a person, then expected to appear upon the earth, and restore the golden age of Saturn's reign. Although Pythagoras taught no such doctrine, yet who can say that he may not have discussed with his disciples the strange ideas of the Hebrew prophet which he had met in Babylon, and although he may have given no more credit to the prophecy of a Saviour uttered by Daniel, than he would have given to the ravings of the Delphic priestess, or the uncertain predictions of astrology, yet perhaps this was the true origin of that popular belief, *about the time of Christ*, which possessed just enough of

vagueness to admit of being wrought into a beautiful poem by the master hand of Virgil. The prevalence of the same idea in the East may perhaps also be traced to the influence of Daniel. He did not indeed introduce the Hebrew religion into that country, but such worship was established as God was willing to honor when the time of the prophecy was fulfilled, by sending the Star of the East to direct the Magi to "Him that was born King of the Jews."

Ages have now passed away, the city of Babylon has crumbled into dust and the relics of its former greatness have perished forever. The stern despotism of its government is being more and more modified by the Grecian idea of political equality. Man has ceased to be the slave of government and is becoming his own ruler. But there is yet another step to be taken in advance of this. The turmoil and strife of the world shows that perfection in government is yet far from being reached. It will be reached when a universal theocracy shall be established; its only law the law of love. The religious institutions of that age too have passed away. The lofty temple of Belus is level with the plain, and the stars roll nightly over its ruins, unwatched by the eye of magician or astrologer. The beautiful mythology of Greece is remembered only as a fairy tale. The winds still murmur through the trees, but the voice of the dryad is hushed. The fountains sparkle as of old, but the nymphs are laid asleep forever. The oareds course no more over the mountains, and the satyrs have ceased to dance through the groves. The voice of the Thunderer is hushed forever, and the stern Moiræ no longer give forth their decrees. These "beautiful creations of fiction" do indeed

"In the web of the poet
Still hold sway o'er the heart;
People still the hoary forests,
And in haunted grottoes
Disport to the eye of fancy."

But their power to influence the lives of men is gone. The Hebrew system too is a thing of the past. The streets of Jerusalem are trodden by the feet of the gentiles, and the fire on the altar of God no longer consumes the morning and evening sacrifice. A miserable remnant of this ancient people, scattered through the earth, still cling to the lifeless forms of that religion, but its types have found their prototype in Christ, and, though neglected by his people, the religion which he established is gradually subduing the earth to its sway. *And thus the world slowly rises to a higher and a higher level. Thus it slowly advances toward perfection; and, as the soul through its*

various transmigrations, so the world through every revolution, through every age of darkness and through every hard fought battle for the truth, steadily approaches

"One grade, one step, one cycle nearer God."

O. H.

More Chit-chat.

YALE "STYLE."

ANY one who has witnessed the annual boat race at Worcester, cannot fail to remember the marked difference in one respect between the Yale style of pulling, and that of Harvard. Superior gracefulness characterizes the latter. It is true that this is easily accounted for. The facilities for wherry pulling, and its consequent prevalence at Cambridge, make it much easier for a trained crew to pull with that long, easy, elastic stroke which gives such an appearance of grace and symmetry. But nevertheless I could not help thinking after the race in '65, when Yale won such laurels, that the two crews and their respective ways of rowing were good representative types of the two colleges: Yale, with plenty of backbone and muscle, but somewhat scornful of appearances, and Harvard, not without the same substantial qualities, yet preëminent for her attention to the polish which contributes so much to general effect. And without knowing how far the contrast between the colleges, if carried out, would continue noticeable, one cannot fail to remark how the Yale characteristic pervades everything. The course of instruction marked out by the faculty notoriously pays very little attention to belles lettres. The instruction in Rhetoric, which properly pertains to manner rather than matter, is very meager. Yale declamation is, generally speaking, ungraceful, and often really uncouth. Even our physical training shows the same character. One very seldom sees good gymnastic performances beyond the raising of weights and swinging of clubs; and in boating, as I have said, our whole attention is directed to the development of muscle. In society, the manners of most Yale students are anything but polished.

On many accounts it is a great pity, I think, that this should be as

it is. The Yale training is doubtless, in the main, remarkably thorough and good. We want men in this country,—thinking, practical, liberal. And such men Yale is very well calculated to produce. In fact she is preëminently an American college. But while she embodies American virtues so admirably, would it not be well if she could add thereto the culture in which much that is decidedly American is lacking?

Consider, for instance, the Yale standard of correct style in composition. Method and perspicuity, if I mistake not, are looked upon, and justly too, as the characteristics most to be sought after. For young writers this, in many respects, is a good standard, for it tends to prune off what is superfluous and bombastic. But its effects do not stop here. What is really invaluable to the writer, imaginative, force, and power of illustration, fall too decidedly into the background. We are apt to forget that a writer, in order to have his productions read, must present them in popular form. Unless, indeed, they be scientific in their character, no amount of originality or philosophy will compensate for lack of intrinsic interest. For in that case the works will not be read, and their contents might as well have remained where they originated, in the author's brain. Much of our chapel preaching, it seems to me, fails in this respect. While anything like attempt at display or ostentatious rhetoric, is in bad taste, and fatal to the right kind of effect, it is also true that a lack of attractiveness so great as not to keep the attention of the audience, is even more fatal. What rendered Prof. Mitchell so famous, even as a scientific man, was not more his astronomical genius than his power of presenting to others, in an interesting way, the results of his investigations.

One of the greatest resources for a writer of almost any class, professional or not, is a good stock of general information,—not in regard to matters of the day, simply, but historical and literary. How often in the description of a man, for instance, is an allusion to some of Dickens' well-known characters, more telling and appropos than the most elaborate of descriptions. How often an apt quotation adds perspicuity and vivacity to something in itself abstruse. How often by such means can a writer avoid tiresome circumlocutions. Now ought not a college like Yale, that sends out so many professional men who will have much to write in the course of their lives, to do something toward stimulating and directing and cultivating literary taste? And yet how insufficient and spiritless is our study of English literature. *How closely we keep to the text-book which at best ought to be but*

a general guide to the instructor, which he may wander from as much and as often as the wants of the pupils make necessary. Not only would more generous instruction be of great benefit personally to the students, but it would do much toward counteracting in our writing such tendency toward inattention to what concerns form.

The cultivation of good manners, again, ought not to be so utterly ignored by the student genus as it is now. It is not to be expected that a sophomore, brim full of spirits, will be in all respects a model of politeness; or that a junior will be thoroughly posted in etiquette. There is something really healthful in the boisterous, rollicking life of students. It is the natural outflow of high spirits, that would find vent in other and more objectionable ways, were there too great constraint imposed. But this is not at all inconsistent with a true spirit of courtesy and consideration. A man's personal address in life has no small place in determining his position. One who goes through life as a rowdy goes through a crowd, elbowing his own way without regard to others, by his very air brusquely asserting his indifference to their opinion, won't ingratiate himself into the good graces of people at all rapidly. All students are under a disadvantage in this respect,—they are without the realm of domestic life and domestic influences. These “dens” of ours are grand places for solid work and jolly times, but not calculated to cultivate the more graceful virtues. It is a real and great misfortune that we are so much out of the sphere of woman's influence. Purifying, refining, elevating,—it is what the rugged nature of man needs, and that much more while in the course of development and formation than after the character has shaped itself into the unyielding mould of habit. Worse than this, the habit of considering self so entirely, as men do in college, in the minor things of life, tends really toward selfishness,—a trait which is as certainly detected in the petty daily occurrences of life as in its crises.

Welcome then, say we, to the Art building, swept and garnished, bleak, empty though it be! There it stands in its glory, an abiding invitation to more liberal advances in what concerns generous culture. We trust its erection is the harbinger of a permanent change in the course presented by mother Yale, that shall impart to her sons somewhat of grace as well as the robust vigor that is now their unmis-
takeable characteristic.

That Autumn Day. Sept. '70

Memoir

A REMINISCENCE OF "TOM BROWN AT OXFORD."

Mary I. Gurnea
1870

We were strolling in the forest
On that bright October day,
When the Autumn leaves were falling,
Tinged with colors bright and gay ;
And, the gentle breezes sighing
Wafted them from tree to tree,
And they chased each other onward
Like to Elves in merry glee ;
And the mammoth oaks above us
Cast around a pleasing shade,
But, a tiny beam of sunlight
Peeped within the everglade,
And it showed the mossy couches
Circling 'round the forest kings
And the boughs from whence the songster
In the morn his carol sings.
It was like a scene in Eden,
All was bright beneath the skies,
But of all, to me the brightest
Was the light from Mary's eyes.
Oh ! she was an angel creature,
With those eyes of peerless blue,
Full of love and fun and meaning,
Yet with trust so honest, true.
Such a form a Sculptor worships,
Such a face a God would love,
With its rosy cheeks so beaming,
And that Parian brow above.
Then that saucy mouth, so tempting,
With its lips of ruby red,
Hiding pearly teeth beneath them ;
" Kiss me if you dare ! " it said.
Such was Mary on that morning—
Brightest morning of the year ;
Happy was I, as I wandered,
With that lovely maiden near.
On we strolled, and laughed, and chatted,
Heedless of the passing hours,
And I praised the lovely Summer,

With its noble wealth of flowers,
But fair Mary loved the Autumn,
With its heather, and its fern ;
Then, I too adored the Autumn,
So did love my fancies turn.
Near us stood some lofty bushes,
Covered with their tinted leaves.
While I plucked the radiant leaflets
Mary wove them into wreaths.
Then I caught the higher branches,
And I bent them to her hand ;
And I watched her graceful ringlets,
By the gentle zephyrs fanned.
And her sunny eyes were sparkling
As she laughed in merry glee ;
Ah! a joyous, happy couple,
On that Summer day, were we.
Then she, fearless as a Dryad,
Sprang upon a lofty bank,
And she culled the woodland flowers—
All the rest to me is blank,
For the next that I remember
Was a pained, a startled cry ;
Heavens! how it pierced my bosom,
Yet, thank God that I was nigh.
On the ground the maid was lying,
Swift I darted to her side—
“What has happened? tell me darling.”
“Oh, my ankle!” Mary cried.
Then the flush of pain was mounting
And suffused her lovely brow—
How I longed to stay her suffering,
But, alas, I knew not how.
While I stood thus hesitating,
Knowing not what I could do,
Mary, though the pain oppressed her,
Read my troubled bosom through.
Then, in vain, she stretching forward
Strove her gaiter to unlace,
While a maiden blush was mantling
O’er her pained and troubled face.
“Have you got a knife?” she faltered,
To me kneeling by her side.
“Oh, how much my gaiter pains me!”
“Will you cut the lace?” she cried.
Ah! how then my hand did tremble,
Oh! how fast my heart did beat,

As I cut the lace that hampered
One of those sweet little feet.
Wonder not, I cut the stocking,
Marvel, then, that that was all!
Such a trying situation,
What less could to me befall?
Off I drew the dainty gaiter,
Fondly held it in my clasp,
And her pretty foot, so tiny,
Lay revealed upon the grass.
But shall I then, gentle hearer,
Tell you all that happened then,
How I bound that wounded ankle,
(Think of that, romantic men;)
How she tried to walk on homewards,
How she leaned upon my arm,
How her ankle pained so badly
That she sank back in alarm,
How I wished to bring assistance,
Hastening backward to her home,
How those frightened eyes besought me
Not to leave her "all alone."
But one way is left, dear Mary,
"May I carry you?" I cried.
Mary's eyes gazed full upon me,
Grew her cheek with crimson dyed,
But that glance told her to trust me.
"Won't I weary you?" said she.
"Nay, e'en were you twice as heavy,
I would bear you willingly."
Then I lifted her as gently
As a lover e'er could do,
And I took the pathway homeward,
Treading all its mazes through.
Fast my heart beat in my bosom,
For, in all her youthful charms,
Lay a pure, a lovely maiden,
Resting on my willing arms.
Passing through the forest's tangles
On I walked with careful tread,
Guarding lest some hurt befall her
From the branches wide outspread;
Sometimes resting 'neath the shadow
Of an oak towering o'erhead;
Where the purple violets clustered
On their soft and mossy bed.
Thus I bore my beauteous burden

Through the openings in the wood
Till we reached a humble cottage
Which upon the highway stood.
Where the good old beldame bustling
Sought her cupboards high and low,
For her "world-renowned Elixir,"
Said to cure all ills below.
Then I laid the suffering maiden
In a huge, old-fashioned chair,
And I sent the good old beldame
Off to bring the carriage there.
When we two were left together
Truly, I could not resist,
Suddenly I bent towards her,
On her lips I pressed a kiss.
Back I strode into the forest,
To the well remembered place,
And I found the tattered gaiter,
And with it the mangled lace;
And those relics dear, I cherished,
Nearest to my heart them laid,
And I swore, if I was able,
I would win that lovely maid.

II.

We were strolling in the forest
On a bright and balmy day,
When the Spring was in its glory,
In the lovely month of May;
In the golden month of Marriage,
Fragrant with its many flowers
Scattered through the noble forest,
Forming perfect houri bowers;
When the birds were singing gaily,
From the branches high and low,
And the wavy foliage rustled,
Gently driven to and fro
By the breezes soft and balmy,
Wafted from the distant hills;
While the sparkling water murmured
Flowing in the tiny rills.
Once again I stood with Mary
On that well remembered ground,
Where the accident had happened,
Where the tattered boot I found;
And we talked of that bright morning—
Happiest morn to me on earth—

When the winged God first touched us,
When our young love had its birth.
And we blessed that sprained ankle,
As we stood there side by side,
For by it to us was given
Her, a husband, me, a bride.
Joy and peace shine bright before us,
Care and sorrow leave our way,
But till Lethe's stream rolls o'er us
Shall we bless that Autumn day.

J. M. V.

The Rose-Bush.

EVERY heart is sympathetic to the touch of song. We laugh at the convivial glee and are saddened to tears at the sorrowful swell of the solemn dirge. Our smiles at the jovial chorus are toned to soberness by the measured hymn. The Swiss' "Farewell" awakes his love of home; British patriotism has an ever ready response to "God save the Queen"; and the stirring appeal of the "Marsaillaise" has, ere now, drenched France with blood. In all ages, the praises of love and wine, in the ballad, have found a home in every heart.

Ballad poetry may not comprise the highest flights of imagination, nor the noblest inspirations of genius; yet it embraces, unquestionably, some of the sweetest, most tender and touching strains of the muse. And reasonably is this so. Subjects which are of common interest to men, when sung in a simple and pleasing verse, cannot fail to excite our feelings and arouse our sympathies; and the songs which best shadow forth our hopes and fears and passions, which best tell the story of our hearts and lives, these are the songs we love the most. We delight to recall them to mind, to dwell upon their remembrance, to repeat them to ourselves and to our friends. We hear them with pleasure unalloyed, and seldom weary with listening.

Now the enjoyment which we commonly experience in the remembrance or recital of our favorite ballads, is a sensuous one. Not

entirely so, perhaps, for the indulgence in this pleasure tends in many cases, to refine the feelings and purify the heart; yet that higher and more intellectual enjoyment which may be derived from our best songs, is one which, though easy to be reached, we still frequently neglect. Too often we are content that our ear should be pleased with the rythmical flow and melodious cadence of the verse, or our fancy stimulated by loved associations and tender recollections. Satisfied with this, we do not attend to the structure of the poem, apprehend its poetic beauties, nor appreciate the genius it displays. I believe this results usually from thoughtlessness, seldom from indifference or ignorance; and that most people need but a word of reminder, and they will strive to reach this new world of profit and pleasure.

It is true that some object to a minute analysis of a poem. A poem they regard as something to be admired, to be felt, to be loved. They shrink from what they consider a profanation of an object which they revere. In the same way they shudder when we pick to pieces a delicate and beautiful flower in order to examine its inner structure. Such an act to them evinces a total lack of sentiment, and can be performed only by one who is devoid of the finer sensibilities. One who would thus analyze a musical composition, they would regard with unmitigated contempt. These human sensitive plants, in their sedulous care for the beautiful, fail to grasp the ideal of perfection. They narrow the sphere of sensation, neglect to educate a true taste, and thus defeat their own object. Flowers please by their fragrance, the delicacy of their tints, and the harmonious dispositions of color which their blended hues may produce; and the enjoyment they thus afford has undoubtedly a refining influence upon our nature. But when we have analyzed the blossom with care, studied its parts and their functions, learned the wonderful adaptation they possess to the purposes for which they were designed, observed the extreme delicacy of construction of every part and the marvellous symmetry of the whole, we are then carried irresistibly into a higher world of sensation. As we gaze upon the perfection of beauty in its union with utility, we are brought for the first time, perhaps, to look through nature up to nature's God. Nor do we, by this, lose our former sources of pleasure. The rose is not a whit less sweet than before, the lily no less fair, nor the violet less lovely, because we have analyzed their parts and can, in a measure, comprehend the wondrous mystery of their structure. On the contrary, the more *sensuous* enjoyment which we at first *experienced through the fragrance, the beauty and the modesty of the*

flower, is heightened into a more refined and intellectual appreciation of these ministers of delight. Thus it is with music and thus with song. If our favorite ballad is really good, approximately perfect, the closest analysis will serve only to reveal beauties which before lay concealed, and the profanation will be in reality an act of worship. These thoughts have been suggested by a song which, to our mind, is the most exquisite little gem which we have ever seen. It is fit to deck the coronet of a poet laureate. Though a translation from the German, we venture to say it has lost little, if any, of its original beauty by being transplanted from its native soil. Here it is :

"A child sleeps under a Rose-Bush fair;
The buds swell out in the soft May air;
Sweetly it rests, and on dream-wings flies
To play with the angels in Paradise.
And the years go by.

"A maiden stands by the Rose-Bush fair;
The dewy blossoms perfume the air;
She presses her hand to her throbbing breast,
With love's first wonderful rapture blest.
And the years go by.

"A mother kneels by the Rose-Bush fair;
Soft sigh the leaves in the evening air;
Sorrowing thoughts of the past arise,
And tears of anguish bedim her eyes.
And the years go by.

"Naked and lone stands the Rose-Bush fair;
Whirled are its leaves in the autumn air;
Withered and dead, they fall to the ground,
And silently cover a new-made mound.
And the years go by."

Passing over those beauties which are at once apparent, the simplicity of style, the precision of language, the entire absence of epithet and all redundant words, the melody and symmetry of the verses, let us endeavor to realize that higher appreciation which we may derive from a careful analysis of our flower.

Observe its sublimity of conception. It is an epitome of the life-journey, one of the grandest themes for human contemplation. And how beautifully is the conception embodied! It is presented in the *natural periods* of life, and with masterly genius are selected the

crowning characteristics of each. The sweet repose of infancy's pure dream ; the tumultuous joy of youth's first passion ; the tender yearnings of parental love ; the solemn silence of the grave. Metaphysicians have noticed, that in sleep the most assiduously trained countenances lose that guarded expression which contact with a designing world tends to foster. Repose sets its seal of security upon the brow, and kindly relieves the sentinels which, in our waking hours, stand guard at the portals of our thoughts. If slumber thus frees men from the corroding cares of life, elevates them above the imperfections of human nature, and purges them of carnal impurities, how pure the sleep of infancy, which, fresh from the hand of God, has not yet imbibed the contaminations of a fallen world ! The thoughts of this innocent being, soaring aloft in dream to sport with the spirits who wing their happy flight amid the abodes of celestial bliss, how angelic ! * * *

The love of youth also is in itself a purifying, an ennobling passion. It is not merely an instinct. It is a spontaneous fulfillment of one of Heaven's great laws—the drawing of the tie which unites two kindred spirits. But woman is by nature, possibly, and certainly by culture, a being more pure and innocent than man. Her nature is uncontaminated with a knowledge of those vices with which every boy becomes but too familiar. When a creature of such purity, untutored also in love's ways, tastes for the first time the sweets of requited affection, we may well imagine her "enraptured" with the blessing. * * * June passes. Maidenhood has ripened into maternity. Parental affection is portrayed in the unselfish love of a mother, as she kneels in prayer at the foot of the bush around which cluster so many of her remembered joys. Hopes have given way to fears ; confidence to anxiety ; anticipations of a joyous future to saddened recollections of the past. The tears which dim a mother's eyes, well up from the undefiled depths of a mother's heart. * * * The years go by. *The dust has returned to the earth as it was ; and the spirit has returned unto God who gave it.*

Besides the figures employed and the scenes depicted, especially to be noted, are the harmonious surroundings in which each scene is placed. Above the child, sleeping in the helplessness of infancy, the buds of promise swell out under the soft influences of the "merry month of May." Around the maiden, standing erect in all the vigor of youth and passion, the full-blown roses, as they tremble in the early morning light, shed a perfumed spray of dew, like incense. As the shades of evening darken over the grass, the passing breezes and

the rose-leaves mingle soft sighs of sympathy with the wounded heart which, kneeling, weeps. The chill blasts of autumn wreath many a garland of withered leaves, fit offerings to strew upon the grave which is marked only by the Rose-Bush, lone and desolate.

These are some of the beauties of this little song. By this analysis, imperfect as it may be, we have shown how easy it is to rise above mere sensuous pleasure, and attain an æsthetic appreciation of ballad poetry. The means for intellectual enjoyment and refining culture are ever at hand if we will but use them. Farther, we have given no more than the song itself really contains—actually expresses. We have not drawn upon our imagination in a single particular, but have tried to set forth as simply and as naturally as was in our power, the legitimate beauties which make this song so pleasing. While we have thus neither added anything to it nor taken aught away, we hope we have increased the pleasure of some few, at least, in hearing it, and have diminished the former enjoyment of none. It is so perfect that the most narrow scrutiny serves but to disclose new beauties. Its perfection seems to rival nature's own handiwork.

We will venture, however, to unfold in a few words, an allegorical idea which our fancy suggests. The "Rose-Bush fair," which appears in every scene, may well be looked upon as symbolizing one of those guardian spirits who, as poets sing, attend us "both when we wake and when we sleep."

"How oft do they their silver bowers leave
To come to succour us who succour want!
How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
The flitting skyes like flying pursuivant,
Against fowle fiends to ayd us militant!
They for us fight, they watch and dewly ward,
And their bright squadrons round about us plant;
And all for love and nothing for reward."

How tenderly the "Rose-Bush fair" shades the sweet repose of the dreaming child! How hopefully it hangs its buds of promise over her unconscious head. It is a spirit watching and duly guarding the May-time of a human life.

The years go by. Again we see the Guardian Angel mutely striving to express his care and sympathy for a maiden's joy and peril. The Rose-Bush breathes forth in its dewy perfume, tender apprehension at "love's young dream," which is

"An odor fled
As soon as shed;
'Tis morning's winged dreams,
'Tis a light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream."

The years go by. A mother kneels by the "Rose-Bush fair."
There arise

"Memories that make the heart a tomb,
Regrets which glide through the spirit's gloom,
And with ghastly whispers tell
That joy, once lost, is pain."

"Oh! human love and human grief!
Ye make your places wide and far;
Ye rustle in every withered leaf;
Ye are heard, perhaps, where the angels are."

And the years go by. The journey of life is past. The spirit's mission is over. Around the solemn silence which shrouds the tomb, he performs his last act of kindness. Over the grave the Rose-Bush strews its blossoms and its leaves,

"Blossoms which are the joys that fall,
And leaves, the hopes that yet remain."

We cease from our labor and return once more to our favorite. Its beauty again attracts us and we feel the futility of all attempts to adorn it, for

"To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beautiful eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess."

J. M. S.

Railroad Observations.

A TRUE philosopher believes in extracting all the pleasure he can from his surroundings. To one who takes this view of life, railroad traveling affords no slight field for amusing observation and reflection. The reasons why people travel are so various, their differences of character are so numerous, and the necessities of exposing their peculiarities are so many, that a cool observer of men and things can generally obtain sufficient amusement to last him on his journey.

The station is the first scene of observation. In the background, the idlers carelessly indifferent; the drivers and runners greedily expectant. In front, the long train with its fiery head, seemingly lethargic, awaiting the noise and confusion that rouse it to activity. The neutral ground between occupied by baggage trucks and officials. Now appears the nervous man striding swiftly forward; first asking this one for directions as to the right train and car, then seeing that his trunks are sure not to go wrong; finally grasping his valise firmly in one hand, and his umbrella and shawl in the other, hurriedly entering the car full ten minutes ahead of time. Then the pater-familias, with a huge basket on his arm, smilingly advances with his buxom wife and numerous children; all of the little ones carrying bundles and parcels, and deeply impressed with their dignity and usefulness in so doing, but nevertheless continually losing themselves or their mother in their wild hurry and excitement. Then a young lady trips airily forward with shawl, bag, parasol, book and fan, and encircled by a loving group of friends. Before she enters the car, she must undergo a torrent of embraces, messages, cautions and remembrances, and the very last words and kisses are repeated several times; and even when she has taken her place, the whole ceremony must be again performed from the opened window. Sometimes a young gentleman is to act as her escort, and then he carries most of the above named indispensables, together with a basket, a thick shawl, a veil, several magazines, and a package of candy; and he views with ill-disguised envy the osculatory exhibition so necessary at parting. Then an excitable female rushes wildly in all directions, seeking her ticket, checks and train at the same moment, and fully believing that all are trying to mislead and cheat her. Lastly the regular travelers and men of business come dropping in with bag and duster, and

quietly pick out the best car and seats. Then the crowd and confusion become greater, and in a moment every car is filled with a bustling, pushing, struggling throng. Finally, as the engine, puffing and groaning, laboriously starts, and smokers and railway men swing themselves on each passing step, the belated man rushes wildly through the crowd, desperately jumps on to the last platform, and appears at the car door, breathless and staring, and but half persuaded that he is safe.

The manner in which different passengers take their seats is worthy of notice. The precise man fixes his bundles firmly in the rack, and deposits his valise carefully on the floor; folds his shawl methodically on the back of his seat, and places himself squarely therein, shuddering at the attitudes assumed by his more careless neighbors. The timid man slides quietly in, and drops into the first vacant place; here he sits, anxiously awaiting danger, and at each whistle or jar convulsively grasps the arm of his seat. The man that travels, secures a place near the centre of the car, half places, half pitches his bag in the rack; throws his shawl or coat over the back of the seat nearest the window, and resignedly stretching himself out, produces the inevitable newspaper. A natty young damsel, with trim round hat and coquettish veil, skims lightly up the aisle, her lifting skirts now and then showing a wee bit of white in sweet contrast with the neat little boot below. She secures two seats to herself by turning over one, and filling it with her stray necessities and conveniences. Then she reverses the order of the window, whether it be open or shut, the blind up or down; and finally settles down to a quiet scrutiny of the passengers, from over the page of her magazine or book. Then comes the rush, and well designed plans for comfort and plenty of room are rudely broken by some energetic individual or merciless woman, who coolly turn over the seat, cast aside its contents, and place themselves in what was deemed a moment before undisputed property.

Meanwhile, the spasmodic throbs of the awakening monster, are settling into steady onward progress; faster and faster he flies, seemingly gaining elasticity and strength with every bound, and sending new life through all his iron arteries. Now he is fully alive, out in the country, past the miserable half deserted outworks that mark the extent of man's invasion; and as he sweeps on, with triumphant, exultant stride, he sings, with all his joyful, expanding lungs:—Here we go, here we go, steaming on, screaming on, with our wild thunder;—now we fly, quickly fly, on the banks, on the hills, over and under.

Cattle are flying fast, meadows are quickly past; farmyards and bridges; brooks, with their shining sands; hills, with their verdant lands; mountains and ridges. Here we fly, onward fly; while rushing quickly by, all caution scorning.—But soon, with our speeding, we've done all that's needing; shrill sounds our warning; and then, with the screaming of devils in dreaming, haste we are dropping; slower, and slower now, and we are stopping.

But, while the engine is thus singing at his work, how fares it with the passengers. Many are sleeping. Newspapers being thoroughly exhausted, others are carrying on listless conversations about the weather, the crops, and business prospects; now and then waking up to animation in a political discussion. Kind and patient fathers are bringing water to their little ones in small silver cups, while cross and surly ones are scolding the brats with ill-concealed rancor. Pretty heads of young and loving wives are gradually nestling down on broad and protecting shoulders, and mothers are hushing their fretful children with many a caress and soothing word. Many faces wear a look of sullen discontent, some of patient expectation, others of quiet resignation, and the rest, of sleepy misery.

It is then that the Philosophic Observer, if he be young and a student, and if he chance to cast his wandering gaze at the looking-glass suspended at the end of the car, will see the reflection of the natty damsel in front of him, glancing at his image in the glass, with roguish enquiring eyes, as if to say, "What is the use of two young people moping alone in separate seats, when they might be more comfortable together? He will promptly respond, "That's my sentiments. No use at all. Whoever says the contrary is a humbug." Perhaps, if he is of a sentimental disposition, with a turn for rhyme, a note of this kind will find its way over the back of her seat,—

"Dear Maid, when I was distant far,
And miles were many between us,
I little thought a railroad car
Could prove such a "Car of Venus."

So pardon me for seeming bold
In speaking my admiration,
For surely this can well be told,
When we're in the *proper station*.

And as I breathe my love for you,
Keep not my feelings on the rack;
For we but do as others do,
That is, pursue the *usual track*.

So throw aside all foolish pride;
 Obey the spirit in your eyes;
 For, as we now together ride,
We override all common ties."

The appeal is not in vain. A blind to be raised, or a bundle to be restored to its place, gives the opportunity for the first remark, and soon the Philosophic Observer is so deeply engrossed in making himself agreeable, as to be unable to make any more observations. The glimpses of sweet landscapes, the pleasing expanse of valley and plain, are neglected for the glances of bright eyes. The varied scenes of each wayside station are passed unheeded by, and soon the journey's end too quickly teaches our traveler, that all joys dependent on steam are transient and evanescent. v.

The Last Night of the Year.

I.

LISTEN to an olden romance: On a New Year's Eve once shone
 With bright splendor every window of old Castle Wilderstone.
 All the great and high were there; stately lords and ladies fair,—
 Mirth and joy were everywhere; for it was the wedding night
 Of the lovely Lady Alice.—So, like some great fairy palace,
 Shone the old castle with splendor and light;
 But without, all was wintry and drear:
 The night-wind its requiems moaning,
 And the giant old trees 'neath it groaning,
 Upon the last night of the year.

Forth then to the gray old chapel proud Earl Ivor led the way;
 Followed all the lords and ladies, ranged in stateliest array,
 Through the ancient vaulted halls; and sat 'round the chapel's walls
 In the high old oaken stalls, waiting for the lovely bride
 Up the aisle in splendor sweeping; and around them, calmly sleeping,
 Lay the old knights in their tombs side by side:
 They who had once knelt worshipping here—
 Now gone from the scenes of their glory,
 But oft called up in legend and story
 Upon the last night of the year.

Suddenly into the chapel rushed half frantic, pale as death,
Godfrey, Earl of Leice, the bride-groom, drawing hard and quick his breath.
"She is gone!" he wildly cried, "Lady Alice! Yes, my bride—
Stolen from my very side! Up, ye knights, to horse! to horse!
From her I had just now parted, when swift through the casement darted
That untamed demon, Sir Guy de la Corse;
And before I could even get near,
She sprang to his arms and they vanished!"
So all mirth from the castle was banished
Upon the last night of the year.

Then was haste and wild confusion: up to arms the knights quick sprang,
And the grand old castle with their iron footsteps rang.
Mounted now, down through the park, through the shadows deep and dark,
Rode they to the lake, when hark! hark! they heard a piercing scream.
In a boat far o'er the water, with the knight, Earl Ivor's daughter
They could descry by the moonlight's pale beam.
Then another shriek fell on their ear,
And ere they could make an endeavor
Sank the bark in the billows forever
Upon the last night of the year.

Boats were sent swift o'er the water. Far and wide they sailed—in vain:
Scarce the slightest floating vestige of the wreck did there remain.
Long the knights stood on the shore, gazing still the waters o'er;
Then the sad, sad tidings bore to the lone old castle hall.
There was weeping, woe and sorrow that would cease not with the morrow.
Over all hearts there now rested a pall,
And fell there full many a tear;
And wailing there was, and soft treading,
Instead of gay dance and grand wedding,
Upon the last night of the year.

II.

In the ancient, crumbling chapel of old Castle Wilderstone,
On a New Year's Eve, once sitting, midnight lamps around me shone.
Few the number gathered there in that mouldering place of prayer,
And around me all the air seemed to breathe of olden times,
Filling me with solemn feeling, and the organ's notes, low pealing,
Thrilled me with thoughts of the glad wedding chimes
That had once rung out merrily here,
When all was rejoicing and gladness;
And then how it was changed to drear sadness
Upon the last night of the year.

Then, at length, lull'd by the music, musing still I fell asleep,
And I seemed to hear in visions voices chanting soft and deep:
"Lady of the sunny hair, singing here, laughing there—
Spreading sunshine everywhere; tuneless is thy lonely lyre,
No more now is heard thy singing, or thy laughter merry ringing
Through the old desolate halls of thy sire,
And thy footstep no longer we hear.
Away the wild stranger knight bore thee,
And the pitiless waters closed o'er thee
Upon the last night of the year."

Then they ceased, and lo! my feelings with strange awe and dread were
stirred,
And it seemed as if a rustling, as of sweeping silk, I heard.
Up the Church, now filled with light, came a maiden purely bright,
Clad in robes of shining white; on her lips a radiant smile,
In her hand a golden chalice.—Could it be the Lady Alice!
Quickly she vanished away from the aisle;
And the clatter of hoofs struck my ear—
I saw the steel armor bright flashing
Of weird horsemen down through the park dashing,
Upon the last night of the year.

On they clattered through the forest, white and grim, a ghostly band,
Through the shadow and the moonlight, onward to the lake's bright strand.
Then I saw them reach the shore, and stand gazing as of yore
At the bark with shining oar sinking, sinking in the wave,
With its precious burden laden. So the gallant knight and maiden
Sank in the depths to a watery grave;
And the moonbeams shone lovely and clear
Where gaily the wild waves were leaping,
Far beneath which fair Alice was sleeping
Upon the last night of the year.

Long I saw the knights stand gazing sadly o'er the deep afar,
When from out the waves emerging, lo! appeared a golden car.
Now serene it floats on high, upward toward the blue-domed sky;
Angel forms around it fly, light celestial round it gleams.
In the glittering car reclining sit a youth and maiden shining
With brighter radiance than midday's sun's beams;
And rich music now falls on the ear,
As upward their glorious flight winging,
Angel voices around them are singing
Upon the last night of the year.

Ravishing with wondrous sweetness, floats that pure angelic strain;
 When, behold! with thunderous clangor, all the sky is rent in twain.
 Loud the shock reverberates: Heav'n, reveal'd, their coming waits.
 Open burst the pearly gates, flooding forth supernal light.
 Through the everlasting portals rise the now redeemed mortals:
 Glory ineffable hides them from sight,
 But still anthems seraphic I hear,
 From angels and saints without number:—
 But, ah me, I awake from my slumber,
 And find it is now the New Year.

P. R. P.

Memorabilia Yalensia.

College has been drowsy and muggy for thirty days. Cramming crowds out cheerfulness, and the approaching piled up examinations induce moroseness. In vain does the cheerful incendiary light the midnight torch, for Yale is too torpid to run with the machine. That icy winter has come, is proved by the almanac, thermometer, empty fence, and changing

Fashions. Our colleagues of the other sex attending the finishing establishments in the vicinity, have appeared in diminished crinoline, nice, tidy short frocks, "Ristori" hats, "shepherdesses" and "turbans," with everything close and comfortable. We hope that, in spite of the windy weather, their eyes will always remain a little bluer than their noses.

The Controversy between the *Courant* and the *Herald* still rages. We warn the *Courant* that J. G. B. can't be hit except *below the belt*.

Wednesday Evening, Nov. 28th, came punctually, but brought NO JUBILEE. It seems that Faculty and Committee couldn't compromise, and many are asking whether this glorious frolic ever did, or ever must depend upon the two or three individuals who take the female parts? Were not the Committee a little lacking in energy? Especially, after the Faculty had offered them Alumni Hall for the occasion.

Thanksgiving, too, was almost washed away by the incessant, dreary rain, but indoors it was impossible to forget that it was preëminently the auspicious holiday, and night faded out at evening upon a people exceedingly damp, but very thankful. Our next Thanksgiving exercises (not the Jubilee) may be held in THE NEW CHAPEL, for a plan has been adopted, and all that is needed is, \$15,000.

The Art Building is finished, and Mr. William Thompson, of Irvington, N. Y., who has done great things for art already, in the crino-line, has promised a statue of Ruth, worth \$5,000, and \$20,000 worth of pictures.

Allston's Jeremiah has taken up his quarters in one gallery, where he may

be seen by any one for two quarters. Let us hope that he will be patronized, and enough profit be made from the prophet to buy him for Yale. Fourteen thousand visits will accomplish it!

Editor's Table.

THERE is little enough jollity at Yale. We are sorry, therefore, that Thanksgiving eve passed away this year without the usual jubilee. Our college authorities, however, on account, perhaps, of some exceptionable and inexcusable performances at the last jubilee, seem to have come to the conclusion that it is "a custom more honored in the breach than in the observance." At least, their action, whether it was so intended or not, appears to have thwarted the efforts made by the committee to secure the customary celebration. Dramatic representations, though for a long time allowed, seem at present to be in about as ill repute with the College Government as they were with the famous and sanctimonious Long Parliament, in whose reign, as Craik tells us, they were "hushed by the frown of triumphant puritanism." We cannot, however, help thinking, along with our friend who has been kind enough to furnish us with the memorabilia for this "LIT," that the jubilee is not altogether dependent on "female characters" for its interest, and that we might have some wholesome fun without the usual farces. At any rate, we hope an attempt will be made, next year, to see what can be done. We should be sorry to see Yale lose this her freshest and most jovial frolic.

When this "LIT." comes to you, reader, you will probably be through with these bothersome examinations—unconditionally through, we trust. As we write, you are, of course, dutifully cramming, regardless of all danger of mental indigestion. Our friend, the Deacon, certainly is. His table, on which we are scribbling, is strewn with cards, in gross violation of Section XV, Chapter VIII, of the so-called "College Laws." As we take him to task for setting so dangerous an example, he grimly calls our attention to their color—green—and points to a significant word—*gas*—on the one he holds in his hand. We can simply remind him that one reason why cards are forbidden, is doubtless the tendency they have to provoke profane language. Certainly, the pack he is now shuffling draws from him expressions which, to say the least, are highly acidulated. We Seniors have a wonderful knack at mastering chemistry; that is, our instructors go on that hypothesis. In nine weeks we have been shoved through a course that demands, at least a twelve-month's study of ordinary mortals. Few of us, if any, are able, in the time devoted to this department of learning, to obtain anything more than a most contemptible smattering of an interesting and useful science. It is very much like the nine-week French and German course. Both are wretchedly farcical. In regard to the modern languages, however, we are glad to learn that they are soon to be raised to their proper place in our system of education. The demands of the present age are forcing, here, as at Harvard, concessions from that spirit which

clings to a custom, on the Dutchman's principle "what was goot enough for meⁱⁿ fader is goot enough for me."

It is with even more pleasure that we hear, from a reliable source, that our present code of laws is undergoing a careful and thorough revision. This new code, to a very large extent, will determine the moral status of the College. Judging from our own observation, the present laws have anything but a salutary effect. The present obligatory and rather laughable matriculation pledge, wherein we solemnly promise to obey "*all*" the laws, and "*particularly*" some of them, has, we think, proved of very questionable utility. We think much the same of the present excuse system. Anything which tends, in the slightest degree, to blunt a nice sense of honor, and lessen a strict regard for truth, is productive of incalculable evil.

It seems probable that a change will, before long, be made in the constitution of the governing body of the College, doing away, to an extent, with its present close corporation features. Our revered President, in an article in the *New Englander* for October, suggests that the *ex officio* members of the Corporation give place to graduates, elected by "all Masters of Arts and graduates of a higher or an equal rank, together with the Bachelors of all the Faculties of five years standing." If this suggestion be adopted, there will at once be introduced into the present clerical corporation, an efficient and liberal lay element, which will go far to render the College more capable of all desirable progress.

And now, Reader, as we bid you good-bye, we would respectfully suggest to you, the propriety of calling at the College Bookstore and settling "our little bill," in case you have not done so already, before you are off for the holidays. Our printers don't work for nothing. We wish you, heartily, a jolly vacation, "a merry Christmas and a happy New Year."

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.—We have received a very neat little volume of poems, from the pen of Mr. Weeks, "Spoon-man" of the Class of '62. We regret that it came too late for notice in this Number.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXII.

FEBRUARY, 1867.

No. 4.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '67.

WALLACE BRUCE,

ALBERT E. DUNNING,

J. JAY DUBOIS,

J. W. HARTSHORN,

RICHARD W. WOODWARD.

Bash-Bish.

PERHAPS some of our readers may remember that about twenty years ago, in a Magazine known as the "Ladies Repository," there appeared the engraving of a beautiful waterfall, and under it, in quite readable German text, the strange dissyllable—*Bash-Bish*. That the sketch or engraving was intended to represent natural scenery, no one for an instant could doubt, but whether the artist was in company or *alone*, whether in love, or intoxicated with the spirit of Poetry and Romance, has been to the inhabitants of that section, for a long time, a matter of conjecture.

The picture, it is true, presents strong arguments in favor of any one of the above theories, and as it has been my good fortune to spend a few summers among the "Berkshire Hills," and the pleasant towns and villages upon either slope, I have heard the question discussed over and over again, but *never* participated; for it is related, by way of *parenthesis*—which we would advise persons of purely æsthetic taste to omit—that a short time after the appearance of this picture, a poetical child of our "Alma Mater" was seated upon a log in the midst of this romantic scenery, and in the twilight of a summer evening, dared to discuss the *condition* of the artist with a blue-eyed representative of a Boarding School. Pardon me, ye of solemn dignity, who semi-weekly marshal beautiful processions in our streets and elsewhere, for the school was not in the City of Elms, and its representatives are perfectly ignorant of that excellent little text-book—

the "Blue Laws of Connecticut." Hoping that the reader's attention will not be drawn from the main object of this parenthetical sentence by any side remarks we may have occasion to make, we pass at once to the discussion.

YALE VERSUS BOARDING SCHOOL.

It was urged with that conciseness and close reasoning for which "our style" is noted, that, *as* the picture had few points in common with the scenery, the artist was evidently "beside himself," and therefore *alone*. Like the chorus of a Greek Tragedy, that "Organ choir, the voice of many waters," proceeded to discourse unintelligible music until a voice "soft, gentle and low," replied. If the artist *was* beside himself, he was *in fact* another person; it follows then that he was beside another, and probably in a company of *two*. Whether the argument "*ad hominem*," was as logical as the argument *ad feminam*, it would be impracticable in a *parenthetical* sentence to discuss; but the sweet *naiveté*, the passing blush, the poetry of the place, the stillness of the hour, and "all we hope, or dream, or *fear*," tended to convince our classical brother that it was quite possible for a person to be "beside himself" and another at the same point of time, and he said, with a trembling voice, "I guess the artist intended it for a scene in Switzerland. Shall we go and see?" Years afterwards they stood again by the same log, in the deepening twilight of a summer evening, and the poet of our "Alma Mater" exclaimed with enthusiasm: "Thy blended beauty and sublimity, O, Bash-Bish, surpass even the wildest scenery of Switzerland!" and like Hamlet, taking his note-book from his pocket, he then gave to the world that familiar poem beginning—

"And there we sat upon a log."

from which this truly historical and parenthetical sentence is derived.

Trusting that the reader is by this time in possession of *at least* two important facts, viz: that Bash-Bish is a waterfall, and situated among the Berkshire hills, we will endeavor from this point, to treat this subject as mathematically as its nature will allow, and in order to avoid another parenthesis.

"From the table of our memory,
We'll wipe away all trivial, fond records,"

and endeavor to separate ourselves from poetical sentiment as we recall an afternoon there spent with a classmate the week following Yale's *last* Biennial Jubilee.

About a mile below the falls, a beautiful carriage road, but extremely narrow, strikes the left bank of this mountain stream, and for a long distance rises gradually with its rocky channel. On the right a thickly wooded hill rises abruptly more than a thousand feet—a perfect wall of foliage from base to summit. The road becomes still narrower and more thickly shaded. The stream grows more impatient, dashing madly against huge boulders borne down by the spring freshets, or perhaps deposited in the “Glacial Epoch.” As we ascend, all but its music is lost in the thickly wooded ravine below us, and our natural “Temple Street” brings us to a small red building, consisting mostly of piazza,

“On native pillars borne,
Of mountain fir with bark unshorn,”

very rudely constructed and more rustic, if possible, than the gateways of “My Farm at Edgewood.” A little sign, hardly as readable as the German text of our engraving, tells us *this* is “Bash-Bish House,” and was probably painted by the very artist who, twenty years ago, sketched that picture of “romance and sorrow.”

Here we obtain our first view of the falls. The wall of foliage seems now rather like a curtain partially drawn, revealing the wildest scenery in that range of mountains, which reaches from West Rock to the St. Lawrence. Directly before us an overhanging cliff stands out in bold relief, presenting a solid mass of rock which rises three hundred feet above “The Gorge,” at the foot of the Upper Falls, and as the channel itself rises rapidly, its summit, according to actual measurement, is said to be seven hundred feet above us. If the Palisades are in reality five hundred feet at any point, or the Gorge of Niagara two hundred, we are inclined to think that the measurement is correct.

Having registered our names in “old Saxon style,” we descend a pair of dilapidated steps, and crossing a little bridge about three feet wide, with a shaky hand-rail, we find ourselves in the vicinity of Table Rock—a very modest boulder, about which gather almost every hour in the day, “the Good, the *Hungry*, and the Beautiful.” Directly before us are the Lower Falls, and advancing a few steps, we stand upon the brink of a rocky basin about twenty feet in diameter, in whose black bosom the white foam loses itself for a moment and again dashes on in its narrow channel to the little cascades below. At this point our classmate takes an artistic view of the falls, and

repeats Scott's description of an ancient seer "amid Benharrow's wildest glen," a beautiful picture, although painted in words :

"Couched on a shelf beneath its brink,
Close where the *thundering torrents sink*,
Rocking beneath their headlong way,
And drizzled by the ceaseless spray,
Midst groan of rock and roar of stream
The wizard waits prophetic dream."

Leaving him for a moment to enjoy his reverie, we turn again to Table Rock, and visions of frosted cake and delightful parties crowd into our memory—a panoramic view of the past in all its *happy fullness*. Be it philosophy or sentiment, are not those deserving our pity who have no pleasant reminiscences *like these* clustering about some poetical log or rock along the pathway of life,—drifting icebergs of humanity in a world that calls for sympathy! Style it sentiment if you will, and pay proper respect to the consciousness of your own discernment.

But now the merry music of mirthful voices from up the Gorge, partially restores us to consciousness, and turning to the right we at once begin the ascent. A steep pathway, consisting mostly of rolling stones, roots of trees, and immense logs, soon brings us to the opening of the Gorge, a little above the Lower Falls. Huge boulders, under which the little stream at times is almost lost, fill the whole ravine, a perfect rock chamber "walled in with cliffs around." If we should say, here beauty is lost in sublimity, we would only express the feelings of every individual who has visited the Gorge of Bash-Bish. In many places these boulders make it almost impossible to proceed, and rocks broken from the cliffs above are

"Oft so steep the foot is fain
Assistance from the hand to gain."

We imagine that *here* even Tennyson's "Princess" would be false to her theories, and like Mahomet, "forget the Koran."

The gentle music of the stream as we proceed, is gradually lost in the sound of dashing water—the first intimation we have of the Upper Falls, which, upon the left, through a narrow rift in the rocks, bursts suddenly upon our view. Here we have the wildest scenery in the Gorge. Below us are huge rocks "in random ruin piled," and almost three hundred feet above us we can distinguish "The Old Eagle's Nest" under the very brow of the overhanging cliff. We have often *thought that in some wild retreat like this, originated those beautiful*

German Legends of Forest Streams—the continual weeping of “hidden hearts” far away among the hills. Putlitz, who, I believe, is considered one of the most imaginative writers in Germany, whose “Forest Voices” has gone through twenty-six editions in his own country, makes a mountain stream tell its own story to the listening flowers and trees. The translation made by a class of young ladies in Philadelphia, and recently published, seems rather a translation of Nature than a rendering of German. The words flow musically, like laughing water, and we cannot refrain from quoting a few sentences as we are resting in our ramble: “In summer, when so many children of the wood are broken and destroyed, I flow lightly but continually. In autumn, when all are separated, I weep in silent grief for the blossoms and the leaves which the wind often scatters in my path so that the tears shed over them become also their sepulchre. In the desolate solitude of winter, I become chilled, and the tears are converted into pearls, like those of the hidden sorrow of the sea. Thus I hang upon the roots and the stones in the faint lustre of weeping eyes. But in the spring, when intense desire fills every heart, the tears of the wood flow in sadness and in joy. Often, too, sympathy awakens me, for when the clouds weep rain, or the flowers dew, the forest stream also swells.” Perhaps beneath these very cliffs, one of our greatest American Poets, whose early life was passed among the Berkshire hills, composed his *Thanatopsis*. Truly, these forest streams “speak a various language!”

A sort of natural stair-case, without steps, leads us to the top of the Upper Falls, and although neither this nor the Lower Fall is more than fifty feet high, yet the channel between the two descends so rapidly, that the point we have now gained is three hundred and sixty feet above the rocky basin where an hour ago we stood musing. Here a narrow plank spans a chasm about thirty feet deep, over which we are compelled to pass as the Catholics were accustomed to ascend the “sacred steps,” for a ledge of rock projects about three feet above the plank. A few minutes climbing up a steep but not difficult ascent, “where hazel saplings lend their aid,” brings us to the summit of the cliff. The scene here is perfectly indescribable. From this dizzy height the stream seems almost like a crystal thread winding between the rocks, and way down the Gorge, seven hundred feet below us, from the portico of the little hotel, waving handkerchiefs tell us that we are recognized.

The descent to “The Old Eagle’s Nest,” is somewhat dangerous, for a single mis-step would plunge a person into the abyss below; but

there is always a strong temptation to visit the home of this "historic bird," and the feeling of caution generally yields to the desire of adventure. Of the nest, nothing of course remains, but we find a little recess about ten feet square, sheltered by the overhanging rock, and bordered with little trees whose foliage distinctly marks its locality to one at the foot of the falls. Here for an hour or more we sing our Biennial songs according to each version, and conclude the concert with "Our Country, 'tis of thee," for the first time recognizing the full beauty of those lines—

"We love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and *templed* hills."

Perhaps the thought that in this very place, one hundred years ago, dwelt an old representative of American Liberty, whose image once occupied the place of *our public men* on circulating medium, somewhat intensified this gush of patriotism, and made us in some measure comprehend "how *sublime* a thing a free people is!"

Transporting ourselves to the opposite cliff, which in reality is not wholly the work of the imagination, we wait about an hour to see the sun set, which, viewed from this cliff, at times presents a scene of dazzling beauty; for the Gorge opening to the west is so narrow that—if you will pardon the extravagance of the figure—it gives almost the appearance of an immense telescope looking into fairy land. Far away, over hill and valley, stretches a landscape of light and shadow, and the blue outlines of the Catskills, more than forty miles distant, are literally bathed in a sea of gold. From this point a steep carriage road leads us to the hotel, and taking another look at the overhanging cliff and the gorge, glowing gloomy in the twilight, we have finished a pleasant afternoon visit at Bash-Bish. W. B.

The Career of Percival.

IN PERCIVAL we are especially interested, because he was a graduate of Yale, and ranks among the poets of America. But in the study of his career we are sadly disappointed. Half a century ago Percival graduated, the best scholar of his class. His literary ability was of a high order. The bent of his mind bespoke the future poet. But his attempts in professional life, his numerous resorts to become a practical, useful citizen, were ominous failures. There was some-

thing in the nature of Percival, an extreme sensibility, a nice discrimination, an attention to particulars, the essence of scholarly genius itself, which made him unfit to bear the jostlings and defects of mankind; a something which bore him away from the mass of men.

Percival's true place was in the realm of poetry, and upon the gems of that "art divine," which were the product of his early manhood, rests his fame with posterity. With his poetical career, then, we are chiefly concerned. There can be but little doubt that he was endowed with a highly poetic genius. That almost unnatural imagination, high-wrought and vivid, now soaring in an ether of ecstasy, now plodding in a mire of melancholy; that extreme sensibility and, we might add, wierdness, which so eminently characterized him and distinguished him from other men; that intellectual striving, which, despite itself, burst forth ever and anon in some poetic strain; and that self-satisfaction which seemed to attend it, the cravings of a fancy ever unsatisfied with the revelations of foreign tongues; all these mark the poetic genius of Percival. He has himself described it in its happier impulses:

"Tis a mysterious feeling, which combines
Man with the world around him, in a chain
Woven of flowers, and dipped in sweetness, till
He taste the high communion of his thoughts,
With all existences, in earth and heaven,
That meet him in the chain of grace and power."

* * * * *

"Its words
Are few, but deep and solemn; and they break
Fresh from the fount of feeling, and are full
Of all that passion, which, on Carmel, fired
The holy prophet."

Added to this native talent, were noble aims. In the first number of *Clio* he says: "Poetry should be a sacred thing, not to be thrown away on the dull and low realities of life. It should live only with those feelings and imaginations which are above this world, and are the anticipations of a brighter and better being. It should be the creator of a sublimity undebased by anything earthly, and the embodiment of a beauty that mocks at all defilement and decay. It should be, in fine, the historian of human nature, in its fullest possible perfection, and the painter of all those lines and touches in earth and heaven, which nothing but taste can see and feel. It should give to its forms the expressions of angels, and throw over its pictures the hues

of immortality." And again: "True poetry should be a holy thing, like true philosophy and true religion; the product only of our highest intellectual and moral nature."

Percival's chief merits consist in his great beauty of thought and expression, apt illustration and vivid imagery. The luxuriance of his style was remarkable, to which, when he had once set out in it, there seemed to be no end. This, which might weary many a reader, seemed to him a great beauty. "I like," he says, "to see something savage and luxuriant in works of imagination, throwing itself out like the wild vines of the forest, rambling and climbing over the branches, and twining themselves into a maze of windings."

When Percival's poems were first published, they were well received. His merit was recognized and a wide-spread fame seemed opening to him—almost the pioneer of American poets. There was a time when he occupied the first rank. But the poets who have since appeared on the American horizon, if they have not eclipsed, have, for the time at least, overshadowed his "name and fame." Whether either have produced anything worthy of the "oil and cypress," time will prove. But certain it is, Percival does not stand to-day where he did thirty years ago. His fame has hardly outlived him. Percival, poet by nature's gifts and art's training, with all his beauties, will, we fear, be soon forgotten among the hurrying throng. Percival, in that very art in which he might, we believe, have wrought an undying fame, failed.

The reasons of this are easily assigned. They do not lie in any lack of poetic genius in the man, nor of any real merit in the poems. They are found rather in the peculiarity of his genius. He wrote only on the spur of the moment and while the inspiration lasted. His longest poems were the work of a few days. That great genius, which should have gathered itself for some extended, crowning work to last for all time, scattered its energies in innumerable little sallies.

The poet, too, was impatient of revision. Nearly all that he wrote went fresh to the public just as he first cast it off. He had not learned the "labor limæ." He did not practice "the art to blot."

Percival wrote rather to amuse himself than please the public. He wrote poetry because it was his nature, not for popular applause. He rarely gave himself up to the continued labor of a poet, but generally composed in his leisure moments, catching at a new image on each occasion and turning it into some beautiful little melody.

Percival's want of self-confidence, and extreme sensitiveness, were great obstacles to him in bringing what he did write before the public,

and doubtless tended much to hamper his genius. His poverty disturbed his mind and obliged him to devote much of his time to works of a more paying nature than the production of poetry in a time when American art had few patrons. The world, he imagined, treated him coldly. Circumstances like these led Percival to abandon poetry early in life, before he had even attempted, as poets in their maturer years are wont to do, an extended work, in which his genius might have made its best effort, and on which he might have rested a surer, nobler fame. Had he done so, we should have no fears for his future reputation. He had perseverance in deep, solitary study, but it was not of that kind which could stand the gaze of men. The circumstances of his life and his peculiar nature defeated his high genius.

Percival, like Goldsmith in his poverty and despair, now became the literary hack of booksellers. The jobbing nature of this business afforded him much leisure, but he wrote no more poems. He sought contentment in the study of linguistic science. Retired to a hermit's life, he lost himself to the world's indifference in the maze of a dozen languages. Out of this labyrinth he emerged towards the end of his days to make one more effort at active life. He became a practical geologist, and in the enthusiasm of his pursuit ended his earthly career. The earnest study of linguistic and geological science may have aptly followed the raptures of poetry, as the reality of maturer years follow the high hopes of youth, but it was evidence of that thorough change which circumstances had wrought in the tastes and genius of Percival.

As a scholar he was persevering, far-reaching and accurate, dealing constantly and thoroughly with every detail. Informed in every science, none were more profound; few less useful. He was a prodigy in learning; a weakling in practice. What scientific works he has left are so technical and abstruse as to consign them to oblivion.

When we compare Percival, the poet, with Percival, the scholar, we put in a clearer light some of the reasons of his ill-success in either character. Percival, when poet, was not Percival, the scholar. The poet was borne away with the rapture of his song, while that scholarly nature which trims and prunes, writes and re-writes; while that scholarly perseverance which ever works on and on, and which monotony never tires, all were left behind. And Percival, when scholar, was not Percival, the Poet. The scholar's nature, perseverance, depth and accuracy were all there, but never were the attractions of poetry more wanting. About the intricacy of science he threw none of the alluring influences of poetry. His musings reveal

his scholarship, but conceal the scholar's nature. In his scientific studies the scholar stalks abroad; the poet lies out of sight, buried deep beneath their abstruseness. At the one period he was all poet; at the other all scholar.

Such was the career of James Gates Percival. That gifted name, whose genius might have given it an immortality in a future American literature, is reaping but a dying fame from the too small volumes he has left us. In that oft-repeated phrase, "it might have been," we read the sad story of his life.

B. A. T.

The Answer.

It's come at last, the question boded long;
So long in coming, I did think 'twould stay
Alway. Poor fool and blind! as if the strong
Unerring certainties of life did weigh
So little in the balances of hope.
But now I am adrift, and only cling
To memories of the past, and darkly grope
Through gloom and doubt, to faith's clear opening.
Just when my soul had risen out of grief
To know the freedom of a life of love;
Had swept away the dust of unbelief,
And through the parted clouds saw light above.
And must I then go back to what I was?
To struggle up again, by paths o'ergrown
With tangled briars of cast-off aims, because
Thou leavest me to walk through life alone.
But who am I; what is there I can claim;
What right have I to urge my hopes on those
Whose hopes and fears are not all the same;
The current of whose life in quiet flows
To restful seas, while mine not smoothly glides
'Neath clouded skies, o'er rocks and shallows, till
It meets at last the high, incoming tides
Of thought and Life—the Ocean of the Will.
I know how vain it was, but yet the heart
Cannot forego to look upon the side
That seems the brightest, while the rays that dart
From it, are augur'd for the whole,—they hide
The dark—and we dare not to look behind.

I fondly hoped that sometime we might stand
 Together by the sea, and watch the wind
 Roll up the waves, all hoar with foam, to land,
 And feel that storm and calm to us, were but
 Grand symphonies in different keys; or on
 The mountain top whose granite faces cut
 The clear, blue sky, while field and cloud should don
 Their brightest hues, the morning sun to greet.
 To wander in the meadows, picking flowers;
 Or by the river's bank, on grassy seat,
 To watch the blossoms falling after showers,
 And drift away, or once again to float,
 While the soft sunshine glimmers on the sea,
 At close of summer day, in our light boat.
 I thought too, in the winter nights, that we
 Might read together from the poets rare;
 Or sit before the cozy fire and talk
 Of future joys and past, or places, where—
 But why fill up the tale with hopes that mock
 The very longing?—Suffering is sure.
 The grandest thought of sorrow is, that in
 Its furnace fires, our hearts may grow more pure;
 Men rise from out their griefs, nobler within,
 And by them stretch out stronger hands to reach
 The Infinite.—

The blow is not yet here ;

Whene'er it falls, I firmly trust 'twill teach
 Me to be calm and still, and free from fear.
 The light of higher possibilities
 Just dawning o'er my soul, unfelt before,
 May all be dimmed and I may fail to seize
 The one decisive hour, that comes no more—
 And life be henceforth, fighting 'gainst my fate;
 What will it harm?—God's grand designs will be
 Fulfilled as well—I can but stand and wait
 The brighter dawning of eternity.

* * * * *

Yet though our little boat must strike the rocks,
 And go to pieces on the shore, when we
 Had gained a view of stiller seas, where shocks
 Of storms are rarely felt, it must not be
 Resigned to waves to bear away and drown;
 I'll build a drift-wood fire, and in my heart
 The flames shall glow,—and keep the hot tears down.—
 The ashes of my hopes shall cure the smart!

Dante and Beatrice.

"We are linked to an angel who lifts us unceasingly towards heaven."—Hugo.

THE domains of love have been so often invaded by novelists, each of whom has usually contrived to carry away a sentiment, a character, a portrait or scene, as Columbus bore away tokens from the new world to the old, that the whole realm is now revealed. But there is one story that will never lose its interest or its freshness; for it is a record of a great poet's passion, written at an early period, when love, although not a newly discovered element in human nature, had not yet, and perhaps has not since, found such an embodiment as it received in the touching language in which Dante's affection found expression.

The city of Florence, in Tuscany, is spread over two hill sides, which face each other. Through the vale between them winds the river Arno. There, in that ancient city, Dante, when in his ninth year, met Beatrice Portinari, at a May-day festival. The bashful youth is captivated by the modest little lady dressed in a "subdued and becoming crimson," and wearing ornaments suited to her childish age. Her portrait, Dante has not drawn. Imitating his example, let us be silent on a subject to which no pen can do justice. From the time of that memorable meeting, the poet dates the commencement of a new existence, and thus he commemorates it: "In that part of the book of my memory, anterior whereto is little that can be read, stands a rubric, which says:—'Incipit Vita Nova. Here beginneth the New Life.'"

When eighteen years of age, Dante's sensitive heart receives another magnetic thrill. Beatrice, attired in the purest white, while gliding along the street in the company of two other noble ladies, graciously turned her eyes upon her trembling, awe-struck admirer, and, "in her ineffable courtesy, which now hath its guerdon in everlasting life," saluted him. In his delight, he seeks the solitude of his room, there to give way to that meditation which so effectually spiritualized his affection, and exalted its object. His health becomes affected, and his feverish fancy conjures up visions and dreams, until it is plainly evident that he is, as it is commonly termed, "in love." With whom? That must not be known; and so effectually does he dissemble, and conceal the real object of his affection, that even Beatrice is deceived, believes him unworthy, and denies him the coveted

salutation. By chance they meet at a wedding-party. He is so overcome with emotion, on seeing her, that his conduct is observed, and becomes a subject of comment and of laughter, in which the beautiful Florentine joins,—perhaps thoughtlessly, perhaps to conceal her real feelings. The poet now philosophizes, and concludes—

“That I of life am well-a-nigh forsaken;
One power alone remains, and that to show
The beauties forth that so my soul have shaken.”

This he does not attempt to do by describing her personal beauty, or character, but by portraying their effects on others. He tells us Beatrice excited so much interest, that, “as she passed along the street, people ran to catch a sight of her.” “When she drew near to any one, a feeling of reverence so profound came over his heart that he had not courage to raise his eyes, nor to return her salute.” “Her demeanor was so full of grace and dignity, and every charm, that, looking upon her, men felt within them an emotion of inexpressible sweetness and elevation.”

Even greater misfortune was in store for Dante. At the age of twenty-five, Beatrice died.

“Yes, Beatrice is gone to yonder heaven,
To realms where angels dwell and are in peace.”

This sad event links him to another world, but it allots him a melancholy existence in this. His grief takes refuge in verse. But at length he resolves to write no more concerning her, until he shall be able to write more worthily; and then he hopes “to say that of her which hath never yet been said of any lady.”

We receive no intimation from Dante that Beatrice was ever married. She seems to have retained his undivided homage to her dying day. But an owlish antiquarian claims to have picked up, amongst obscure rubbish, a clause in her father’s will, according to which it appears that she had been wedded to a Simon de Bardi.

Within three or four years after the time of her death, Dante marries; probably yielding to the wishes of his friends. It proved an unhappy union. Nor is it strange that Dante failed to find sympathy and consolation in Gemma de Donati while he was mourning for the lost Beatrice, and composing his “Commedia” in accordance with his resolution to immortalize her. It is not strange that the great poet did not make a good husband, nor that, as some say, his wife proved

a Xantippe, while he did *not* prove a Socrates. However great may have been their domestic troubles, we have no reason to believe that they separated, until he was driven into exile.

This last misfortune finally overtook him. In his youth he had joined a military company, which was, in those days, the avenue to distinction for all spirited young men. In 1289, one year before the death of Beatrice, he engaged in a campaign which brought him into action, and added the title of soldier to that of poet. Steadily he rose to the chief magistracy of Florence. In order to quell a popular tumult he exiled its leaders, some of whose friends afterwards secured his own expatriation. Dishonored and impoverished, he was compelled to leave Florence, and became a wanderer.

During this period of his life was written most of the "Commedia," on which his fame principally rests. In this work, the poet locates hell beneath the city of Jerusalem, and makes it resemble a funnel in shape, terminating at the centre of the earth with old Pluto imbedded in ice. Purgatory is a mountain, on an island of a sea, at the antipodes of Jerusalem. Having reached a forest, on the top of this mountain, after a journey through hell, Dante sees Beatrice, across the Lethe, accompanied by a troop of angels, to whom she relates the following particulars concerning him. After her death he fell from his allegiance to her. In vain did she strive to redeem him. He had fallen so low that nothing could save him but a view of the condemned, undergoing punishment. Accordingly, she had been instrumental in causing him to pursue his journey thus far, to the very gates of heaven. And now she upbraids him for faithlessness. He swoons. When he recovers, he is being borne across Lethe by a nymph. When safely landed, "a song bursts from the lips of the angels," and Beatrice unveils her "ineffable beauty." The ascent, from thence to heaven, is performed without the shifting of scenes, or the creaking of machinery. It is a simple and poetical process. Dante fixes his eyes on those of Beatrice, and is immediately transported to Paradise. Such is a sketch, in part, of the vision of the exiled dreamer.

Like the Babylonish captive, he lamented his enforced absence from his native city, and lived in constant hope of pardon and restoration. But an honorable return never came. And at length, weary with waiting, the soul of the poet, soldier, and statesman, broke forth from its shattered prison, and soared to meet its sainted Beatrice.

Quentin Durward.

History and fiction, though distinct fields of literature, are sometimes with the happiest results combined, and of such combination no happier instance can be found than that afforded by *Quentin Durward*. In this work of his, Scott gives us a genuine historical romance by which in an equal degree the reader is historically instructed and romantically captivated. Now, without expressing any opinion as to their comparative values, it must be confessed that we prefer the captivation to the instruction, and consequently intend treating our subject chiefly as a love story.

In reference to the selection of Louis XI, as the principal character in the romance, Scott, it is true, loftily remarks, that "the little love intrigue of *Quentin* is only employed as the means of bringing out the story." Nevertheless, whatever were Scott's intentions, whatever his opinion as to the matter, we think that every reader possessed of affection and sympathy will join us in saying, that the chief interest and charm of the work lies in that same little love intrigue, and that we gladly turn from the detestable Louis to the fortunes of *Quentin* and the lovely Countess. The plot of the story is simple and orthodox. *Durward*, a young Scotch adventurer, entering the service of Louis, meets and falls in love with Isabelle, Countess of Croye, a fair young maiden of sixteen, or thereabouts, who, in company with her ridiculous aunt Hameline, has thrown herself upon the protection of the King, to escape a distasteful marriage planned for her by Charles of Burgundy, her immediate suzerain, and the nominal vassal of France. The treacherous Louis, designing to betray her into an alliance which shall prove inconvenient to Charles, sends Isabelle and her aunt, under the care of *Durward*, to the Bishop of Liege, having secretly communicated with William de la Marck, the Wild Boar of Ardennes, who is to possess himself of the Countess and her extensive estates bordering upon Burgundy.

From dangers by the way, and from out the dreadful scenes of slaughter at the Liege, *Durward* rescues his fair charge with the most devoted gallantry and remarkable presence of mind, and subsequently, after having cherished a well nigh hopeless passion, by a fortunate turn of circumstances, he attains his highest hopes, and the story ends as all such stories should.

We propose now running over a few of the scenes and incidents in the work, with especial regard to the hero and heroine.

Our hero is introduced with a dashing description of his person, as with light and active tread he approaches the swollen ford of a small river near the castle of Plessis les Tours. He crosses the rushing tide with a remarkable display of natatory ability, and upon the hither side meets Louis in the disguise of a merchant, accompanied by his gossip hangman. Innocence, frankness and gallantry, come in contact with craft, treachery and baseness. Louis, however, not entirely lost to all benevolent feeling, in his guise of merchant, shows our hero timely hospitality at the inn when first he sees our heroine, who at the close of Quentin's enormous meal, under the disguised kingly auspices, waits on Louis, as it were a dove waiting upon a serpent. Her youth, beauty, and half-hidden distress, strongly impress him, and at a disparaging remark from the King, with youthful impetuosity, he proclaims his willingness to throw down his gauntlet in her behalf, only to be laughed at, however, by his sarcastic entertainer. One more glimpse of her he is favored with, as at a little turret window opposite his own she sings to her lute a touching love ditty. Of course, every reader, at this point, correctly surmises the end. After this incident, Quentin is by force of circumstances separated from the Lady of the Lute, till the time of his departure, as their attendant, with Isabelle and her aunt, for the abode of the excellent Bishop of Liege, and it was during this journey that proximity ripened into love their romantic interest.

After their escape from perils by the way, and their safe arrival at Liege, we approach the most intensely exciting point of the story. William de la Marck, with the insurgent Ligeois, attacks and storms the Bishop's castle, and, with agonizing anxiety, Quentin sets about the rescue of his love. In all fiction, we know not a narrative which in breathless, painful interest surpasses this of the rescue of Isabelle from the castle, the soldiery, and the lust of William the Wild Boar. Quentin swims the moat, diverts the attention of the attackers from himself by shouting, "To the west tower, and the priests' treasury!" and the greedy plunderers leave him, as with beating heart he makes his way to the tower, where he should find Isabelle, and breaks in upon her, fainting with terror, in her little oratory before the sacred emblem. A scene ensues with which he who does not sympathize deserves our pity, as lacking all heart and feeling. It is strange, the power the story exercises over us. Of course the lovers surely will escape unharmed. Still the dangers are so great, the chances of safe-

ty so hopeless, that we are nervously apprehensive to the last. How, seemingly, upon a thread hangs their fate, as Quentin, the veiled Countess, and the Syndic, their newly made friend, and her father for the time, appear before William, revelling with his followers, in the banquet hall, to demand safe exit from the castle. How fearful the scene around them with drunken carousal, the excitement of passion, and the horrid murder of the good Bishop before them all. How hopeless their prospects till Quentin, boldly assuming his character as an Archer of the Scottish Guard, and for the occasion making himself an envoy of Louis, denounces their proceedings in the King's name, and demands safe egress for all who would leave the castle. This turns the scale, and they escape. As they leave the hall and the revolting scenes of blood, we involuntary draw a long breath of relief in their behalf. We pass hastily over their escape from the city, the pursuit, the timely meeting of Count Crevecœur, to whom they render themselves, the Countess having decided on a return to Burgundy. She is presently entrusted to the hospitality of a convent and the care of an abbess, for a time, and, with bitter heartache, poor Quentin, temporarily a prisoner, leaves her behind, having no prospect of further association with his heart's love. Finally, France and Burgundy alike having turned upon William the Wild Boar, Duke Charles proposes the hand of Isabelle as a reward for the Monster's head, and a faint gleam of hope flushes the horizon of our hero's destiny. In the conflict, urged desperately on by one heart-filling desire, he seeks out and makes for the Wild Boar of Ardennes, and actually engages him. Ah, Quentin, thou art near love and hope now, and cruel seems the fate which again snatches happiness from thee. A cry of distress from an old friend, the Syndic's daughter, calls him away, and in honor he must leave his foe and protect her to her home, and so, with unutterable bitterness of disappointment, he gives up the hope which had borne him triumphant through the bloody day, and sacrifices love upon the altar of remorseless duty. At first thought, we are angry at this cruel deprivation, but our feelings soon change, and we delight to recognize the true hero, who prefers despair to dishonor. Of course Providence, in this case, under the control of the author, must make matters right in the end. Quentin's uncle, LeBalafre, of the Scottish Guard, completing his nephew's work, produces before the Duke and assembly, the "Boar's" head, resigning his claims in favor of his young relation, upon whom, finally, Count Crevecœur bestows his benediction as follows: "After all, it is sense, firmness and gallantry, which have put him in possession of Wealth, Rank, and Beauty."

Having now, imperfectly, we are aware, given some idea of the plot and leading scenes in order, like the player who has passed through the arches, in croquet, we purpose exercising the privileges of a "rover," in wandering about, without special regard to order, in speaking of various characters, and such incidents as may be involved. Little or nothing need be said of Louis : he is too well known, historically, to need criticism in fiction. He was no fool, though most emphatically a knave, and we are glad to know that his sins troubled him greatly on his death-bed. Le Balafre, our hero's uncle, does his nephew an exceeding good turn in the beginning and at the end of the story ; in the first case saving him from hanging, and in the second, securing him a wife. He is a rough old soldier, without delicacy, and not over sharp, but courageous, and, on the whole, good-hearted. Scott gives us, through him, one of the richest specimens of humor to be found in literature, and which we must be excused from quoting in full. When first he meets his nephew and learns that his relations in Scotland are murdered, taking a gold chain from his neck and twisting therefrom, with his teeth, about four inches, he addresses his attendant, as follows : "Here, Andrew, carry this to my jolly gossip, Father Boniface, the monk of St. Martin's. Tell my gossip that my brother and sister, and some others of my house, are all dead and gone, and I pray him to say masses for their souls as far as the value of these links will carry him. and to do on trust what else may be necessary to free them from purgatory. And hark ye, as they were just living people, and free from all heresy, it may be that they are well nigh out of limbo already, so that a little matter may have them free of the fetlocks ; and in that case, look ye, ye will say I desire to take out the balance of the gold in curses upon a generation called the Ogilvies of Angus-shire, in what way soever the Church may best come at them." As a mild satire upon himself, priest, Church, and doctrine, this is perfect. The character of Charles the Bold is admirably portrayed. In contradistinction from Louis, he was by no means a knave, yet, in some respects not far from a fool, blundering, impetuous and obstinate, as he was. In Anne of Guersstein, we have the continuation and close of his career, and the two works give us a full delineation of his characteristics.

As for Quentin himself, the sarcasm of Louis will do for a beginning in his analysis : a true Scot, plenty of blood, plenty of pride, and a right great scarcity of ducats. Native keenness and a tender susceptibility characterize him, as well as the obvious traits, courage and presence of mind. We are led to infer, moreover, from certain

little touches which our author gives us, far too few, that he possessed a ready wit, and that indefinable quality of making a good impression, for which adaptability perhaps comes nearest of anything to being a name. Hope and ambition are his springs of action, and love his guiding star. His romantic attachment for Isabelle elicits our warmest interest, and his manly spirit, our highest admiration. Who does not enter into the melancholy of his feelings, when, after the greatest services that could possibly be rendered her, he is separated from his love, without a word, and under the surveillance of the sarcastic Crevecœur, pursues his weary way to Burgundy's Court, through the night, while the yellow harvest moon pours her rich light upon plain, woodland, and battlemented castle, as with bitter heart-ache Quentin passes through the peaceful scene, feeling the distance between him and his heart's desire continually widening. We attribute to the moon an intensifying power over our emotions: if joyous, they are heightened, if sad, they are deepened in her mystic rays. Therefore, we pity Durward, sad at heart, in the autumn moonlight. Soon, however, in manly mood, he schools himself in this wise. "The pilot," he reflected, "steers his bark by the polar star, although he never expects to become the possessor of it, and the thoughts of Isabelle of Croye shall make me a worthy man-at-arms, though I may never see her more. When she hears that a Scottish soldier, named Quentin Durward, distinguished himself in a well fought field, or left his body in the breach of a disputed fortress, she will remember the companion of her journey, as one who did all in his power to avert the snares and misfortunes which beset it, and perhaps will honor his memory with a tear, his coffin with a garland." A bitter sweet soliloquy, mournful indeed, but no less manful. The character of Countess Isabelle is far less distinctly drawn than that of Quentin, and from the nature of circumstances this is the case. Having the good taste to love Durward, and the firmness to hold herself aloof from other suitors, and the requisite amount of maidenly reserve and modesty, we are left to judge of her more by inference than example, and therefore we infer everything which is good and becoming, and to her manifest charms add those which in the mind of each one of us form our individual ideal of womanly perfection. But we must now pass to some final considerations as to the general features of the work. As a historical novel, its delineations of character may be received as fully reliable, but the events, of course, "*cum grano salis*" as Scott is not loth to receive the privilege of an author in suiting them to the story. Scott exercises his descriptive powers with great effect, in this work,

and his pictures stand out in bold relief before us. Yet, the language is not always the most musical, nor his sentences always fluent and artistic in the mere matter of sound, but the power which underlies them, that of seeing for himself what he describes, makes us also to see with him. His style appears to be plain, vigorous, and picturesque, and are the farthest from ever sacrificing sense to sound. We would that space permitted quotations, but can only refer to the little moonlight scene which introduces chap. vii, vol. 2, as a specimen of word painting worthy of notice. Scott, in this work, displays certain characteristics which are common to most of his novels. He is remarkably sparing of sentiment, and particularly chary of love scenes, of which there are but two in the book. Undoubtedly the author is vastly more interested in the history than the fiction of his writing, but when, in the departments he neglects, his powers are so remarkably good, it seems our misfortune that we are favored with so little of their exercise. Behind his very few love scenes, a faint spirit of gentle, kindly satire lurks, which, while it adds to their charm, makes it evident that he is not given to much indulgence in them.

The work ends neatly, but abruptly, and we feel the want of something at the close. Scott adds a postscript, in which a friend enters a bitter protest, clamoring energetically for an account of the marriage, and subsequent results. This is all very well, and would of course interest us highly, but we could do without it, if our reticent author had only given us one more scene, in which Quentin and Isabelle meet, after their good fortune becomes known to them, so that we could enjoy their happiness with them, and hear what they have to say of it; especially Isabelle, who has altogether too little to say in the story. But no; the remorseless Scott shuts up his narrative without an intimation of any kind as to these things, leaving, at our last glimpse of them, the heroine in anxiety, the hero in despair. It is aggravating. For a complete contrast to Scott's niggardliness in the matter of a satisfactory love scene, we would refer the reader to Bayard Taylor's John Godfrey. It has been remarked that the character of Isabelle is somewhat faintly drawn, and, in general, it may be said that this is the principal imperfection of Scott's heroines. There is one marked exception, however, that of Die Vernon, who has, we were tempted to say, more individuality than all the rest combined. The most strongly marked characters of Scott are often mere side pieces, or appendages to the story, and we can only wish that his heroes, and especially his heroines, were better exponents of the genius he so lavishly displays elsewhere. We must, of course, however, take things

as we find them, and be, if possible, content ; and the task is certainly no difficult one in the case of our subject, whose merits so far outweigh its defects.

The atmosphere of the work is pure and bracing. No doubtful morality, no hidden, insidious principle finds a place therein. Iniquity is exposed to light, and crime held up for our abhorrence. Virtue meets its due reward, and the story, as the author remarks, ends with "a moral of excellent tendency for the encouragement of all fair haired, blue eyed, long legged, stout hearted emigrants from his native country who may be willing, in stirring times, to take up the gallant profession of Cavaliers of Fortune."

R. F. B.

College Reading Room.

IN writing on this subject, we are well aware that it is a somewhat hackneyed one.

However this may be, the necessity for such an institution, in the College, remains the same. If you, reader of the LIT., feel that the subject is too stale for your notice, we beg of you not to read this article. If you, at this period of your College experience, think it beneath the dignity of the LIT. to publish an Article on the subject of a Reading Room, all we have to say is, so let it be. Still further, we are aware, that some Articles appeared in the columns of the COURANT, last term, very pertinent to the subject ; but there the matter seems to rest. Is anybody to blame ? If so, who ? We all know, or ought to know, that several spasmodic efforts have been made to establish a College Reading Room. Upon investigation, the almost unanimous conclusion was arrived at, that, just at present, the College Corporation has no suitable building for this purpose. This is unfortunate, and no one is radically to blame.

Some have recommended the consolidation of the Society Libraries, and taking the South wing of the Library Building for a Reading Room. Now, in each of these Libraries, the places for delivering books are frequently crowded beyond convenience. Consequently, to have one of these places of delivery serve a double purpose, would render the inconvenience still greater. It was also urged, if the Libraries were consolidated, only one Librarian would be needed; the salary of one would thereby be saved, and could be used in the purchase of books. Yet it seems to us no more than fair, that a Librarian, rendering double service, ought to receive double pay.

Still further, the Library Building serves the purpose for which it was intended, and ought not to be put to any other use, unless a better building be offered in exchange.

The last plan proposed was, to take Brothers in Unity hall. Then arose the question, what will Brothers do for a place to hold their meetings? The answer was, that Brothers and Linonia were both to occupy Linonia hall, and hold their meetings on different evenings. This, of course, the members of both Societies strongly objected to. It appears to us that they did so on just grounds. In our private opinion, it would be equivalent to an abolition of one, and perhaps both, of the Societies. The process might be slow; but the result would be, to merge the two into one. This is a fact that ought not to be overlooked. If a Society is worth an existence at all, that existence ought to be of sufficient value to guarantee it a place exclusively to hold its meetings. Then we ought to have more consideration for the feelings of the Alumni, than to destroy the Society associations, by giving up the halls. There is hardly a man who has gone forth from this College, after four years connection with either Society, that would like to hear that the Society, of which he was once a member, had given up its identity. There are many pleasant associations connected with these Society halls. Associations that we shall love to carry with us, long after we have left this place. For proof of this, we have only to refer you to those venerable men, who each year assemble in these halls, and enliven their meetings with a rehearsal of College and Society reminiscences. Never failing to express their affection and devotion for these fraternities. Then, we say, most emphatically, for the sake of the Alumni, if for no other reason, let neither Society give up its hall.

Thus, at some length, having considered the impracticable, let us see if we can arrive at the practicable, and find what and where it is; also, what the nature of the Reading Room ought to be. We learn,

from good authority, that the paintings are soon to be transferred from Trumbull Gallery, to the Art Building. Doubtless there are many good uses to which the Gallery can be put, after the paintings are removed.

Among these uses, we wish to put in an appeal in behalf of the Reading Room. This room, in size and locality, is better adapted to serve this purpose, than any other on the College grounds. Its internal arrangement is such, that it could, with little expense, be turned into a very neat and convenient Reading Room. It is also lighted from overhead; an advantage that is, in itself, desirable. In point of locality, we think it is equal to, if not superior, to any building we could get. Scores of men, every day, pass by Trumbull Gallery, in going to and from their College exercises; while hardly a half dozen pass near Alumni Hall. In short, Trumbull Gallery is at the juncture of as many paths, as any place we are at present likely to secure. Convenience of access, is an argument that we cannot present too strongly. It is an element upon which depends, to a great extent, the success of every institution.

The importance and advantage of a Reading Room is so obvious to all, that it seems to us almost superfluous to urge it here. It strikes us that it is a matter that affects, quite materially, the whole system of College society. Yes, my friend, it affects you and I; this matter of a Reading Room. Here are assembled five-hundred young men; and how many of our number can tell, to-day, what is taking place in the halls of our National Legislation. Few of us are well enough posted, to hold an intelligent conversation on what has taken place in this country since we entered College.

Webster says:—"We know, that the record of illustrious actions is most safely deposited in the universal remembrance of mankind." As College students, we are sadly neglecting the current events of our own times. Not only that, we are forming habits of indifference in regard to public questions.

We do not feel like giving you a homily on the evils of wasting time. Yet, there are many students, who, almost necessarily, lose time enough every day, to keep themselves well versed on national affairs and events. If there was a Reading Room, convenient of access, and well supplied with papers and periodicals, the time now lost could be spent there, with pleasure and profit. The grand result of this would be, to improve the tone, and give greater interest to conversation among College students. To converse fluently and intelligently on the topics of the day, is something that every student

ought to be able to do. Yet, how few there are among our number who can.

The Reading Room, we think, should have in it, Daily and Weekly papers from the principal cities of the country. Also, British and American Periodicals, Magazines, Reviews, &c. The latter could afterwards be bound, and put into the Libraries. Thus the students would not have to wait any great length of time after their publication before getting a chance to read them. We hardly feel it necessary to say anything about the difficulty of supporting a Reading Room; we know there would not be any. We think there is no student of Yale who would object, or feel that he was throwing away his money in giving it for the support of such an Institution.

Now, the question arises, is the plan practicable, or is it an Utopian scheme, that can never be realized? Our answer is, we think it can be brought to a successful issue. We have already seen, on the part of the Faculty and students, a strong desire manifested for a Reading Room. The chief obstacle, as we stated in the beginning, is the want of a place. Now, as there is a room soon to be made vacant, which, if obtained, we have shown would answer the purpose, it only remains for the coöperation of the Faculty and students to secure this room and fit it up. And let Yale College bear the honor of supporting a first class Reading Room.

G. F. R.

Forsyth's Cicero.

FORSYTH'S biography of Cicero is perhaps justly considered the most complete and interesting account that we possess of any of the ancient classic authors. It presents to us new attractions for acquiring a more correct and intelligent appreciation of the character and genius of one who gained an almost unrivalled position among the great masters of oratory. But, although the general voice of scholars concedes to Cicero the highest honors in his art, there is still a great diversity of opinion in respect to his character and statesmanship.

His biographers have appeared to occupy the two extremes of extravagant praise and detraction. An overweening admiration of his brilliant talents has led some to extol him unsparingly, while others find in him but little to commend. They see in him only the egotist, the intriguing politician; the peevish and unmanly exile. Consequently they have failed to give us a just and impartial record of his life. Of the former class is Middleton, whose book has probably been the most generally read. His Cicero, however, is a very different character from Forsyth's.

Middleton is not content with attempting to persuade his readers that Cicero is the greatest orator that ever lived, but he would also have him believe that his public and private life was as near perfection as the imperfect state of man will allow. He would claim for him natural military endowments which, had they been cultivated, would have made him the rival of Cæsar or Pompey. We should infer from his description, that his poetical ability was beyond dispute, but that the popular productions of Virgil and Horace in the golden age of Augustus, bore away the palm from his more polished verses. In this respect he goes even beyond Cicero himself, but as Cicero was not apt to underate his own ability, we feel justified in believing that he drew rather from his imagination than from facts.

You will remember that Juvenal, in the tenth satire, while speaking of his verse,

"O, fortunatam, natam me consule, Roman,"

said, that if its author had never produced anything more brilliant than that, he never would have created those enemies who endangered his life. This probably is not a fair representative of Cicero's verses, yet he expressly states that he had not a poetical genius.

There is perhaps no one among the conspicuous characters of antiquity who justly merits this almost unqualified praise. We certainly could not expect to find one at Rome in the time of Cicero, when vices most ruinous to society passed without censure; when her history was stained on every page, with the blackest deeds of human infamy and degradation; when pagan superstition held her people in spiritual darkness and venality, permitted the wealthy to defy justice and to barter away their liberties. The object of doing so would seem almost an attempt to argue against the beneficent influences of our modern Christian civilization. It is calculated neither to benefit us nor to increase our admiration. A just and impartial record of facts is the first duty of the historian. Without it, biogra-

phy, as well as history, is of little service to mankind. This is the chief excellence in Boswell, and the one that has placed him so far in advance of the other writers of his class. It is the faithful delineation of Dr. Johnson's character, his personal appearance and conversation, that has made Boswell's *Life*, as Burke remarks, "the best record of his powers."

Forsyth has endeavored, so far as circumstances permit, to furnish us with a more reliable account of Cicero. While he is a great admirer of his subject, he has not suffered his admiration to influence his position as a critic and historian. He has placed before us the facts as he finds them from a thorough examination of Cicero's letters and other literary works. He does not attempt to create an enthusiasm for Cicero by decreasing our esteem for the other great characters by whom he was surrounded. On the contrary, we sometimes feel that he has said even less than we might reasonably expect in favor of one whose principles were formed in such perplexing times. His style is clear, attractive, forcible, and at times eloquent. He has been exceedingly happy in the arrangement of his material, and his quotations are just sufficient for illustration. The narrative is clearly drawn. If he turns aside to give the reader a knowledge of circumstances and the men who moulded them, he does not make the great aim of the work obscure. Cicero is the moving spirit of the whole. We see him as the studious youth at Rome, bending all his energies to the attainment of that one great object that has given his name such immortality; the zealous student of the poetry and philosophy of Greece; the general student, the distinguished lawyer and the able statesman.

Cicero seems the finest example of moral character in his age. The morals of the younger Cato were stricter in theory, but Cicero excelled him in practice. It is true he was vain and egotistic, in an age when egotism was a marked characteristic, still it never lead him to disregard the rights nor to undervalue the talents of others. He respected and honored merit wherever he saw it, and many of the distinguished men of his day have acquired additional luster by his eloquence. The self-sacrificing patriotism of Cato received a memorial from his pen, while the name and fame of Hortentius, his great rival at the bar, rests almost entirely on the immortality of his writings. But there is justly some extenuation for his egotism. We must consider the influence of the age in which he lived,—the circumstances in which he was placed. From boyhood he was flattered and caressed. His shining talents made him a leader and example for his

associates, and we are told that their parents resorted to the schools to see this youthful prodigy.

He appears to have been the last of a great generation of orators. Cæsar was the most successful politician; Pompey, as regards military tactics, the greatest general that Rome ever produced. Nearly all his distinguished cotemporaries perished, like himself, by a violent death. Soon after the disastrous battle of Pharsalia, Pompey was killed in the east by Septimus. Cato, at Utica, in despair over the ruin of the republic, committed suicide. Cæsar fell by the hand of Brutus; and Brutus scarcely survived his defeat at Philippi. A little before this, Cicero was murdered by Antony's assassins, and according to Plutarch, it was left to his son, as colleague of Cæsar Augustus, to punish the murderers of his father.

There is a marked resemblance in the lives of the two great orators of antiquity. Each ranked highest in the art among his countrymen. The one fought for the liberties of Greece, the other for the liberties of Rome. Cicero fell by the hand of his enemies, Demosthenes by poison taken to prevent that fate. In traits of character, however, they differed. The latter was vindictive and repulsive. The former, generous and affable. Cicero could use his wit and humor to his opponent's disadvantage; Demosthenes only to his own. St. Jerome apostrophized him thus: "Demosthenes has snatched from thee the glory of being the first; thou from Demosthenes, that of being the only orator."

There is no one of the Latin authors who is entitled to so high a claim on our consideration as Cicero. His writings embrace the finest specimens of Latin prose, and occupy a large portion of our time in the study of the language; and when our college days are over, it will probably be to him, more than to any other Latin author, that most of us will turn with the greatest pleasure. But there is a claim beyond this. He found the literature of his country in its infancy. He introduced the study of philosophy, and gave to it an impulse that shone out so brilliantly in the age of Augustus.

It is true that he was ambitious for public honor, but the only means by which he wished to obtain it, was through the rightful suffrage of the people. Though his zeal and influence in behalf of the republic was hated by its enemies, his character and talents were respected. Plutarch says that some years after his death, Augustus found his grandson with a volume of Cicero concealed under his robe, and after having looked it over, returned it to him and said, "My dear child, this was an eloquent man and a lover of his country."

But a higher authority than all, is that noble and generous love of the people that raised him through every honor, from Quæstor to Consul, from the first stepping stone to political preferment, to the highest honor of the republic.

F. H. W.

Memorabilia Yalensia.

Class Elections.

At a meeting of the Senior Class, Jan. 19th, to elect the Valedictory Orator and Poet for Presentation, the following were chosen:—

JOHN WILLIAM SHOWALTER,	Class Orator.
WILLIAM HENRY BISHOP,	" Poet.

On the same day, the Junior Class elected the following gentlemen for Editors of the LIT.:—

R. W. AYRES,	W. A. MCKINNEY,
JOHN LEWIS,	A. P. TINKER.
W. A. LINN.	

Also the following gentlemen for Spoon Committee:—

C. D. BERRY,	WILLIAM PARSONS,
C. W. BINGHAM,	T. C. SLOANE,
W. P. DIXON,	SAMUEL TWEDDY,
IRA C. HALL,	E. J. TYTUS.
GEORGE MANIERS,	

Prize Debates.

The Brothers' Senior Prize Debates took place Wednesday evening, Jan. 16th. Question. "Do Nations necessarily grow old and die?"

The Prizes were awarded as follows:—

1st Prize,	John W. Showalter
2d "	{ Wallace Bruce,
	{ Boyd Vincent.
3d "	{ Jacob A. Cartwright,
	{ Robert E. DeForest.

Linonia Senior Prize Debate took place the same evening.

Question. "Would Ireland be justified in forcibly separating herself from England?"

The Prizes were awarded as follows:

1st Prize,	J. W. Partridge.
2d "	{ L. T. Brown,
		{ E. W. Clarke.
3d "	{ A. E. Lamb,
		{ C. S. Walker.

Brothers Junior Prize Debate took place Thursday afternoon and evening, January 17th.

Prizes were awarded as follows:—

1st Prize,	{ R. W. Ayres,
		{ S. A. Davenport.
2d "	{ J. Coffin,
		{ R. A. Hume.
3d "	{ O. C. Morse,
		{ N. P. S. Thomas.

Linonia Junior Prize Debate the same evening.

1st Prize,	J. M. Varnum.
2d "	{ John Coats,
		{ G. H. Lewis,
3d "	J. Lewis.

Sophomore Brothers Prize Debate took place January 15th.

1st Prize,	H. A. Beers.
2d "	{ E. G. Coy,
		{ W. G. Sperry.
3d "	E. P. Arvine.

Linonia Sophomore Prize Debate took place Saturday afternoon and evening, January 13th.

1st Prize,	{ Frank Atwood,
		{ H. C. Missiner.
2d "	{ S. H. Dana,
		{ H. W. Raymond.
3d "	{ George S. Sedgwick,
		{ Edward P. Wilder.

Senior Astronomical Prizes.

1st Prize,	H. T. Eddy.
2d "	L. T. Brown.

Editor's Table.

ROUSSEAU'S prescription for a love-letter—"begin without knowing what you are going to say, and leave off without knowing what the 'Dickens' you have said"—frequently finds, in Table-talk and Editorials, its most happy illustration. Two hundred and seventy-four times, kind reader, according to accurate computation, an "interesting" company of five has gathered around this Table. Other publications in our College World have sprung up, flourished, and passed away, but—with due deference and all modesty be it said—we feel confident that this, the two hundred and seventy-fifth Table, illustrates the above prescription, in a manner unparalleled. Now, whatever may be the natural profundity or fluidity of our ideas, the serenity of our mind is certainly not at all enhanced, as we receive a note from a small boy—perhaps a Franklin in disguise, in the service of TUTTLE, MOREHOUSE & TAYLOR—informing us that we have but "one *consecutive* hour" to put our ideas into hieroglyphics, if we intend to get out the present number before the completion of the two following months. This may be a beautiful *hit* at our negligence, but we consider it wholly unmerited; and unmerited severity, we all know, excites contempt, rather than respect. If it were our fault, that February has but twenty-eight days, we would, most certainly, feel like asking the pardon of our readers; but, probably, you all know, that at the "Council of Nice," in the year 325, the Julian Calendar was introduced, and "an error accumulated," down to the time of Pope Gregory XIII: whether the Error—if it had been allowed to accumulate for a few thousand years—would have finally thrown this "terraqueous Globe" out of its elliptical orbit, or whether there would be a "vernal equinox" in the present Century, have been interesting questions to the scientific world, and *particularly* to the Editor of the New York Herald.

To the Council of Nice, and the sainted Father of the Catholic Church, we therefore commend your cures. And we further hold, that as the date of General Washington's birth-day, according to the above methods, is either written Feb. 11th, 1731, O. S., or Feb. 22d, 1732, N. S., so we feel justified in believing, that *to-day*—being precisely eight days after the celebration of this glorious event—is Feb. 19th, O. S. It therefore necessarily follows, that if we wish to pay proper regard to the customs of our ancestors—that this is the February number of our Magazine. "Further, deponent saith not."

It must also be admitted, that the middle of a term is always a period of stagnation. For about two weeks, the wheels of College seem to stop. This is a pe-

riod when week-counting leaves us "in statu quo." "in medio," &c.—seven weeks are gone; seven weeks to come. The reminiscences of last vacation, in spite of ourselves, are fast losing themselves in the web of daily life, and the dreams of next vacation have hardly begun.

But in the midst of this stagnation of *time*, the various classes are in a moderate state of mental and physical activity. The Seniors—as usual at this stage of College life—are permitted to write Commencement pieces, although some are excused from speaking. The *eloquent* are looking forward with pleasure to the 18th of July, 1867, that day of days—the incarnation of thirty "swallow-tails." Those that "*have time*," we hear, are thinking quite seriously of matrimony, but it is gratifying to know that most of the class are busy. We are also happy to state that the fine lithograph of "The Future," exactly expresses the present *distant* feelings of the Board. We might also add at this point, that most of our Class (cause unknown) have found it difficult to assume the dignity of Senior Year, and a long time ago gave up the attempt. We regard the few exceptions as sufficient, and to these we would call a proper attention and advise a suitable degree of subserviency if—advice is necessary.

The Juniors are beginning to think of—their Junior Exhibition, and the probability of their realizing their hopes in being eloquent on that occasion. Pardon our familiarity, but *don't* let "*atra cura*" in any respect trouble your dreams, for the second term of Junior year never comes but once, and one year from now you will *all* undoubtedly regard it as an Oasis in College life, perhaps because

"The past will always win
A glory from its being far."

The Sophomores and Freshmen are getting along *finely*; each Class finding a degree of satisfaction in its own prowess, and occasionally sending some heroic, but unfortunate representative, to the Police Court. Whether this tribunal is a place of Justice, we don't believe Themis herself could tell. The study of "Puckle" undoubtedly requires a large amount of *out door* exercise.

We have quite a pretty little poem lying upon our Table—"Girlhood." The envelope accompanying it is unopened, as we print but one stanza. We think it shows considerable poetic taste and ability, but is not completely finished :

"Bessie put on with laughing grace
A silken hood, demure and quaint,
From out whose depths her girlish face
Glowed like an antique picture saint
Fresh-tinted, though in setting old,
Of dingy carving and tarnished gold."

We have also received some very good articles from other Colleges, but we are more than supplied at present by the facile quills of "our own Institution."

Our hour is up, but we feel that we must write at least one more sentence, by way of quotation. We are aware that last term "the germ" of it was printed, but it is gradually growing longer, and will soon become a perfect synonym of sweetness. First, a rap at our door; then a basket, then a hat, *and then*, "not wishing to interrupt the gentlemen in their studies, but don't the gentlemen wish to invest in buying a package of first-rate, extra good, real pure, superfine, old fashioned, home-made molasses candy?" This is only equalled by the Irishman's notice on the "Free bridge:" "All persons of every description, hereafter, in all future time to come, can pass over this bridge, free gratis for nothing, without paying a cent."

We have only to add in conclusion, that the last year in College is eminently qualified for cultivating the affections. As a proof of this, a person for the first three years of his course, never given to sentiment, innocently answered the following question: "When man loves, what goods does he choose?" "Dry Goods!" This last touching apostrophe suggests a volume of emotions, but as light literature already floods the market, at this point we cease—leaving our "medical lectures" and remarks on "carving," to the Doctor, who will undoubtedly have something to do with our next publication.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXII.

MARCH, 1867.

No. 5.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '67.

WALLACE BRUCE,

ALBERT E. DUNNING,

J. JAY DUBOIS,

J. W. HARTSHORN,

RICHARD W. WOODWARD.

Macintosh's Vindiciæ Gallicæ.

We intend to review the work before us, confining our attention to its argumentative and artistic merit. Now, the *Vindiciæ Gallicæ* is avowedly a reply to Burke's "Thoughts on the French Revolution;" therefore, to estimate correctly the soundness of the arguments found in the reply, an acquaintance with the views held by Burke will be necessary: that is to say, we must institute a comparison, plainly between the two works.

In Mr. Burke's somewhat rambling and illogical essay, we discover, intermingled, it is true, with much legitimate reasoning, an unusual amount of mere rant and denunciation. Separating the latter from the former, let us briefly notice the principles which Burke advocates, and the arguments which he brings forward. His principles are apparently these:—a sturdy, prejudiced belief in the unequal rights of men,—a strong bias toward aristocracy, as opposed to democracy,—a love for nobility, in whatever shape found,—a disposition to trust *experience implicitly*, and to *distrust* any self-evident truth, provided that it savors at all of innovation. These principles being enunciated, he appends some special argument, powerful in the case at hand, and directly appropriate to it. Let us state these arguments in order, and attend to their refutation, as found in the *Vindiciæ Gallicæ*.

First, Burke endeavors to set at nought three propositions announced by the Democrats. They are as follows :—"That we have acquired a right to choose our own governors; to cashier them for misconduct; and to frame a government for ourselves." Mackintosh takes up these propositions singly, and, in one of the finest sections of the work, proves them triumphantly. To prove the first two, he selects from the unimpeachable record of History a chain of circumstances, logically connected and convincing. To prove the third, he has recourse to a noble and masterly *a priori* argument. Burke, in his treatment of the matter, had made more than one deceptive allusion to History, had covered his weak position with his ever-ready, brilliant eloquence, had most freely manifested his inveterate repugnance to innovation, and unreasonable reverence for antiquity. Mackintosh exposes the historical inaccuracy, and bears down the eloquence and the prejudice together by the mere weight of argument.—"What!" Burke in effect would cry, "Is the aged oak to be destroyed? Are the past centuries to be obliterated? Is our monarchy to be annihilated?" Mackintosh in effect would reply, "Yes! if need be. If the monarchy is rotten, let it fall! If the centuries indicate stagnation, let the days record progress! If the oak is dead, let it be cut down, and let the vigorous sapling take its place!" There is not a flaw in Mackintosh's reasoning. History and Philosophy alike uphold him in his views.

The violence attending the formation of a revolutionary government will always prove, to the timorous and unthinking, the injustice of that government. It is, then, not surprising that Mr. Burke has laid great stress upon the civil confusion in France. About this matter he declaims and reasons, just as if he was ignorant of the fact that every great revolution must be attended by excesses and suffering.—The sufferings of the royal family particularly excite his delicate sensibility: for he exclaims, "On this new scheme of barbarous philosophy, a king is but a man, and a queen is but a woman!" As if titles necessarily ennobled any one,—as if midway between God and man there was a rank of sentient beings, troubled but little with the vices of mortals, and partaking of the divine nature; unfortunately compelled to abide with us, and only prevented from soaring to the ethereal regions by the obstinate law of gravitation. Mackintosh demolishes this fabric of pathetic eloquence, with one well directed blow. "Has any moralist ever pretended," he asks, "that we are to decline the pursuit of a good which our duty prescribes to us, because we foresee that some partial and incidental evil will arise from it?"

"Shall we abstain from establishing a free government, because we foresee that it cannot be effected without temporary confusion?" He then points to Holland and America, and asks if the examples which are there furnished are not as worthy of imitation as those which chivalry has supplied of servile obedience and courtly pride.

Next, Burke proceeds to slander the character of the National Assembly of France. And, first, he flatly denies the ability of the popular representatives. Then, discovering no badge of nobility upon their breasts, he insidiously attempts to blacken their honor. He charges them with deliberate acts of violence, and finally attacks them *en masse*, in one general manifesto. "All employments," he says, "are not honorable. The occupation of a hair-dresser, or of a working tallow-chandler, cannot be a matter of honor to any person—to say nothing of a number of more servile employments." A sneer is no argument, and cannot demand a reply. Mackintosh, in *his* discussion of the character and composition of this Assembly, discloses quite a different state of things. He not only asserts, but proves, that the Assembly was composed of men practically acquainted with the nature of the work laid before them: he proves that they fostered no violence, and were guilty of no crime.

Mackintosh next undertakes the defense of the New Constitution of France. Against this document, in all its parts, Burke had inveighed. He had disagreed *in toto* with the ideas contained therein respecting the legislature, the executive power, the judicature, the model of the army, and the system of finance. A recital, however brief, of the arguments *pro* and *con*, would consume altogether too much time. Suffice it to say that, in our opinion, Mackintosh's position in reference to this point is impregnable. He not only satisfactorily answers Burke, but introduces other arguments in support of the new Constitution. But Burke denies the *necessity* of a new Constitution, and, in fact, of a revolution. He refers, in eulogistic terms, to the late reign of Louis, and praises the old nobility, the old clerical system, the old military system; in fact, *all* the *old* establishments. Thereupon, Mackintosh proceeds to prove the expediency and necessity of the Revolution. This he shows, first, by reviewing the various events anterior to the overthrow of Louis; these events are seen to mark an era of despotism and incapability: next, by enumerating the various causes which influenced the people to demand a more equitable division and administration of government. He proves the legitimacy of the Assembly, and the justice of its decision respecting the destruction of the old government.

We have thus reviewed the greater part of the arguments brought

forward by Burke, and answered by Mackintosh. What shall we say of their actuating principles? We have already referred to Burke's. We cannot but have noticed the incidental evidence of his blind trust in antiquity, his prejudice in favor of nobility and aristocracy, and his inclination to scorn the lowly. In contrast with these theories of pride and pomposity, glance for a moment at the more unpretending and stable ones of our author. He does not deride experience: on the other hand, he acknowledges that it is the "basis of human knowledge"—"the guide of human action:" but he further says, "History is an immense collection of experiments. Some institutions are experimentally ascertained to be beneficial; some to be most destructive. What now would be the dictate of enlightened experience? Not surely to follow any model in which these institutions lay indiscriminately mingled: but, like the mechanic, to compare and generalize, to imitate and reject." Again, "Government may be made to be respected, not because it is ancient, but because it is useful." This, in his opinion, is the only principle of authority that does not violate justice and insult humanity. Again, while Burke takes every possible opportunity to declare in favor of "that feudal and chivalrous spirit of fealty," and "that nobility which is the Corinthian capital of polished states," Mackintosh points out the general weakness of feudal principles, and declares a "titled nobility to be the most undisputed progeny of feudal barbarism." And, further, he claims, that to give stability to a popular government, a democratic character must be formed, and democratic sentiments inspired. The sentiment of equality must prevail." And, finally, in opposition to Burke's theory that "a complete surrender of all natural right is made by man, in entering into society," he proclaims the doctrine of the "*rights of man*," as they are now understood and upheld by most of the great philosophers of the world. These are the principles of Mackintosh. They are well and nobly expressed in the work before us. His style, though not so elegant and captivating as Burke's, is far more manly, and his logic is, of the two, infinitely the superior. We find in our author the ready writer, the profound philosopher, and the fearless champion of freedom. The Englishman who, in 1790, could say, "We ought to demand freedom, not because we *have been free*, but because we *have a right to be free*:" this man merits some higher appellation than that of a "warm enthusiast," which Mr. Burke has bestowed upon him: he deserves to be gratefully remembered as an intrepid exponent of that true Anglican liberty, the blessings of which we have enjoyed for so many years and which, please God, shall be our boon for years and years to come.

C. S. E.

The Lost City.

Who can read the story of Heroulaneum and Poinpeii without feelings of astonishment and delight ; astonishment that cities once flourishing and important should have lain so long concealed from the eyes of man ; delight at the treasures of art they at last disclosed to the world ? Perhaps the former feeling is the stronger. And indeed it is *wonderful* that, during sixteen hundred years, these cities should have defied repeated attempts of the learned to ascertain their position, until chance at length revealed it. Imagine, too, the scene of their destruction ! Picture to yourselves the terrible convulsion of nature which overwhelmed these two cities, containing in themselves a *world* of thought and feeling and still throbbing with the pulse of life, and buried them deeper and deeper in their fiery grave. Youth, beauty, science—art, all in it that makes the present dear or the future precious—all destroyed forever, naught but their memory left.

Similar in its desolating effect was the Spanish conquest of America. The fierce tide of Spanish arms, bursting its barriers at home, rolled on, a resistless flood, over the countries bordering upon the Gulf of Mexico. Ever onward it swept, while ruin and blackened desolation marked its course. Nothing was left untouched, not even the religion of the poor Indians,—that in which the *Roman* did not dare to interfere with his tributaries, not even in the palmiest days of the Capital. The settlements destroyed by the Spaniards were never built anew. They fell to rise no more. *One* city, however, appears to have been overwhelmed by the terrible inundation, as were those marvels of Italy ; enveloped around and above with barriers thrown up by the invading element which at once destroyed and preserved them.

Let the traveller, who will see this city, journey some eight or ten days from Guatemala, on the road toward Mexico. Then, leaving the direct road, let him turn to the right, and climb the lofty Cordilleras till he reach the summit of the range. A large barren rock commands a view of the extensive plain lying to the south-east of Yucatan. The traveller waits till some fine day lifts the veil of cloud which floats low around and beneath him, and which clings to the rock as if for protection against the fearful blasts continually threatening that exposed situation. The cloud lifts. The sun's golden beams illumine the plain, calling *each object* forth into light and beauty. And as the

panorama unfolds itself to his gaze, away off on the level far below his feet, rise the sacrificial pyramids of a city long lost to the world. What emotions must rise while gazing at such a sight, with such surroundings, at such a time! A nameless city, buried alive, with all its hopes of glory, all its ambitious dreams, with all it contains of youthful ardor or manhood's strength; how mysterious it seems in its loneliness! How many far-reaching minds must have been trammelled by the self-contained life in which the dwellers in this plain have matured and died. The subject teems with thoughts worthy of the poet's pen. And, laying romance aside, this mysterious city remains a most wonderful object for our contemplation. More than three centuries have rolled away, during which this place has been isolated from the surrounding people, shut in by natural barriers and by the severe restrictions its governors have deemed expedient to avert the contamination of the white man's influence. But one or two of the white race have seen it—none have ever entered its walls. There it stands, a living, moving, breathing monument of the past. For, without commerce, and the interchange of ideas which commerce brings; without the salutary lessons to be learned from the experience of other nations, ignorant of the outside world and its customs, this little community, most assuredly, cannot have kept pace with advancing civilization. All history militates against the idea. It represents, then, a former period in the history of our continent. What we know of the culture of the Gulf nations at the time of the Conquest, may lead us to some conjectures as to its civilization, its proficiency in art, science, literature. All such conjectures must be vague and speculative; still they may not be without useful results,—useful when measured by those ideas of utility which characterize the present age. They may lead us to study man, "the highest study of mankind," under a new phase.

Existing records show that the ancient Mexicans, at the time when Cortez invaded their territory, were a people skilled in many of the arts known to Europe, both useful and ornate, and also in some now lost to the world; versed in the natural sciences; sufficiently well in astronomy, certainly, to form a calendar as accurate as our own, (no mean achievement for *any* people.) They likewise could boast of considerable attainment in literature, especially in poetry. Broad political views controlled their state, which was based on a code of morals as sound as any ever possessed by an idolatrous nation. Though they betrayed great fondness for peace, they displayed a prowess in war which Cortez little expected. Surely it would be useful for the stu-

dent of man's nature to ascertain the physical condition of this ancient people, to learn their origin, to study their language, their religion, their laws, and by this means to estimate their moral and intellectual grade, and discover their mode of life and of thought. Now there is one way in which this may be done, and that is by deciphering the hieroglyphics engraved on those grotesque stone sculptures which Stephens discovered in Central America. See how rich a harvest Rawlinson speaks of gathering from similar inscriptions:

"On the clay tablets which we have found at Nineveh, which are now to be counted by thousands, there are explanatory treatises on almost every subject under the sun: the art of writing, grammars and dictionaries, notation, weights and measures, divisions of time, chronology, astronomy, geography, history, mythology, geology, botany, &c. In fact, we have now at our disposal a perfect cyclopædia of Assyrian science, and shall probably be able to trace all Greek knowledge to its source."

And as the clue to-decipher these Assyrian inscriptions was given by the famous Rosetta stone, speaking with three tongues to the genius of the French scholar, so the key to read the stone tablets containing the history of the Aztec race is to be found in this lost city in the wilds of Central America.

Insomnia.

LAST night a terror seized me, sleeping;
I, trembling, waked, and upright leaping,
Sat harkening in the gloom.
The night without was wild with snow;
The lonesome winds moaned to and fro;
Dim fire-light lit the room.

A piteous sound of sobbing, sobbing,
The leaden beat of sad hearts throbbing,
Surged through the half-shut door.
Vague whispering voices filled the air,
Uncertain steps came up the stair,
And paced the creaking floor.

And they were shades of olden time,
Haunting by night their buried prime,
And sudden one sang low :—

I am aweary, weary;
All day long I sigh,
And all the world has grown so dreary,
I care not when I die.

The world cares not for me,
I care not for the world;
I would my sail were furled
Safe from the angry sea.

Oh, not for such as I
Is ever joy or calm.
Death is the only balm;
I pray that I may die.

I may not break the bond
That holds my gloomy life;
I dare not end the strife;
Who knows what lieth beyond?

And then another took the strain;
But still of all the sad refrain
Was suffering and woe.

So all night long I heard them weeping,
Like as the measured sound of reaping
Comes through the autumn corn;
And all life's mystery I knew.
Pale and more pale the darkness grew,
Till eastward bloomed the morn.

The Love-Life of a Freshman.

"Spring bids full many buds to swell,
That ne'er can grow to flowers."

THE old, old story everywhere claims a place. Not in the dewy meadow, at "Five o'clock in the morning," nor in cushioned boudoirs, under the gas-jets, does it lose a jot of its beauty or its sweetness. Its notes chime with the jingling of sleigh-bells, make sweet and low music of summer evenings, and everywhere rise up from their nests in youthful memories, and vibrate in pleasant thoughts. What wonder, *then, that the footprints of Cupid are sometimes discovered around*

these ungainly heaps of brick, and cannot be swept away by the trail of the student's gown? What wonder that the stories of the faithless Helen and the frantic Dido, suggest no note of warning or of pity!

As a student, the Freshman forgets his boyish experiences and his boyish philosophy. There is a wall between his present and past life which every day grows thicker and stronger. He has an eager look around and beyond him; no backward glances. He walks up and down Chapel street on holiday afternoons, to gather materials for his "Dream of Fair Women." You will know he is a Freshman by the modest way he has of peeping under sun-umbrellas, and by an occasional sudden halt at street corners, with an amazed look, as if he had seen a—vision. One of the pretty faces that he meets has a smile on it that somehow seems meant for him. And he catches a sight of the flutter of a handkerchief as she glides past. He doesn't understand it. He whispers his story to a seat-mate—one of the knowing ones—at the evening recitation. He is assured that the kerchief was a symbol for a bag of oats—wild oats—inviting a reply. The spirit of romance is thoroughly aroused. He anxiously rubs his chin. He thinks he will "let his whiskers out a link or two." So he lets it for several weeks, and the result makes him perceptibly down-y at the mouth. The next smile he meets with on the street, he welcomes with a full spread kerchief, grasped unflinchingly with both hands. He is hardly prepared to see that witching smile slip so suddenly behind a glance of indifference and scorn. He would as soon have expected a snow-storm in July. He has not learned yet that a maiden looks always at such demonstrations through a veil of shy forgetfulness. He is mortified, but not disheartened. Ere long he makes his way into a Sunday School, "more," says a jilted Senior, whose eyes were blinded for a whole year by the white hand of a pious beauty, "more attracted by a pretty pair of ankles that he saw disappear behind the Chapel door, than by a desire to disseminate Bible truths." But we will be charitable. At the worst, earthly beauty has heavenly kindred. And the whole epitome of Gospel law begins, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart," and is completed with the words, "and thy neighbor as thyself," however fair she be. It is fair to suppose that the motives that swing him into his Sunday labor, are hinged at least on a part of the Commandment. He watches with more than casual interest the sweet face across the aisle. One Sunday it is not in its place. That day he astonishes his class by making Noah grind up the golden calf, and compelling the invalid Job to cut off the head of Goliath.

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That week he attends his first "teachers' meeting." He is gorgeous in a red and white neck-tie, one that his sister made for him at home. He watches uneasily for the face he has thought about so much. At last he finds it. But the anticipated pleasure fails him. His elbows move awkwardly. His smile is somewhat like that of a peddler trying to sell his wares to a lady whose baby is sticking pins in his leg. But "Tempus fugit," and he is terribly conscious of it. At last he blurts out, "It's been a beautiful day." (One of the late Freshman rains had been clogging the streets with mud all that afternoon.) Those beautiful eyebrows are arched a little more, and there is a scarcely perceptible nibble of that exquisite lip. Can she be laughing at him? He feels as if he were reciting a lesson he has forgotten to look over. He thrusts his hands into the depth of his pantaloons pockets, and lays one foot across the other. He grows desperate. "Have you read Euclid—ah, the dickens—es David Copperfield?" And he shouts out the last word loud enough to be heard across the room. The amused smile which introduces the answer is scattered by the sudden irruption of a third party, having something of importance to communicate to the fair one.

His confusion clings to him all the evening. He is conscious that he appears at a disadvantage. But before the assembly breaks up, he makes a desperate plunge with his eyes shut, and comes out with the red stains of battle on his face, but with a scared delight in the consciousness that he is to be Her escort home. He sees that the clouds have floated from the sky, and gathered in a single mass at the horizon's edge. He feels in his inmost soul the beauty of the elms as their wet leaves move gently in the moonlight, like locks disturbed by some fair sleeper's breath. But somehow he connects it all with the touch of that little hand upon his arm, and the gentle rustle of silks at his side.

He leaves her at the door with many a backward look. He had confidently hoped that she would invite him in, or at least ask him to call very soon. But she very sweetly bids him good-night—nothing more. He walks thoughtfully away, though when he gets to his room he will not for the life of him be able to tell what he was thinking about. At the corner he stops and looks back, he hardly knows why, only he remembers that

"On such a night
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand,
* * * and waved her love
To come again to Carthage."

He imagines the feelings of poor Dido, as she watches the tri-banked boats disappearing in the dim, unreal light. He almost hears the light splash of the waves against the Carthaginian banks, and even the rumbling of the distant thunder, whose suggestion of contrast might have completed the beauty of that strange scene. But there is no thunder, only the raising of a window over his head. Yet there is a shower after all. And as he lays his soiled coat and limpsy hat aside, he realizes the wretchedness of being

"In love,
Where scorn is bought with groans, coy looks,
With heart-sore sighs,"

and reason, once more heard, almost persuades him to take his pen and follow the example of Dogberry. He dreams that night that he is in an open boat with her at sea, and that the salt water is continually plashing in his face. The next morning—it is Sunday—he finds himself at prayers in a reverie, walking round the Coliseum at Rome, on his bridal tour, while she leans on his arm. And out of his day-dream grows a resolution to walk to Church with her from the School. But as he hurries out of the School-room to overtake her, a lady just in front of him drops her Bible, and moves on, apparently unconscious of her loss. Of course he stops to restore it. She thanks him, asks a question of no importance, and while he is answering, a careless Junior quietly steps into the coveted place. Alas, he is only a Freshman yet. His new companion—he never spoke to her before—lays winningly upon his arm her gloved hand—he notices that she is the girl that always wears yellow kids—and declares that she has for a long time taken an interest in him; that she is delighted with his devotion to his class; that she is charmed with the words of instruction she has overheard from him. And after a pause, she expresses great interest in the School; she would like *so much* to go to the concert that evening, but she has no brothers. Here she sighs audibly. What can he do but offer his services? Of course they are accepted, and he is all the evening racked with jealousy by the delight of the laughing Junior who is sitting at Her side just in front of him. He thinks the torture insupportable, but his troubles have only just begun. Thenceforward he receives little missives, *not* written in Her hand. He is surprised into walking home from sociables with the wrong person, by arts more feminine than modest, and in various ways he is treated to a "sister's privileges." In his

afternoon walks he is astonished to find himself going the same way with the "sister." Sometimes, in hurrying to recitation, he meets a pair of yellow kids lifted in deprecating astonishment, and yet half hiding a smile which, with dozens of its fellows, is forever saying,

"Hence bashful cunning,
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife if you will marry me."

His class-mates offer congratulations. In despair and disgust he quits society, believes himself an injured mortal, and for weeks acknowledges no sense of enjoyment, save an occasional chance to hurl a stone at a yellow-haired dog across the way. But at last the talk of his class-mates, tossing about their comments on face and form and other various attractions of the fair ones they have met, stir his vanity. He resolves to call on Her once more. But the very sweetness of welcome is made bitter by an inquiry about the welfare of—the owner of the yellow kids. His conscious blush belies his statement, and disconcerts him terribly. In his confusion he is betrayed into telling two or three lies that will worry him for months. He hurries away as soon as etiquette permits, and meets that hateful, careless Junior on the steps. Thenceforward he devotes himself to his pipe, and his books. Perhaps you will find him in the large societies, fiercely debating in the negative all questions concerning woman's rights. At all events, any allusion to the fair sex and the tender passion, provoke in him only a cynical growl. And when the sweep examines his room in vacation, he spells out this verse, framed and hung upon the wall:

"The wild, sweet tunes that darkly deep,
Thrill through thy veins and shroud thy sleep,
That swing thy blood with proud, glad sway,
And beat thy life's arterial play,—
Still wouldst thou have this music sweep,
Along thy brain its pulsing leap,—
Keep love away! keep love away!"

The Freshman has taken a long step in wisdom.

"Little Nell."

CHARLES DICKENS has been censured for selecting his characters from the lower class in life, lingering in the dark alleys, by the lowly fireside, amidst sickness and disease, rather than where life is but a butterfly dream; but he wrote for something more than to give pleasure,—to portray some vice in society,—to paint with a master's hand the misery and poverty we little dream of, under our very eyes, and to show that flowers may blossom and bloom in lowly places, and by life's rough roadside, as beautiful and as fragrant as in the hot-houses of wealth and affluence. Little Nell is one of that class of children called spiritual, who seem to have a special mission on earth, sent to entwine themselves around our hearts, and then pass away, leaving us wondering that anything so lovely could have been among us. Like child angels, who have left their bright places, to try the world and human life below, but finding it rough and full of trouble, too soon spread their wings for home again.

In the suburbs of London, dwelt an old gentleman, Master Humphrey by name, who being somewhat enfeebled by physical misfortune, and rather retiring in his disposition, had gathered around him three or four well known and tried friends, who used to hold meetings in the great room of Master Humphrey's house, around a good old-fashioned fireplace. An ancient clock standing in the corner, was the guardian spirit of the place, and did service only on the night of their gathering, and its homely face alone overlooked their doings and listened to their sayings. It was on one of these occasions, when this chosen circle was gathered around the fireplace, all strangers to us, save one, whom a glance would be sufficient to recognize,—the jolly, sympathetic, cheery Pickwick,—the genuine Pickwick,—with his short coat and veritable gaiters, and the same kindly twinkle in his eyes he always had—it was on one of these memorable occasions, I say, that to the steady tick of the old clock in the corner, the story of Little Nell was told to all by Master Humphrey. At a very early age, Nell was left to the care of her grandfather, who lavished on her all the untold love of a father, for in her he saw what reminded him of his daughter, Nell's mother, who had formed a romantic marriage, followed by a life of misery and speedy death. These two, Nell and her grandfather, dwelt in "Old Curiosity Shop," for the old man, being something of an antiquarian, had gathered together all the old

relics of by-gone days he could lay hands on, until his shop became a memorabilia of the past. Here were gathered rusty armor, in which some brave knight had sworn to do or die for his lady love, and the dents on the breast-plate were witnesses of his fidelity; tapestry which had concealed alike the lover and the assassin; vases which had ornamented palaces; richly carved goblets royal lips had touched; ancestral pictures, moldering in their dark corners; swords grown rusty in their sheaths; battle axes, helmets, shields, crossbows—all, in fact, a curious mind could collect, heaped together in inextricable confusion. Here, amongst these waymarks of the past, inanimate things, outliving the passions and deeds of their possessors, dwelt these two. An insatiable desire to have Nell rich and educated, had seized the old man, and he had recourse to the gaming table to amass a shadowy fortune; ill luck followed, and ruin; his money went first, and to obtain more, he mortgaged his shop and its contents to Quilp, a dwarf Jew, in the neighborhood. The story is known, how it all went, and how, when fever seized the old man, weak and maddened by his failures, Quilp took possession, and by his persecutions drove them forth, one morning, early. Little Nell and her half-crazed grandsire, the latter eager to get away to some indefinite spot, anywhere away from the dark city of crime, and the child, in obedience to her child nature, longing for the green fields, the song of the birds, the blue sky, and the quiet retirement of some lonely spot, where she might live, with all that was left her, undisturbed. "Let us be beggars and be happy," says the child. "To-morrow, dear, we'll turn our faces from this scene of sorrow, and be as free and as happy as the birds; and then the old man clasped his hands above his head, and said in a few broken words, that from that time forth they would wander up and down together, and never part more until death took one or the other of the twain." This was their compact, and faithfully did they keep it. It would be a weary task to recount the various events of their wanderings, hither and thither through towns and country, and their adventures with Codlin at the fair, or Jarley at the wax works, and with the coal-heaver at the furnace, and their meeting with the old school-master, whose heart, made desolate and lonely by the death of his favorite pupil, Nell's sweet face soon filled, until she grew as dear as the boy he had lost. All these are little stories in themselves; they cannot bear abridgement; they are only a few of the many beauties of Curiosity Shop. From the sorrowing school-master they pursued their indefinite course, following *the old man's* ceaseless cry, "Away, away from the city;" the road

growing rougher, their feet tenderer, exhaustion and privation telling upon the child's slight form, until nature was outdone, and she sank by the road-side, only to be rescued by the kind old school-master she had left but a few days ago.

Nell's devotion to her grandsire was of the rarest kind, through sickness and trouble, even unto death, and the feeble old man, half crazed, with one foot in the grave, cared for by the courageous, unshrinking love of patient Nell, who never wearied in her kindness, was a spectacle that never failed to touch the hearts of those they met with, even the roughest. It was almost like "Life and Death," going hand in hand on a journey through the world. In these words she expresses her strong love:—"God bless him," said the child, as she stooped softly to kiss his placid cheek, as he slept; "I see it too well, now; they would indeed part us, if they found us out, and shut him up from the light of the sun and sky. He has only me to keep him; God bless us both."

When Nell and her grandfather, for the two were inseparable, were provided a home in a quiet village, close by the church, through the untiring kindness of the school-master, the old man to act as sexton, a new life commenced for this frail and devoted child. She had now found what her young heart ached for, "singing birds," "blue sky," the "green fields," and "rest." The old man was content, for he was away from the city. Their home was one of those ancient houses, full of nooks and corners and dark holes, almost a second Curiosity Shop, containing high rooms, with ornamented ceilings, great fire-places, oaken furniture, and richly carved arches, while the dim light that struggled through the stained windows, shed an air of mystery around the place, that would make any one shudder at the thought of life there; but to Nell it was quite different; "it was a quiet place to live and learn to die in." I say near by was the village church, so wrapped in the embrace of green ivy, that the cold, bare stones were hardly visible, as if the good words from the lips of the pure-hearted parson, from his pulpit to his lowly flock, had fallen on good ground, and sprung into life, weaving a garment of immortality for the sacred place. Dickens could not have chosen a happier place for Nell to end her life; the spot was one peculiarly suited to her spiritual nature. Nell soon won a place in the hearts and affections of the lowly people she dwelt amongst. Even the grim old sexton would pause in his work, to look on the sad face of the child, as she stood by the new-made grave, with tears in her eyes. Most of her time was passed in the church. Here she would sit for hours, amongst the monuments of

the dead, with her open Bible on her lap, thinking. And she would fix her great, sorrowful eyes on the dim window panes, and look steadfastly, as if trying to peer into the bright heavens, whilst her pale face would light up at times, as happy and peaceful thoughts came and went, and her lips would shape a quiet smile, so contented was she. And when twilight came, when the shadows deepened in the old church, and the cold stone effigies of knights and ladies seemed to grow whiter than the forms moldering underneath; when the crickets began to chirp, the rough school-boys, tired with their sport on the village green, would steal on tiptoe to the church door, to catch a glimpse of Nell, as she sat there, and then they would step away softly, with hushed lips and fear in their hearts, as if they had seen a spirit there, and the village folks solemnly affirmed that she used to talk with the angels in the church tower. She would wander up and down in the grave yard, among the narrow homes, endeavoring to decipher the time-worn names on the gray tomb-stones, and the simple words, "Mother," "brother," "sister," would start the tears from her eyes, making the blue bells and daisies lift their tiny heads, surprised that any thing sad and sorrowful could come from that peaceful and happy face. The sight of weeds growing on the graves of the young, grated on her delicate sensibilities, for she could associate nothing but beauty with death, and she and her grandfather would sit down and clear the grassy mounds, until naught but flowers could be found there. So the days passed one by one; summer, with all its glories, went, and winter spread his cheerless covering over the earth, and Nell was growing paler every day, wasting away slowly. Like Tennyson's May Queen, she longed to die in the spring, when Nature shows her brightest face. "The birds sing again in the spring, thought the child, as she leant at her casement window, and gazed at the declining sun,—spring, a beautiful and happy time;" but unlike Tennyson's May Queen, she died when the snow was on the ground. Death could not take her at a single blow; he tipped his keen arrow with gentleness, and she passed from this life so gently that the old man sat by her bed-side waiting for her to wake. "She is sleeping soundly," he said, "but no wonder; angel hands have strewn the ground with snow, that the lightest footstep may be lighter yet, and the very birds are dead, that they may not wake her. Why dost thou lie so idle, there, dear Nell, when there are bright red berries out of doors, waiting for thee to pluck them. See here, these shoes, how worn they are; she kept them to remind her of our last long journey. *You see where* the little feet were bare upon the ground. They told

me afterwards that the stones had cut and bruised them. *She* never told me that; No, no. God bless her; and I have remembered since, she walked behind me, sir, that I might not see how lame she was; but yet she had my hand in hers, and seemed to lead me still." And so the old man's reason seemed to be coming back, as he sat looking at the dead face of his loving guide.

Nell's mission was ended, and the little pilgrim had laid down her staff, and was resting. "For she was dead; there upon her little bed she lay at rest; the solemn stillness was no marvel now. She was dead; no sleep so beautiful and calm; so free from trace of pain. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God, and waiting for the breath of life; not one who had lived and suffered death. Her couch was dressed with here and there some winter berries and green leaves, gathered in a spot she had been used to favor. 'When I die, put near me something that has loved the light, and had the sky above it always.' These were her words. She was dead. Dear, gentle, patient, noble Nell was dead. Her little bird—a poor, slight thing, the pressure of a finger would have crushed—was stirring nimbly in its cage; and the strong heart of its child mistress was mute and motionless forever. * * * * The old man held one languid arm in his, and the small hand tight folded to his breast for warmth. It was the hand she had stretched out to him, with her last smile—the hand that had led him on through all their wanderings. Ever and anon he pressed it to his lips, then hugged it to his breast again, murmuring that it was warmer now; and as he said it, he looked in agony to those who stood around, as if imploring them to help her. She was dead, and past all help or need of it. The ancient rooms she had seemed to fill with life, even while her own was waning fast; the garden she had tended; the eyes she had gladdened; the noiseless haunts of many a thoughtful hour; the paths she had trodden, as if it were but yesterday, could know her no more."

The old man did not survive her long. But after a while he took up his old knapsack and staff, her little bonnet, and the small basket she carried in her wanderings, and plodded to the church, and sat down in her old seat, making ready for his final journey with her, murmuring each night, as he went to bed, "she will come to-morrow." One morrow she came, and they found him lying dead upon the cold stone floor of the church. What could be more beautiful! His little guide had led him to the threshold of Life, and left him but a short time, to meet him in the land unknown, to lead him over the dark river, to where he would cease his wanderings.

So ends the story of Little Nell; and when it was finished, tears were running down the cheeks of good, honest old Pickwick, and the faces of the rest were bowed on their hands in sorrow, and the old clock in the corner stopped its ticking, as if unwilling to disturb the thoughts of Master Humphrey and his friends.

Milton's Council of Fallen Spirits.

"MILTON," said Dr. Johnson, "was a genius that could cut a Colossus from a rock, but could not carve heads upon cherry-stones:" and though the remark was made in a most ill-natured attempt to underrate some of his sonnets, it was, in reality, a splendid encomium on England's noblest poet. For what if the 'sonnets' were inferior, if such be the case? Their author could well forego the attainment of excellence in 'carving heads upon cherry-stones,' to be the genius that cut so grand a 'Colossus' as *Paradise Lost*, from that stupendous 'rock,' the Fall of Man!

There is not one of Milton's sublime conceptions, but is, in itself, a Colossus. Perhaps the most striking of all is that one of the fallen angels.

Even into heaven, that blessed abode of the Creator, it was ordained that once, in all eternity, should strife and discord enter. That single conception of legions of spirits, first engaging in fearful war upon the plains of heaven 'against the throne and monarchy of God,'—then fleeing in dismay before the Messiah's thundering chariot, and leaping headlong out of heaven,—next seen wallowing, in a lake of fire, amid the gloomy caverns of hell,—then, roused from their forlorn condition by that indomitable leader, Satan, shaking off the ignominy of defeat, like a mantle, and daring to consult how, once more, they might scale high heaven, how yet renew the 'dubious battle;'—this whole conception is, surely, a towering, a majestic Colossus! But herein is Milton's greatness most conspicuous. A subject which other men would *despair of comprehending*, would even shrink from contemplating, this *blind poet* undertakes, with the calm deliberation of a philosopher.

Not however blasphemously, like the atheist, not unfeelingly, as the stoic, but devoutly, and with the humble inspiration of the Christian, he sets himself to the task.

Ever before his own and his reader's eye he keeps one great end, that he may 'assert eternal providence, and justify the ways of God to men.' See how nobly he executes the design! The whole poem might be taken to be an exquisitely beautiful sermon upon that text from St. Paul, that "Whosoever, therefore, resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God; and they that resist, shall receive to themselves damnation." Follow him, as he describes the fallen spirits in their hellish council.

Downcast, but not dejected; hopeless, but not despairing, with a terrible energy, and a heroism worthy of a better cause, they prepare to '*resist*' the Almighty. A palace must first be built, in which the great assembly may gather. Myriads of ready hands hasten to the task, and in an hour, as if by magic, 'out of the earth a fabric huge rose like an exhalation,' 'built like a temple,' and endowed with such splendor, as not Babylon, with all its glory, could equal. Hither are convoked the powers of hell, by winged heralds, who.—

"With awful ceremony
And trumpet's sound, throughout the host proclaim
A solemn council forthwith to be held
At Pandemonium, the high capital
Of Satan and his peers."

There is something overpowering in the spectacle of millions of immortal spirits, the sudden blaze of whose flaming swords 'far round illumined hell,' sitting in solemn council, and bidding defiance to the most high God! With what stern determination, though struggling against despair, the majestic monarch explains the purpose of this infernal Court:—

"Thither let us tend;
From off the tossing of these fiery waves,
There rest, if any rest can harbor there,
And, reassembling our afflicted powers,
Consult how we may henceforth most offend
Our enemy, our own loss how repair;
How overcome this dire calamity;
What reinforcement we may gain from hope;
If not, what resolution from despair."

Behold the haughty emperor exhorting that assembly to debate the question 'of open war or covert guile; assuring them that hell's deep gulf could never hold 'immortal vigour,' and that though oppressed

and fallen, he gives not heaven for lost. Listen as he encourages to union, and faith, and firm accord, shrewdly arguing that there could be no obstacle to their harmony, because no jealousy could trouble, where there was no good worth being jealous of. Surely none would envy whom distinction the more exposed to the Thunderer's aim! Witness how he cheers the conquered hosts with the hope of speedily returning, to claim their just inheritance of old, 'surer to prosper than prosperity could have assured them.' As the chieftain ceased, it would seem that the very consciousness of truth were stamped on that defiant brow; that even Reason, Right, and fair-eyed Hope, had left their seats in heaven, to join in the counsels of the lost! But more of Satan anon. The question having been proposed, Moloch stands up to speak, arrogant, impetuous, and wrathful, the strongest and the fiercest spirit that had fought in heaven. He, ages afterwards, became that horrid king, 'besmeared with blood of human sacrifice and parents' tears,' who turned the heart of Solomon, in his old age, to build for him a temple, right against the temple of his God; and whose idolatrous grove made the pleasant valley of Hinnom a type of hell.

His had been the ambition to be deemed equal in strength to the Most High; and that hope gone, with it went all his fear and all his wisdom. His sentence was for open war. Yet he displays not the bravery of firm resolve, but the reckless daring of desperation. His lips burn with an eloquence, to which is added all the intensity that passion, humiliation, and despair impart. Blind to reason, scoffing at the Almighty, execrating the shame of lingering in that den of woe, he hurls against the throne of God a storm of hate, defiance, and fierce invective, till it would seem that even hell were exhausted of its madness, and Fury could rage no more. You almost see that towering form, standing in the reflection of hell's perpetual fires, his countenance distorted with the frenzy of his wrath, his powerful arm tossing with the wild eloquence of denunciation! Achilles, in his fiercest passion, with no Minerva to stand behind, and seize his 'golden hair,' could not present one half so grand a spectacle as this, of mingled ire and scorn and injured right.

The 'sceptered king' sat down: and on the other side rose Belial, fair in countenance, of graceful mien, and dignified deportment. About this character the poet casts a wavering light that puzzles us. He calls him one who was, seemingly, 'compos'd for high exploit,' but altogether 'false and hollow.' Of him, he says, that though gifted with eloquence so persuasive, that his tongue 'dropt manna,'

a baser and a lewder spirit, had not fallen from heaven. Yet Reason would seem to sit enthroned upon his brow. He hates the Almighty no less than does the frantic Moloch. But with greater prudence, he wills not to risk all hope in a second encounter, for the sake of mere revenge. He very wisely asks,—

“First what revenge? the tow’rs of heav’n are fill’d
With armed watch, that renders all access
Impregnable.”

He argues that resistance were a vain and hopeless task; and even while deep hatred rankles in his breast, he pays to purity and holiness a tribute that would alone be worthy of immortality, if caught from the lips of a saint in heaven, and not of a devil in hell. For, urges Belial,—

“Could we break our way
By force, and at our heels all hell should rise,—
* * * yet our great enemy,
All incorruptible, would on his throne
Sit unpolluted, and th’ etherial mould,
Incapable of stain, would soon expel
Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire.”

No seraph, clad in robes of white, could utter sentiments more exalted in praise, or more sparkling with truth, than does this fallen spirit. None so sadly, and yet so exactly depicts the real, hopeless condition of the lost angels, as does Belial in this speech. We are amazed to find such candor, where we least expected it, but we are insensibly drawn to the truth of his sentiments. Almost alone in that vast assembly, he seems to fully comprehend the weakness and folly of attempting further war. But this consciousness, so far from driving him to the reckless despair of Moloch, seems almost to rouse in his breast a feeling of penitence. At least, he does not curse his Maker. We notice in him none of Moloch’s blasphemy or fierce defiance. So when the final question comes, “Shall we then live thus vile,—to suffer here chains and these torments?” he answers, “Better these than worse,” and owns that the law is not unjust, that so ordains. He has defied the Ruler of heaven, and being worsted, he is willing to suffer the penalty of his crime. Says he:—

“I laugh when those who at the spear are bold
And vent’rous, if that fail them, shrink and fear
What yet they know must follow, to endure
The sentence of their cong’ror.”

Perhaps, too, by submission to the victor, his anger might, in time,

be much appeased, his breath might cease to stir those raging fires, and so the tortures of their dungeon might be slackened, or at least become endurable. Future days, besides, might bring some chance, some change worth waiting for; and even the present lot were not intolerable, if they should bring upon themselves no greater woe. The effect of such an argument on these ambitious spirits, can easily be imagined. It seemed by far too tame for a *Prince* in hell! The poet himself declares, that Belial "counseled ignoble ease and peaceful sloth, not peace." But in spite of this, the mind is irresistibly drawn to him. There must be something more than those fair features and that reason's garb, that so sensibly attract us to this singular personage. To devils filled with hatred and bent on revenge, so mild a proposition might indeed seem ignoble; but when we view it in the light of truth, of reason, and of God's omnipotence, what juster sentiment could this prince have uttered? Forget for a moment that all this picture is the work of a poet's brain. Imagine yourself a personal spectator at the council of Pandemonium. As you listen to the unanswerable logic of the god of revelry, remember the load of sin and woe and eternal perdition, that the following of a certain other course brought upon this wretched world,—besides the greater damnation in store, even for the devil and his angels, for following that course,—and then refrain, if you can, from crying out, O Belial, that thy nobler counsel had prevailed! Then, too, there is something not ignoble in his frank acceptance of the conqueror's terms. Is there not a certain loftiness of soul, as well as wisdom of mind, in one who quietly submits to inexorable fate, rather than fly into an impotent passion and offer an absurd resistance? The truly wonderful incident is, that so much candidness and strong good sense were found in one so fallen and so 'lewd!' And it may not be presumption, in passing, to observe, that possibly the poet here imputes to Belial, language which does not accord with the Scriptural accounts of that character. At least the sons of Belial, in later times, showed no such disposition as this speech would indicate to belong to their master. Do what we will, it is difficult to associate the words of Belial with a being so utterly depraved as Milton would have us believe him. We may call his proposition unmanly, if we choose; but what better could he have made, in view of the 'fate inevitable' which subdued him? His motives, at least, were far nobler than those of Mammon, who spoke after him. This spirit agrees, in main, with Belial's plan, but manifests a sullen, stubborn spite, that betrays the *devil throughout*. His was that morose submission which leaves room

for not a spark of penitence to warm the heart. Even should the Lord of heaven relent, his blackened soul could find no pleasure in singing 'forced hallelujahs' to that 'envied Sovereign :—

"How wearisome
Eternity so spent in worship paid
To whom we hate!"

To many minds, indeed, there may seem something noble in the spirit that prefers 'hard liberty before the easy yoke of servile pomp;' but when we hear that spirit contemptuously styling the beauties of the celestial world, the glories of the eternal throne, the hallelujahs tuned to heavenly music,—all as 'servile pomp,' the narrowness of his mind becomes disgusting, the loftiness sinks to insignificance. A nature which could not appreciate the bliss that angels enjoy, a spirit whose looks and thoughts—

"Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of heaven's pavement, trodden gold,"

must in truth have been the 'least erected' that fell from heaven!

Mammon elicits from us no particle of sympathy. Even when so grand a scheme is urged by him as that of founding a nether empire which in time should rival heaven, our admiration for its boldness is lost in contempt for its proposer. For, listen when he says:—

"This desert soil
Wants not her hidden lustre, gems and gold;
Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise
Magnificence; *and what can heav'n show more?*"

As if, by aid of gold and gems, hell could be turned into a heaven! For so base a spirit, surely Pandemonium was bliss enough! How truly did he afterwards maintain this character, when suffered to walk upon the earth! How many among the sons of men betray his secret influence, and how disgusting is the spectacle! Sin may sometimes seem most lovely, vice grown familiar may clasp the conscience in a sweet embrace, the mind, distorted by long abuse, may even deem it possible to reconcile evil with good, Belial with heaven, or Satan with God;—but never, to the most darkened intellect, must it seem consistent for man to serve both God and Mammon.

We gladly turn to Beelzebub, the last speaker of the council. About this character there centres a peculiar interest from the fact that his was the prevailing measure. In heaven, clothed with transcendent brightness, he had 'outshone myriads,' and in hell he is a chieftain of *great influence* among his peers. The poet deems him

next to Satan himself in power, doubtless because long afterwards in Israel he was held to be the "prince of the devils." The fall from heaven had by no means robbed him of his stately dignity. On that majestic front still sat 'deliberation and 'public care.' The plan of Beelzebub, though not original, was certainly novel, and appeared to be feasible. God's omnipotence he could not but recognize. The scheme of building up an empire in a dungeon were surely a mad one; for, though he were to "make his bed in hell," the Almighty's arm could reach him. To his mind an 'easier enterprise' had been suggested. Another world, the happy seat of some new race called Man, offered a brilliant field of profit, or revenge. The plot is too fiendish—too revolting, not to arouse a feeling of horror. Listen to the monster unfolding it :—

"Thither let us bend all our thoughts, * * * * *
 To waste his whole creation, or possess
 All as our own, and drive, as we were driven,
 The puny inhabitants, or if not drive,
 Seduce them to our party, that their God
 May prove their foe, and with repenting hand
 Abolish his own works. This would surpass
 Common revenge * * * * *
 * * * * * when his darling sons,
 Hurl'd headlong to partake with us, shall curse
 Their frail original and faded bliss."

There stands the fiend unmasked, the devil in the perfection of his devilish nature! What scheme more infamous, more malicious, more unblushingly vile could have been devised? The details are too shameful to relate. A world, which till the Messiah came, lay wallowing for four thousand years in the mire of sin and degradation, needs not to have the shocking tale repeated. The loss of her Eden, the page of her history blackened with endless records of her misery and shame, the eternal ruin of millions of her 'darling sons,'—all testify to the villainy of this plot, and curse the spirit that gave it utterance. His grandeur fades at once. Those 'Atlantean shoulders, fit to bear the weight of monarchies,' cease to inspire us with awe. In that polluted breast mercy is unknown. Many virtues may seem to have joined in the angels' fall; Reason, Genius, Hope, may each have lent them powerful aid; a sort of nobleness of spirit may have belonged to some of their leaders; a certain kind of honor may have characterized their actions with each other; Union, Faith, and firm Accord may have marked all their deliberations :—but Mercy, a spirit

of gentler blood, needed the purer atmosphere of heaven. Close to the throne of God she sits, his fairest minister, beloved among the angels of light, adored among the sons of men. No particle of her influence was ever shed in hell.

Beelzebub had not indeed devised this foulest plot, but rather had been the tool of Satan's deeper malice. But Satan has nobler qualities, which we cannot overlook; and try as we may, it is impossible to cast upon him the opprobrium attached to Beelzebub. Indeed it is well for Milton's master-piece, that his infamy should thus have been partly obscured. Throughout his poem the author ascribes to Satan many redeeming traits. His was, to be sure, the task of carrying out this shameful plan; but when we count the dangers of the enterprise, when we estimate its magnitude, when we peer into that 'dark unfathom'd infinite abyss' which must be crossed, when we read the blank dismay pictured in every countenance at thought of the 'dreadful voyage,' and when finally we behold the mighty monarch, 'whom now transcendent glory raised above his fellows,' daring alone to undertake it,—amazement fills the mind, and we forget for a moment the nature of the scheme, in admiration of the hero who would execute it. When Beelzebub was speaking, seduction, malice, and eternal ruin to mankind, were the prominent ideas,—and we execrate the fiend who could propose them. But when Satan rises in that god-like majesty, and scorns to reign 'refusing to accept as great a share of hazard as of honor,'—the grandeur of the spectacle, the noble daring, the self-sacrificing courage of hell's Ruler, are uppermost in the mind, and we are forced to honor, while we yet condemn. From first to last, there is something about this infernal Hector, that chains your interest. It is excited when that character is introduced, stretched upon the fiery flood, where he lay 'floating many a rood,' conversing with Beelzebub. What mortal, what angel or demon, ever uttered words revealing such indomitable will, such lofty resolution, such proud disdain, mingled with deep and even tender feeling, as does Satan here? Again behold him as he rises off the lake of fire, a giant combining all the vastness of Leviathan, with the terrible defiance of a Typhon, and the dignity of Apollo! His 'pond'rous shield' hung on his shoulders like the moon seen through an 'optic glass;' his spear was like the Cyclops' staff, 'to equal which, the tallest pine were but a wand; his voice was like Achilles,' when standing on the Grecian battlements, that hero, shouting, drove the Trojans in terror and flight. See those princes, potentates, warriors, 'once the flower of heaven,' *spring up at his call abashed, and rally around the standard*

of their monarch. A much similar scene is described by the poet of Sorrento, when Godfrey's forces gathered for the holy war. But not even the noble object of rescuing "the belov'd Redeemer's tomb" from outrage has invested the crusades with so deep an interest as centres in this sublime conspiracy of hell. Not all the brilliance of Tasso's precious genius, not all the glories of chivalrous valor and pious enthusiasm, have shed so bright a lustre upon Godfrey's or the Hermit's name, as Milton casts on this infernal king. Many would therefore censure the poet, declaring that he paints Satan in colors too glowing to be true, and ascribes to him a character too sublime to be safe in its influence over the reader. "There is always danger," says Dr. Johnson, "that wickedness, conjoined with abilities, should steal upon esteem, though it miss of approbation." But do not such complaints arise through shallow observation? Does Milton's idea differ essentially from the hints thrown out in Scripture? It plainly shows indeed the poet's indebtedness to Æschylus with his noble conception of Prometheus, but the *holy scriptures* were the sources from which he most largely drew. Their accounts certainly ascribe to Satan a degree of power and grandeur not allowed to the other fallen angels. If the Saviour had "beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven," surely Milton may describe him as springing upward "like a pyramid of fire." Why not? Was he not a king? "by *merit* rais'd to that bad eminence?" If in heaven his bearing was so godlike that *myriads* extolled him "equal to the Highest," surely he might retain a supremacy in hell! But how *could* he retain it if not possessed of some of the higher and nobler qualities? Nay, even, is not Satan a perfectly *natural* character? Remember that he has been an angel of light, and is an angel yet, though "Oh! how fallen, how changed!" His fairer nature may be sadly dimmed, but why needs it to be quite destroyed? We are not to suppose that these rebels must be so utterly depraved as to love vice for itself, that their souls are so completely blackened, or their judgments so deplorably obscured, that they can appreciate no excellence at all. Such a view is not sustained by the Bible and does not conform to reason. For if this were true, many a man moral in his conduct, but in reality a "whited sepulchre," might urge that he was pure from sin:—

"for neither do the spirits damn'd
Lose all their virtue, lest bad men should boast
Their specious deeds on earth, which glory excites,
Or close ambition, varnished o'er with zeal."

This, however, is not the only side of Satan's character which the

poet presents. Our feelings at the very outset are roused against "the infernal serpent whose guile deceived the mother of mankind." Nor are we left to wholly admire him when standing proudly amid the acclamations of Pandemonium. Even there the devil's selfishness betrays itself; and the jealous fear lest others offer to share the perils and thence the glory of his enterprise *must* detract from our admiration of his courage. Behold him when at the gates of hell he stood unterrified, and "like a comet burned" before the goblin Death,—the sublimest attitude perhaps in which Satan ever was described. Here too his glory is marred by the filthy story of hell's portress. This hideous creature, who to the loathsome shape of a Scylla with her sea-green dogs united all of Medea's ferocity, recalls to Satan's mind the day when she Minerva-like sprang from his head, dwells fondly on some secret "dalliance" afterwards held with him in heaven, and finally draws from him the epithet, "Dear Daughter!" The scene is utterly revolting. Satan meets with no greater fall when he drops "plumb down ten thousand fathoms deep" in space than he has met with in our estimation by this affair with Sin. So behold the hypocrite when, wearing "wings of many a colored plume," he deceives the angel Uriel; behold at last, the tempter when "squat like a toad close at the ear of Eve,"—and say if the poet has described him as altogether lovely!

On the contrary does it not seem that Milton with consummate skill has blended in his hero all the traits both good and bad that are appropriate to hell's monarch? The attempts to portray this character have been many, but who has better succeeded than this blind poet? Has Goethe in his Mephistopheles? Has Byron in his Lucifer? Look for a moment at these conceptions.

A cold, unimpassioned, deliberate creature is Mephistopheles; while in Satan, energy of soul, heat of enthusiasm, depth of feeling, are perceived with every word he speaks. Mephistopheles is as destitute of emotion as a stone; he never is angry, he hates none, he loves none. Satan's soul is a volcano whose fires pour forth and are diffused through his whole being; he hates intensely, and he must love passionately. In the one you see little to admire, not much to dislike. In the other the nobler qualities are so noble as to dazzle you, the meaner are so mean as to disgust you. The former excites in you no sympathy, the latter almost draws from you tears. Mephistopheles declares "Pathos from me would look too like a joke." There is no heart in Goethe's devil. See with what calculating coolness *he makes to Faust that hellish proposition* :

"I bind myself to be thy servant *here*,
 To run and rest not at thy beck and bidding,
 And when we meet again in yonder place,
There, in like manner, thou shalt be my servant."

The German was a beautiful poet, an accomplished scholar, a great philosopher; but his Mephistopheles possesses too much of its author's abstract shadowy mind, and too little of Milton's living soul, to be a true impersonation of the Evil One.

With Lucifer it is different. Many contend with some show of reason, that Byron has more justly portrayed the prince of darkness than any other poet. He is indeed a most interesting character. When he first appears to Cain, he seems

"'A shape like to the angels,
 Yet of a sterner and a sadder aspect, * * *
 Yet he seems mightier far than them, nor less
 Beauteous, and yet not all as beautiful
 As he hath been and might be:—sorrow seems
 Half of his immortality.'"

This is the fairest attitude in which Byron ever shows him. After this we see Lucifer playing sometimes perhaps the philosopher, but always the tempter, and often the toad. Shy, subtle, evasive,—we behold in him far more of the "lying spirit" than we do in Satan. But perhaps he after all does not so far surpass his other self. Are not both pictures truthful views of the same character as he often appears? May not Byron, in so vividly portraying the subtilty of his devil, rather neglect to impress the mind with that other essential,—a suitable awe of him?

It is often complained of Milton that his infernal council is too gross a conception, that his demons are marked by a too ponderous materialism, that by leaning to the pagan diabolism they lose somewhat of their proper spiritual essence. But we must remember that to materialize every conception is one of the mind's strongest tendencies. An abstract idea seldom strikes us with its full force, until either by associating this with other ideas, or by clothing it in some material form, we fix as it were an image of it in the mind. So it is with the beings of another world. Milton, without detracting from the spiritual nature of his devils, has given them just enough of substance to enable us to grasp their tremendous proportions, and to realize how fearfully powerful is the element of Evil.

Viewed in this light, it is hard to censure his conceptions. Study them carefully, compare them with all the infernal creatures of legend

or poetry, from Homer to the present day ; and if you take Scripture for a guide, you *must* take Milton for a model.

He often uses, to be sure, the fables of mythology for illustrations, because they best served his purpose, and were too poetical to be neglected. But he never gives them prominence. True Christian that he is, he regards them not as buried realities, but as dreams of a deluded mind ; and thus he heightens the beauties of his own conceptions, and "clothes himself in the spoils of superstition." Not even does he follow their analogy. When the Giants made war upon Olympus, the conflict for a time was so fierce, that many of the gods in terror fled to Egypt. But not all the power of Pandemonium's council, not all the vaunting of Satan, when he boasts of having 'put to proof his (Maker's) high supremacy in dubious battle,' leaves us for a moment to doubt the issue of such a conflict. The poet throws an air of security about those abodes of the blessed, that sets us perfectly at ease.

How far are Milton's ideas removed from the stories of tradition, the petty nursery tales, the commonly received notions of the day ! Who can read the *Paradise Lost* without feeling its exalting influence ? We at first exclaim, what a moral power it must have been in its day ! And yet this noble Epic was *not* well received ! To the corrupt court of Charles, both author and poem were distasteful ; to an ignorant populace so grand a subject was incomprehensible. It remained for a subsequent age to appreciate the sublime work.

No poet ever lived more isolated from the world, and therefore more bound in meditation, than Milton. His high religious fortitude gave tone to all his works ; so that *Paradise Lost*, for example, bespeaks the Christian, as well as the poet, upon every page. In its most revolting scenes, when the powers of hell seem blackest, he brings truth out of the darkness, and turns all to the glory of God. Thus even the horrid council of spirits plotting against their Maker he cannot pass over without exclaiming :

" 'O shame to men ! Devil with Devil damn'd
Firm concord holds ;—men only disagree
Of creatures rational, though under hope
Of heav'nly grace.' "

The ideal characters of no poet are so good in their influence on the reader. The old furies and demons such as Megæra, Tisiphone, Hecate, only excite our profound abhorrence. The giants of antiquity are but *distorted monsters*, remarkable for little else than their size

and impiety. Pluto is at best a flat, insipid personage, rousing in you scarcely an emotion of any kind. Tasso's infernal king is but an outrageous tyrant, his conclave of fiends a den of ugly ferocious monsters; and the poet takes little pains to use them as the instruments of a loftier inspiration. Even the sorrowing melancholy Dante, though he touches a chord of tender sympathy, fails to rouse in your breast the holy fire that Milton stirs. There is something too horrible about the malice of those devils who, after the poor sinner is plunged into the liquid fires of Malebolge, could tear his flesh with outstretched hooks until he dived again! That Milton used both Tasso and Dante as models is very likely; that he surpassed them both is most evident. For the genius of England's blind poet was it reserved to paint the horrors of darkness in their truest colors.

Poetical ideas, according to Macaulay, appear gradually absurd as the light of science brightens upon them. Hence the conceptions of Homer and Virgil, although both grand and beautiful, seem to-day chimerical. But the contrary is true with Milton. So long as Bible truth shall impress the heart, the spirits of Milton shall dwell in the memory. Before his lofty ideals the paltry fables of mythology pale and sink away,—just as ignorance and superstition must always fade in the blaze of the Gospel's light. His powerful mind, his rare genius, his noble Christian spirit will always shine with a lustre far surpassing ordinary fame.

E. P. W.

Bituralism.

THOSE persons who have enjoyed the advantages of a liberal education, if there are any such among our readers, must remember the story of "Villikins and his Dinah." The incidents of the story were very sad, but the manner of the telling was so tinged with affectation that the hearer was in considerable perplexity. One sensitively observant of the conventionalities of society will not laugh at a funeral, be it ever so cheerful, nor cry at a dinner, be it ever so dreary, and this perplexity arose from this same sensitiveness. The story was a puzzle, and you must listen to the solo with a mute countenance, in the anxious hope that something would soon give a fixed character to the story, and direction to your facial muscles. When the doleful song *had begun to oppress the hearer as a cloud or dun, or superfluous hot*

cake, and indignation against the opulent mercantile parent had given place to grief for the lovers whom despair and the druggist had conspired to kill the complete submission and growing hope which sprang up with "Ritural lural," &c., was as satisfactory as it was astonishing. Then were we glad that we had straightened our faces, for tears would have been wasted, and laughter premature. We see immediately that the song was written by a healthy man immediately after dinner, and the chorus was his safety valve. For if he could have helped rolling out the Ritural he could never have written the verses. The story is complete with the chorus. It is like age to boots and tobacco, the fence to Yale College, or lunch to a school-girl. Without it, the story lacked all sentiment; with it, it overflows with insincerity and sham feeling. And so transparent is the hypocrisy, that it never brings to mind a real love tragedy, nor prompts a laugh at the occurrence which it does not caricature. It is humbug laughing in its sleeve, and is so perfect an epitome of all falsehood that it has seemed proper to christen every sham, whether in religion, politics, sentiment or diet, by the name—"Rituralism." Whoever the author of this poem was, he was honest and true, else he could never have written so complete a farce. A real Rituralist must needs affect some feeling, would have dropped some tears, and blotted the story.

It may be noticed that our title is like the name of a new doctrine in religion, with the exception of the second "r," a liquid consonant which was dropped from their name by the Ritualists when they discovered a liquid more consonant with their belief, called milk and water. After all, this new doctrine is a small matter, simply the shadow of a cloud of incense, from which springs up mitres and surplices and candles. When the strong and true religion shall have swept before it all Rituralism, this Ritualism will be found somewhere in the ruins, its last and sickliest child, snuffed out, without life enough to waver out in smoke.

The "LIT," however, is not the place for a Church paper. We have in mind two or three developments, or rather croppings out, of this Ritualism in College which deserve a passing notice, a warning cry, before the sentimental trifling which they indicate, completely enervates and vitiates our manners and manliness. But, by the way, isn't this an alarming symptom of Rituralism in College, that it is thought necessary by the corporation to demand these written affirmations every week, or else to mark those imperfect men who go to chapel? *It shows a lack of confidence in the representative young*

men of America, that they cannot be trusted to aim for themselves in this great shooting gallery of ideas, lest they should smash some windows in the old edifice, or bring down some weathercock which is always pointing toward the ancient east. There is hardly a student here who might not have been trusted to keep all religious observances with at least an outside show, or to write a piece for the "LIT," or "COURANT," in a spirit of good will, and in a courteous manner, before he came to college; and if we must now be watched, it is because of some sham sentiment which has sprung up between students and faculty, or among students themselves; a spirit of ritualistic carelessness, heedless of rights of others, sneering at all serious effort; a spirit of frivolity and idleness. This Ritualism sometimes manifests itself in expressions of good will. Once, when a man was going home to attend the funeral of a near relative, we heard a friend of his, with tears in his eyes, express the hope that he (the student, not the departed friend,) would enjoy his journey.

The most annoying development of this Ritualism is in "sells." It is supposed that all those who are striving after high culture will be inquisitive and very thirsty for knowledge, and certain persons delight in taking advantage of this yearning of the curious soul. They are always eager to supply your wants, upon the slightest intimation. There is a club we know of where if you open your mouth to ask for anything but grub, they will have you sold and demoralized, and will be ready with another before you can shut it again; and when you have fallen into one of these Ritualistic "sells," your only way of living it down is by resolutely refusing to ask questions.

A more harmless development is the college conundrum. This facility of making conundrums is very useful during vacations, whenever you may be called upon to act in charades. For example: Catch a mouse, place on it a tablespoonful of hash, and pass it around. The answer probably will not be guessed, and when you give as the solution, "*Anonymous*," the mystery will be deeper, until you thus explain it: "Hash is an indefinite article, 'an' also is an indefinite article, ∴ An-on-a-mouse." Probably some one will say that he should judge from this, that charade acting was *an aimless* sport. Thus the attention of the company will be drawn away from your blushes, and you are saved.

There appeared an article in a newspaper, of the 6th inst., which contained sufficient bitter personality to prove that the fair play professing editors did not write it, and that some "Proxy" did, but which

contained three conundrums which kept each other in countenance like three graces at the head of the column. These concerned the "LIT," and published the fact that this venerable Magazine was nearly bankrupt: Well, we shan't throw up an orange, or any other of our edibles, and "Hurrah for the LIT," but mildly ask, Why is the statement that the "LIT" "is stuck," probably true and probably false? Because it's likely or like lie; and why is this conundrum like a College President's double D-gree? Because it's a pair o' Docs. And once more: What is the difference between the statement of our need, and the evident ambition of the one who stated it? One is so, and the other soar.

But enough of conundrums. Many points remain unnoticed, but we only wish to hint that there may arise from this insincerity which we call Ritualism, a feeling of estrangement between classmates, developing into suspicion and personal hatred, which is worse than "hazing," or raids upon the property of citizens, or differences with the College officers, because it kills all class feeling, which is the noblest production of our College life.

Memorabilia Yalensia.

Prizes.

Prizes for excellence in English Composition in the Sophomore Class have been awarded as follows:

FIRST DIVISION.—1st Prize—Henry A. Beers. 2d Prize—Frank Atwood. 3d Prize—Lyman H. Bagg, Henry C. Bannard.

SECOND DIVISION.—1st Prize—Edward C. Coy. 2d Prize—Henry V. Freeman, Edward Heaton. 3d Prize—Alexander A. Ewing, John T. Hillhouse.

THIRD DIVISION.—1st Prize—Bernadotte Perrin. 2d Prize—Henry W. Raymond, Rufus B. Richardson. 3d Prize—Isaac G. Reed.

FOURTH DIVISION.—1st Prize—Edward P. Wilder. 2d Prize—Arthur Shirley. 3d Prize—G. S. Sedgwick, Thomas W. Swan.

Editor's Table.

THE present board is rapidly drawing its labors to a close. With the issue of one more No., we shall tenderly consign the LIT. to other hands. We personally are cudgelling our brains, in the hope that something will occur to us, that shall be suitable to our last Table. The times are interesting and suggestive. About a hundred of us are very soon to separate, and find out by experience what life will bring to us. There is enough to write about, but the difficulty is, to make a wise selection. As we are drawing near the close of our College course, we naturally look back through the incidents of our four years stay, tracing our internal history, from year to year, till finally, we behold ourselves in Alumni hall, utter strangers to each other, utterly alone amidst a crowd, suffering all the horrors of a first examination, and wondering, confusedly, what solemn meaning is attached to "white" and "blue" papers, about which we hear, now and then, mysterious and horrified whispers. Our own experience was, we presume, more than usually painful. We hadn't acquired, in the smallest degree, that very essential prerequisite to a successful College, viz. "cheek." We were exceedingly shy. Moreover, our instructor, whom we thought a man of prodigious learning, whose lightest word had with us a vast and oracular significance, had told us that College Professors and Instructors had a remarkable craving for the blood of sub-freshmen, and gravely advised us to defer our examination till the second day, because, on the first, this cannibalistic thirst was, in a great degree, satiated.

But we felt that we could not wait for the satiated appetites of the second day. We wanted to go home. Accordingly, with courage roused to martyr-like energy, though not without some indistinct apprehension of the real meaning hidden under the extraordinary figure of our revered instructor, we started, very early in the morning, for Alumni Hall. There we sat all day, overcome with dismay. We watched the instructors furtively, and studied them as well as we could, considering the perturbation of our mind. We looked for some signs of a flaming, blood-loving eye, or for some sly manipulations of a concealed knife. We, however, could discern no iniquitous manifestations. We sat there very quiet and still, but were not without some confused notions of "dying game." On the strength of this, we got through. But there are one or two qualities that are brought here by a few of the new comers, that are not so apt to be carried away as they ought to be, and these are, simplicity of character, and an earnest faith in human nature. We believe in the above-mentioned qualities. We say this with all earnestness. We are all of us, for instance, rather apt to make light of those things that bear the stamp of the direct and earnest influence of the home. The utter sincerity, genuine earnestness and simple faith, that this sacred place imparts, isn't apt to stay long after one comes to College. There is a power abroad in College, such that a young man can't well retain these influences, except in the silent depths of his own heart. The fashion is rather to scout the really noblest influence of the father and mother and sister; in short, to set at nought their most sacred utterances—words that, perhaps, are spoken with an earnestness that subdues the voice and almost chokes the utterance. If a young man ought to carry anything in his *deepest heart*, the sacred instructions that are given him in his childhood and youth *at the home*, should receive that distinction. If these are fit only to be set aside in

his young manhood, then, human life is a cheat, infamous and immeasurable. Human character and human wisdom and human affections, are delusions, beneath even contempt. We believe that the influence of mother, sister, and home, is rarely justly valued. No man is fitted for the conduct of public affairs, unless there is in him the truth, simplicity, gentleness, and patience, that rarely anything else than the influences of a good home imparts. Undoubtedly, so far in human experience, the most exquisite beauties, eluding all observation, have lain hid in the home. How many divinely beautiful things, in human life, have not yet been expressed. Down deep in common life, throb the mighty pulses of the world's spiritual life; in deep and silent hearts, to whom God never gave words, but only to endure, lie mightier things than the world has conceived. The pageantry of kings, the pomp of courts, have been reported, but the deeps in lowly, earnest, struggling hearts, of these the world has not yet heard. Only God knows them. When, then, the young man turns his back on the sacred influences that home exerts, he puts contempt on what is holiest in all the earth. We believe that the manner in which we treat this deep and early influence, imports much to this Institution, as to whether its influence be good and healthful, or poisonous and pernicious; it imparts much in regard to the character of American literature, and also in regard to the honesty and dignity of American statesmanship. The fate of America is in the power that moulds and inspires its Statesmen, and no man can breathe an atmosphere that fits him to occupy this exalted position, but in a home.

But what is substituted for the simple faith and earnestness of early youth? It seems to us that its substitute is a sort of subtle, pervading skepticism, that makes life unreal, that mocks at earnestness, that makes human nature altogether untrustworthy. Is this well? If we would thank God for anything, it would be, that, after we had encountered all the shocks of life, after we had suffered all that we could from human selfishness and passion, He would suffer us to hold fast our original firm faith in human nature. And this unreality is creeping into every department of American intellectual life, religious, political, literary. It substitutes an obtrusive show, for real substance. It employs external grace, instead of downright nerve. "Elsie Venner," well exemplifies the spirit to which we refer. Its skepticism and general distrust of everything, except human selfishness, extracts, as far as its influence goes, all the marrow and glory out of human life. He writes like a caviller, and doubtless is one. Of all classes, cavillers are a brood most numerous, and exceedingly trying to human patience. This swinging from everything gentle and genuine, that characterizes all of us here in College more or less, seems to us to tend strongly toward just such hollow and marrowless stuff as distinguishes portions of "Elsie Venner." Such works are getting to be not uncommon in American literature.

Again, are we not too much prone to rest satisfied with the conviction that we have in us possibilities of high excellence, while we make no particular efforts to realize such. We respect purpose and achievement, in any case, even if it be to advance a course of evil. Aaron Burr, who did more to poison American social life, than any other man who has ever lived in this land, brought such splendid powers and acquirements to his infamous work, that notwithstanding we extend to him our weightiest disapprobation, yet we greatly admire him in a certain way. He brought into his service such consummate adroitness, such a matchless grace of address, such almost preternatural insight into human nature, such inimitable self-control and self-possession, that we cannot but admire such great powers, marshalled

with a genius so vital and energetic. So we have some little respect for those who, unwilling to lie as dead weights on human life, strive, in all sorts of wild abnormal ways, to achieve eminence and attract attention. To our mind, a pugilist, earnest and ugly, is a more interesting object, than a mass of organized inertia, as some so-called men are. So intellectual pugilism is better than no intellectual life at all, though, perhaps, in its results, it is nearest to intellectual lumpishness of anything? We believe this, because, "while there is life there is hope." "Awful" Gardner, who for years cursed himself and society by his terrific ugliness, at last, by supernatural power, became respectable enough to dwell with men. We believe that we never ought to surrender faith in men. Even intellectual "plug-uglies" may be, in the slow process of years, transformed into respectable and candid thinkers. But, in any case, a bully, whether he be devoted to fisticuffs proper, or to indiscriminate intellectual slapping, is a very troublesome fellow. You don't know when you are safe. He is as liable to cuff you as any one, because his main object is to get up a "scrimmage," or to draw upon himself the attention, the unenviable stares, that such a character always receives. We say we have some respect for such an individual. He is one step above the inertia of the lump. But the earnest desire to achieve something noble, is very grand, and somewhat rare. We suppose that about half the men who go through College, with their College career, begin and end their mental culture. In their cases, what a humbug is College drill. We are told, often enough, that a College drill is nothing but a very imperfect foundation for future attainments. We value perseverance and a purpose that is so large as to involve a life-long struggle, so highly, that we were about to express approbation of determined resoluteness in evil, rather than that one should have neither tenacity nor purpose. A life without these, is a life without a backbone. When a man should be iron, with this deficiency he becomes pulp, a limp sign of departed manhood, hanging on the outskirts of the world's busy life.

We all recollect the visit of Gen. Sherman to our College, last summer. He seems a man of fine capabilities, simple-hearted, sincere and earnest; a man, as it seemed to us, not thoroughly well-balanced, but carrying the day over and through all obstacles, by dint of his overpowering and tremendous enthusiasm. I remember a few of his words. He said he hoped we all were actuated by a strong and "nervous will." He seemed to think that all things could be done by means of steady, tireless energy. But what of all these things. We, Classmates, are standing on the threshold of our College home, and in a moment we shall step forth into the world. It's a rough place. From earliest childhood to oldest age, it is nothing but rough. The question is, shall we know more than we do now at sixty, if we live so long, or shall we know less? shall we grow continually, till then, in wisdom, in simplicity, and earnest truthfulness, or shall we cease soon to value knowledge, and continue to grow skeptical and distrustful of the dignity of human nature and of human life? Some years ago, Emerson said some noble words to a graduating Class at Harvard. They are pertinent here, and I will transcribe them. "When," says Emerson, "you shall say, 'As others do, so must I; I renounce, I am sorry for it, the dreams of my youth, I must let learning and romantic expectations go until a more convenient season,' then dies the man in you—then perish the buds of art and poetry and science as they have died already in a thousand, thousand men. The hour of that choice is the crisis of your history. See that you hold yourselves fast by the intellect." College friends and Classmates, FAREWELL

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXII.

APRIL, 1867.

No. 6.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '67.

WALLACE BRUCE,

ALBERT E. DUNNING,

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A Place to Begin.

THERE is a sort of anxiety felt by those of us who are soon to change our mode of life concerning the immediate future. We have been swinging through an ethereal region these four years, but as we approach our perigee, we are losing our academic carelessness, and, like the man in the moon, are more and more moved to learn what this old world is, and how to use it. It has been called "an oyster which we may open," but seems so tightly shut, that it is hard to discover, in its roughness, a seam to start from. Perhaps a view of that country called "the West," may strengthen failing hope, when we are reminded that it is on the outer edge of this mundane shell, and has been already a base of operations for many a successful struggle. Now, we can never fix the boundaries of the West, and can only point the inquirer to the star of empire as it chases the setting sun. When you have arrived in that indefinite region, you will surely know it; but when you first touched its soil, you can never tell. It has come upon you like the twilight of a cloudy day, when the night takes the world by unseen approaches, and there is no sudden change to mark the sunset. Still, you are certain at last of your occidental situation.

We may call that part of the United States between a line running North and South through the middle of New York, and the western boundary of Ohio, the dividing line between the East and West. Let the new oyster opener compose himself in one of those chariots which Vulcan has dedicated to Morpheus, and not awake until he hears the

cry, "Chigago Morning Papers," and he will open his eyes upon the genuine West. When he stops for breakfast at the town of aboriginal name, he will perceive that the air is dryer, the soil deeper, the coffee beanier, and the boiled eggs harder, than fancy had painted, or his stomach craved; also, that seventy-five cents is only "six bits," and that Western alchemy makes "dough" from greenbacks, and transmutes nickel cents to "brads." As he is again whirled Westward, and sees new cities, each a metropolis called by an Indian name, he wonders what wind storm, muddy and mathematical, could have blown hither these shiftless boxes, arranging them in dreary lines upon streets pharisaically straight, wide to lonesomeness, and deep, even to danger. The wonder is, that these temporary dwellings have remained so long, for one would think that the tide of emigration would have borne them further on; but the age they symbolize has by no means passed away,—the transition from picturesque barbarism to cultivated civilization. These dreary little buildings are as superior to the log-house as that was to the wigwam, and that they will soon give place to a tasteful architecture, is indicated by the ugly gingerbread eruptions with which some are already breaking out. Having tired of the blank monotony of the open prairie, or the endless reach of the cornfields there will be found enough that is new in the way-passengers and people at the stations, to keep the thoughts awake during the longest, drowsiest, summer ride. Much cannot be said of the beauty of Western women. They are a serious set, worn out with black care and ague. The younger women are too robust, the children are sandy in complexion, and literally earthy in appearance. The men are lank, leathery, and "long-favored," have a long, swinging stride when they walk, and a general appearance of joints when seated. They are also serious, and as they converse concerning pork, and corn, and lumber, fight their melancholy with natural leaf tobacco; a Western swell is made up of figured calico, hair oil, swagger, and broadcloth. In full dress, their black broadcloth pantaloons are always rolled up, as if to display their boots, blacked half way to the tops. They are also serious, and seek happiness in fine cut tobacco. Our Bachelor of Arts may feel a disappointment, as he looks upon his traveling companions, and deceive himself with the notion, that here is poor material to make friends of, and there is little promise of high culture in Western Society. But before he has rested from this first journey, he may find that Out West is the real United States, and that Western Society is the real Democracy: for he will find himself perfectly free to pursue happiness as he pleases. As there is no old and settled organization,

of society, with prescribed etiquette and a fixed standard of gentility, Western people have acquired the habit of going entirely on their own hook; and it is a remarkable fact, that those who were born in New England, become as free and easy Westerners, as those who came from Ohio or Kentucky. The great inducement held out to young men to settle in the West is, that as it is a country from which the primeval stumps are not wholly eradicated, he may be one of the builders of the State, and the founder of a first family. A large proportion of the present inhabitants of the newer Western States are from New England, perhaps more than from the Middle and Border States; but of the foreigners, the Germans are decidedly in the ascendant. Their patron saint, Gambrinus, has followed them, and conspires, with Ceres, to make the land to flow with beer and pretzels. This beer, by the way, is good, and a sure antidote for intoxication. The Germans are radical in politics, rarely in church, and vast in circumference. We know a German Chief of Police, weighing three hundred and seventy pounds, who declares that rascals must rise early to circumvent him. They are very loyal citizens, and while they do little towards filling the jails or almshouses, are always willing to take office. They raise excellent vegetables, and rule their wives with patriarchal simplicity. Most of the manual labor of cultivating their onions and cabbages, falls to the women, while the men attend to the head work. They keep the Sabbath according to the dictates of their own conscience, and in a manner more pleasant than puritanical, making themselves drowsy with the national beverage, and awakening themselves with stirring music. But it is unnecessary to further supplement Tacitus. It would be well to remember what he says in this connection.

Everyone knows that the staple products of the West are corn, wheat, oats, pork, (on the hoof or barreled,) ague medicine, (sometimes barreled,) town lots, feeble colleges, churches which struggle much with eastern beneficence, reapers and mowers, steam-plows, railroads, grain-elevators, etc. A grain-elevator is not, necessarily, corn or rye whiskey, as is erroneously supposed. A description of the elevator may be found in the Chicago Directory, a book which is not very well written, though generally correct in its statements. These various products hint at various ways of getting a living. There are also many chances for a situation in a school-house or newspaper office, which are available to those well trained in muscle.

The amusements of the people savor somewhat of speculation, though not generally metaphysical. They are, chiefly, draw poker,

railroad excursions, oil ventures, and matrimony. The last of course involves croquet, pic-nics, and singing-schools. The circus thrives, while the theater is an empty show. Western people have hardly yet found time to be amused.

It is impossible to do more than hint at a few of the advantages to be found at the West, and in this article pains have been taken to strip it of all false attractions, while many things might have been said to induce a trial of it. The West needs men of education, and appreciates them. She needs more earnest, thinking, loyal men, and will give each one his place. The Western people have acquired shrewdness in a severe school; they cannot be deceived by pretension, and have no disposition to withhold credit when it is deserved. It is because we think that a training here in Yale has scoured off snobbishness, developed manliness, given clear heads and warm hearts, that we advise all who can, to leave their dress-coats and walking-sticks this side of the Alleghanies, and go Out West.

The Dead Soldier.

Night brooded o'er the chamber. Not a sound
Disturbed the smothered breathings of the ill,
Save the unceasing tongue of Time's recorder,
A groan forced from some lips unused to weakness,
Or the low-murmured words of some sick soldier,
Dreaming of far-off loved ones in his home.
For days the battle-cry had ceased its shoutings;
Cannon grown mute, and thunders hushed to silence;
And the cold moon enveloped in her glances
Nought but low mounds, the witnesses of anguish.
Alas that even our protective goddess
Adjusts her balance with a nation's life-blood !
On a low cot lay a young one-armed soldier—
A few short months and he had been as happy
As all those thousands who now sleep the slumber
Which God has judged to be the price of valor.
He left a home where all God's richest blessings,

Kind sisters, brothers, mother and a father,
Would link him to it and make hard the parting.
O mighty is man's duty to a father,
And boundless love should he have for a mother.
But when a bleeding country claims his prowess,
And wrongs to man would put his life in danger,
Then be the parents for a time forgotten.
Bid pity leave thee, all thy kindlier feelings,
Grow like the Tiger, arm thee for the struggle,
Deaden thy senses with the rage of battle,
Fly to thy country, leave the rest with God.
Thus did this youthful soldier. In the ranks
He bore a soldier's hardships and his toils,
Longing for battle, hoping as all hope,
That he might aid his country by his might,
Escape the darts of death, and once more go
To claim a father's blessing in his home.
All day he stood the mark of angry missiles,
All day long fought for his cause and right.
Around him fell, here one he knew from youth,
And here a friend whom college ties had bound
With likes of honest and enduring love,
And here the rough acquaintance of the camp.
But he escaped until, as evening came
Blushing to view a scene so fraught with rage,
His turn came too, and helpless hung his arm,
Just as the victorious shout of conquering freemen
Told of another battle gained for truth.
He walked to camp. The surgeon's knife removed
What could avail no longer, Pale and weak
They laid him down upon his couch, and sleep,
That mild panacea of all mortal ills,
Soon soothed his anguish, took away his pain.
The harsh removal brought on farther fever.
His wound grew threatening, and again the knife
Was forced to farther rob him of the dwelling
In which the Father's kindly placed his children.
Thus he was. Night brooded o'er the chamber,
And he dreamt of home and far off loved ones,
Whom he soon again might see and comfort.
The wee hours from the sluggish time-piece dropped,
The moon grew paler in the dawning light,
The cock dared crow at last from off his roost,
The fox went homeward from his nightly tramp,
The kine their breakfast took in meadows green,
The nurse goes round, here with a cooling draught
Here smoothing with a woman's care a cot,
Here placing ice upon a fevered brow,

On which you plainly saw that ghostly seal
With which the Death-king, ever hovering near,
Marks out a victim with his bony hand.
The one-armed soldier calls, and hastening there,
She finds his covering streaming with his blood.
The surgeon, quickly called, looks at his wound,
Sees that all hope is vain, and with his hand
Stops for a time the throbbing jet of blood
Which, like all slaves, when once its bonds were loosed,
Leaps from its chambers, serving him no more.
Then with a voice that spoke of sorrow deep,
He gently told him of his coming end.

Hubert, your wound's been bleeding,
And 'though we always knew
That death might take you from us,
We scarce believed it true
That one so young and noble,
So truly good as you
Must in your youth be sundered
From earth's alluring ties,
And leave us as the leaflet
That withers, fades, and dies.
The artery no longer
Gives place for surgeon's skill,
And when I raise my finger,
Which I'll not do until
Your last words are recorded,
And you've no more to say, -
Why then your soul will leave us,
And wing its flight away
To realms far better fitted
For a home for one like you,
Where battles, rage, and anger
Give way to the good and true.

The soldier's words came sad and slow,
For his voice was low and weak,
And a quivering lip, and sorrowing eye
And a tear adown his cheek,
Told alone of the anguish that rent his heart
And forbade him at first to speak.
"It is hard, it is very hard," he said,
To receive my summons so soon,
For although I knew that I might be called,
I had hoped as my greatest boon,

That a mother's fingers might smooth my brow,
But I'll not complain, for it can't be now.
Raise my head a little, that I may see
The friends who have been so kind
O I ought to be thankful thus to die ;
When so many many find
Their death-bed away on a foreign shore
With the dear ones left behind,
But many a mile are my parents away,
And they cannot reach me now.
But although it is very hard to bear,
To Thy will, O my God, will I bow."
And the wind sighed low in the murmuring leaves,
As it moaned with an echo "bow."
"Tell my mother," he said, and the poor boy sighed
As he thought of his mother's care ;
"Tell my mother the thought that her I must leave
Is the hardest thing to bear,
But tell her I always heard her voice
E'en above the battle's roar,
And my dream of dreams was that I might hear
Her words of love once more ;
And ask her often to visit my grave,
For it seems so very lone
To be hid away in the cold, cold earth,
With your only friend a stone.
And let no dark cypress or gloomy pine
Cast a shadow around my tomb ;
But plant the violet there and the rose,
All the flowers that earliest bloom.
And bid my father not grieve too long
For his first, his eldest son,
For I go contented to realms of bliss
Since my labor here is done.
And my darling brothers and sisters dear!
What words to them can I leave,
To show them the depth of my boundless love,
And to let them know how I grieve,
As I feel that their faces no more shall I see,
Till the cycles have rolled to eternity.
But I'll speak no longer. Now set me free,
For I see the rising sun
Is flooding the world with his golden light,
And his course is just begun.
And I think I would rather wing my way
To the realms of a world above,
With the lark as my fellow traveller,
Singing his song of love.

Just pray for me first that each wicked thought
May leave me e'er I die,
And for all the loved ones so soon to know
That their Hubert's in the sky."

The prayer is over, the last word is said,
The finger is lifted, the soldier is dead.
Bury him carefully, hollow his tomb
Where the rippling rivulet laughs away gloom;
Wrap well around him the flag he has borne,
Marred 'though its beauty is, tattered and torn.
Emblem of victory, let it now shield
One who protected it once on the field.
Plant by him violets, daisies, and roses,
Everything cheerful where valor reposes.
Toll the bells mournfully, mournfully toll
Farewell to a freeman, adieu to his soul.
Toll the bell carefully, wake not his slumber—
Place the turf softly lest you encumber
One in his resting-place loved while below,
Wept when departed hence, 'though we all know
Heaven receives him and angels are bearing
Him to their dwelling place, joyously sharing
With him their laudits to God whom they praise;
Merciful Sovereign, Ancient of Days.
The task is accomplished, alone let us leave him;
The vine and the willow in summer will weave him
A covering of emerald, a bower in the shade,
Where he'll list to the music the songsters have made.
The owl may there murmur, the whippowill wail,
The thunder-clouds rumble, the lightnings assail,
But naught more can trouble him, silent he sleeps,
And Heaven each evening over him weeps,
And every morning the sunbeams arise,
And chase with their brightness the tears from her eyes.
Softly we've buried him. Home let us go,
Pained at the loss of him, 'though we all know
Heaven's beholding him, cleansed from all sin,
Winged as the angels are, entering in
Through the great covering studded with pearls
Where from the throne of God Heaven unfurls
Banners of purity, pennons of light,
Waving o'er holiness, goodness and right.

They fired a volley o'er his grave,
The last sad homage to the brave,
Then left him in his narrow cell.
Mournfully, mournfully tolled the bell.

*

*A Thanksgiving Jaunt up the Hudson.**

LEAVING New Haven by the night-boat, which, as usual, waited over half an hour or so on account of the Jubilee, we were to take the 6.30 A. M. train up the river. It required no little moral courage to tear one's self from so comfortable a morning nap as we were enjoying upon our arrival at New York; but, heroically drawing on our boots, we were soon wending our way through the silent streets of the city towards the Hudson River R. R. Depôt.

The clear sky overhead, from which the lingering stars had not yet withdrawn, gave promise of a bright and beautiful Thanksgiving Day. Boys with immense packages of the morning papers under each arm, and an occasional policeman on a corner, were almost the only persons stirring at that early hour.

Day had been gradually dawning, and at last we saw the first red beams of the rising sun reflected on the window-panes of the houses across the river.

Although nature was decked neither with the verdure of Summer or the gorgeous tints of mid-Autumn, the scene we gazed upon was very lovely, and with our spirits exhilarated by its beauty and the pleasant anticipations before us, we thought it a glorious thing to ride along the banks of the Hudson. Never did we see the grand old river of such a magnificent blue as it looked upon that bright November morning when the sunbeams first kissed it. White sails flecked the waters here and there, and occasionally we passed a stately steamboat steadily ploughing her way through the waves. And now we have reached the fortress-like Palisades frowning on the opposite bank, with the bright evergreens clinging to their gray sides, and, here and there, a

* Though this sketch is made up from notes taken in November, 1864, we presume the description of localities will apply equally well at the present time.

house peeping out among the trees on their summits. But on and on we clattered, till the Palisades were left behind, and the broad, peaceful bosom of the far-famed Tappan Zee spread out in its beauty before us. Ere long the brakeman called out "Tarrytown," and here we were to stop. O Tarrytown, fitly named! Long indeed would we linger about thee, more fondly than the ancient Dutch farmers at the old village tavern, on account of which, according to the amiable Mr. Knickerbocker, their good wives thus christened thee. The glorious scenery and magnificent country-seats in its vicinity, its quaint old legends and many pleasant associations and reminiscences of the past, and, more than all, the memory of the great Irving, invest it with an interest and attractiveness, such as few places in this country possess. After attending Thanksgiving services at Christ Church, of which Mr. Irving, whose name is inscribed on a tablet upon its walls, was a vestryman, and then endeavoring, to the best of our ability, to do justice to a noble Thanksgiving dinner, we started out for a ramble through Sleepy Hollow, renowned in ancient story. Sleepy Hollow is still, as of yore, "one of the quietest places in the whole world." As we entered its silent shades, the drowsy, dreamy influence that has from time immemorial pervaded it, seemed to come over us, and we wandered along the road winding through it, as though half in the land of dreams. Some floating clouds partially obscured the sun, thus subduing its bright glare, and lending an additional charm to the place. After a little time we came to a paintless little frame school-house, which looked ancient enough to have once been the far-famed seat of learning over which the lank-limbed pedagogue of the nasal twang presided, with so stern a way. But as that was constructed of logs, this could not have been the original building. The site of the latter we placed a little farther on, at a spot that seemed to answer perfectly the description in the Legend of Sleepy Hollow, a copy of which we took care to carry along with us, and to which we frequently referred, in the course of our ramble. There were the woody hill and the brook running close by; but the "formidable birch-tree" was not to be seen. Doubtless it has long since fallen a victim to the revengeful ire of some of the youthful aspirants who had so often been "urged along the flowery path of knowledge," by its lithe and slender switches. Some distance farther on stands the veritable old mill, from above whose water-wheel the old negro, "the great historic genius of the Hollow," grinned, for the first time, upon the illustrious Diedrich, as he pursued his explorations in these dreamy regions. Its chatter has long been silent, but behind it the roaring Potomac, "which winds

in many a wizard maze through the sequestered haunts of Sleepy Hollow," leaps down the rugged rocks in a beautiful waterfall. But still on we wandered, and after a time leaving the pleasant valley, and following the road around the side of an immense hill, came out at length upon "Broadway," (the continuation of the great thoroughfare,) several miles above Tarrytown, and almost as far up as Sing-Sing, whose ancient Sachem, with his warriors,—according to the Indian tradition—was laid asleep in the rocks and fastnesses of the valley; whence the name and the dreamy influence which still hangs over it. We passed many noble villas and exquisite cottages along the road; but the finest residences are directly on the river, and hidden by intervening hills or trees.

But now we are approaching the spot "famous in goblin story," the bridge by the old Dutch Church, where the Headless Horseman was wont to vanish in a flash of fire and brimstone, and where the hapless Ichabod was hurled to the ground by the horrible missile.

Night has now closed in, and the darkness throws a thousand horrors round the place, filling the mind with strange and undefined terror. Look there! what is that by the road side? A tall figure looms up, and beside it, on the ground, lies a round, white object. Can it be the spectre, and that its head? We summon up courage and, trembling, press on a little nearer, but at last find it is only a gatepost, the stone ball from whose top has fallen off.

And now, there is the little old church, with its white tomb-stones, like ghosts gathered around it, and here is the haunted bridge itself—Good Saint Nicholas preserve us! Well, we are safely past that now. But here is the hill down which they had that fearful gallop. Hist! don't you hear horses' hoofs? Yes, it is even so—Horrible dictu! Nearer and nearer they clattered. The next instant we expected to have the wild Hessian thundering down upon us, but found, to our immense relief, that it was only a lady and gentleman returning from an afternoon's ride. We are not out of the haunted region yet, however. There is the André monument, erected on the spot where Major André was captured in the Revolution, and here it was that the galloping ghost first appeared to the benighted pedagogue. It is a fearful thing to pass through a hobgoblin region after dark. But now we are in the streets of the village, and our fears vanish, as the cheerful lights from the windows stream out upon us.

We will not soon forget the social festivities of that Thanksgiving night, or the witchery of certain bright eyes, whose spell lingered

with some of us for many a day afterward ; but we feel that this is a subject upon which we can scarcely trust ourselves to speak.

The next morning, when we rose and looked from our chamber window upon the broad bosom of the Tappan Zee, we were disappointed at seeing the sky overcast, and a general gloom upon the face of Nature ; but a little bright patch in the clouds, far to the South, led us to hope that we should yet have a pleasant day. A stroll to Sunnyside was the programme for the morning. So, after breakfast, we started down along the Railroad, which lies directly upon the river-side. Pleasant, indeed, was our walk on that Indian-Summer morning, along the famous shores of old Tappan Zee, where the murmur of the ripples upon the stony beach made music ceaselessly in our ears. Though clouds were overhead, and the water by us was of a dull leaden hue, to the South, where the clear sunlight was shining, the river and its bordering hills were wrapped in golden mist. But the clear space in the sky was widening, and the sunshine was creeping up the river, as we walked forward to meet it. Fast the clouds rolled back, the golden beams touched the dull waters near us, and now they sparkled and shone, blue as the blue sky above them ; while the white sails upon their bosom grew dazzling in their brightness. Then the sun reached the other shore, and the cottages and spires of the village of Piermont, opposite, glistened in the morning beams. All the beautiful landscape was wreathed in smiles. It was a morn, as Willis says, for life in its most subtle luxury. Sunnyside is, perhaps, two miles down the river. A lovely spot it seemed, and appropriately called, looking so peaceful and bright, with the sunlight streaming over the ancient walls. How calm and still the scene around. The moveless expanse of the Tappan Zee slumbered below the old ivy-covered pile, and the only sign of animated life in the vicinity, was the blue smoke of a fisherman's fire, that curled lazily up towards the sky. The appearance of the house, with its many gables and corners, "modelled, it is thought, after the cocked hat of Peter the Headstrong," is familiar to all, from the many engravings of it throughout the land. On the West wall is the date, 1655, and on the South end, over the main entrance, a tablet, with an inscription bearing the same date, and the name of Washington Irving, 1835, if we remember rightly. Two glittering weather-cocks surmount the edifice, but we are unable to say whether they are the ones "that had crowed in the glorious days of the New Netherlands," and which old Diedrich Knickerbocker saw, when he first came to Wolfert's Roost. This, we believe, is the house which Jacob Van Tassel, "the hero of

"76," built after his ancient castle had been laid waste by the red-coats, and in which afterwards resided the fair Katrina, enchantress of the luckless schoolmaster's heart.

We could easily picture in imagination the great Irving, sitting upon the sunny piazza, overlooking his darling Hudson, where he so loved to sit in days gone by, and watch the sails on its bosom. How this whole region seems filled with him—the very air to breathe of him. There is not a spot of interest in the vicinity, that has not been consecrated by his genius, and which does not recall his name.

We did not notice the celebrated spring, which is said to have been smuggled over from Holland in a churn by the good wife of Goosen Garret Von Blarcom, one of the first settlers; because she thought she should find no water equal to it in the new country; but we paused to admire "the wild brook (wild as ever) babbling down the ravine" near the house. It was with feelings of fond regret, that we turned away from sweet old Sunnyside; and as we strolled up the rambling lane, beautifully overarched with shade-trees, which leads to the high-road, we thought of that mournful procession which, in the sad November a few years since, bore to their last resting place the mortal remains of him who was America's chiefest pride. In the afternoon we walked out to the old Dutch church. It is rather a primitive looking little edifice, but in excellent repair. An inscription, bearing the names of its founders, Frederick Philips and Catherine Van Courtland, his wife, and the date, 1699, adorns its front. Around the ancient church,—

"Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

It was among these graves that the pleased Ichabod, conscious of his vast importance, would stroll, with the blooming country damsels, "on Sundays between services, reciting, for their amusement, all the epitaphs on the tomb-stones;" and from these ancient stones, that long afterwards Diedrich Knickerbocker, with pious hand, used to turn down the weeds and brambles which had overgrown them, "to decipher inscriptions in Dutch and English of the names and virtues of succeeding generations of Van Tassels, Van Warts, and other historical worthies, with their portraitures faithfully carved, all bearing the family likeness to cherubs." Adjacent to the old church-yard lies the Tarrytown cemetery; and just upon its borders, looking out upon the former, is the Irving lot. Here the large family repose in long lines of green graves marked by simple head-stones, and, with his

father and mother on one side, and his elder brother on the other, sleeps the dust of Washington Irving.

A wreath of immortelles, now blackened by time and exposure, is the only ornament that adorns the grass-covered mound, and the white stone bears but the simple record of his parentage and his name, birth and death.

In this spot, of all others upon earth, and thus, with no stately monument to hand down to future generations a fame that has found a more lasting one in the hearts of his countrymen, would his great soul, we think, have desired that its earthly tenement might rest.

After leaving the cemetery, we ascended Prospect Hill, a lofty eminence about half a mile distant, to enjoy the magnificent view, and see the sun set. It forms a part of what is known as Irving Park, and is surmounted by a little observatory, from whose top the prospect is of surpassing grandeur and beauty. To the South, the blue Hudson stretches away, as far as the eye can reach, the tall Palisades towering on one side, and the lovely hills, everywhere dotted with beautiful villas, on the other. Before us slumbered, in glassy repose, the broad Mediterranean of the New Netherlands, with here and there a white-sailed vessel on its unruffled bosom, like "a painted ship upon a painted ocean." On its other shore, directly opposite, is the pretty village of Nyack, with the great hills rising beyond. On this side sleeps Tarrytown, in its quiet beauty, and there is the little old church, with its silent graves around it, and near it, the haunted bridge. Far to the North, the great river, all teeming with sails, is lost in the dim distance, among the mist-wreathen hills. Down at our feet, towards the East, winds the mystic valley of Sleepy Hollow, and away stretch the rolling hills beyond. And now the fiery sun is sinking to his royal couch in splendor ineffable, leaving the clouds behind him in a blaze of glory.

The grand old hills are tinged of a beautiful purple, and the dreamy haze which always fills the atmosphere in Indian-Summer-time, bathes the landscape in a flood of golden light, that adds to the matchless scene its crowning perfection.

The mirror-like expanse of the Tappan Zee, reflects the rainbow glories of the Western heavens, until they fade from the sky, and then the dark blue of evening gradually succeeds. The gray curtains of twilight are slowly drawn about us, and more distant objects become lost to view in the gathering dusk.

Taking a last fond, lingering look towards old Sleepy Hollow, and then at the little Church, which we shall see no more, alas! we com-

mence the descent from our lofty look-out ; while, one by one, the lights gleam forth in the village and neighboring farm-houses, and across the river. The lamps of Heaven, too, are beginning to peep forth, and it is night on the Hudson. The next morning, we were once more in the city of the Manhattoes, whom we found somewhat more wide awake than on the occasion of our previous passage through their town ; and, in fact, in no small stir, since the night before, some most precious rogues had been attempting to burn the good people out.

P. B. P.

John Haring.

From the classic times of story,
From the days of elder Rome,
When Fame was but martial glory,
And meek Faith had found no home,
Many deeds of highest daring
Have come down with deathless name,
Many heroes nobly sharing
All their country's woes and shame.
From the Grecian isles of beauty
Poets chant in lofty strains
Of obedience to stern duty,
And the dead on Leuctra's plains.
E'en the deeds of knightly Templars
Have resounded far and wide,
Have been held as bright exemplars
Of how brave men bravely died.
But the acts of days more near us
Never shine in glory's light,
And like hopes that vainly cheer us
Quickly sink in endless night ;
And while many brows are wearing
Laurels gained for fame and gold,
Must the men like brave John Haring
Leave their simple tale untold.

Fair Harlem has been battered for many a weary day,
 And hope from each stout burgher's heart has well nigh died away;
 For three long months, by night and day, the siege has dragged along,
 And gaunt Despair at last has seized on wretched and on strong.
 In battles oft, in combats fierce, with mines and countermines,
 The gallant-hearted citizens repelled the Spanish lines,
 And two assaults were quick repulsed from that devoted town
 By soldier and by citizen, by matron and by clown;
 But now their doom approaches, and that end is drawing near
 At which the strong man trembles, and the virgin swoons with fear.
 But yet one hope is left them, on one trust they still depend,
 That Father William to their aid some help will quickly send,
 And anxious hearts are beating fast, and watching night and morn,
 For happiness to misery, and joy to the forlorn.

And now the troops, advancing, hard attack the Diemerdyk,
 And the battle fierce is raging with sword, and shield, and pike;
 For if they can but pierce the dyke, and let the waters in,
 Harlem will be quickly saved, and the hostile rout begin;
 But the valiant Spanish legions most stubborn hold the place,
 Invoking all their patron Saints, and holy Lady's grace.
 Long the bloody battle wavers on dyke and on the wave,
 And each small spot of land or sea is some brave soldier's grave:
 Then the patriots are beaten, and as they slow retreat,
 Becomes each inch of that thin line a tomb beneath their feet.
 But now the brave John Haring seeks the front of all that fray,
 And his right arm alone now holds a thousand men at bay;
 Armed with but sword and buckler, and his proud heart's brave disdain,
 He stands against advancing hosts, the men of mighty Spain;
 He stands alone, and bravely dares the might 'gainst him arrayed,
 He stands alone till all his friends have good their retreat made,
 He stands alone till all is done, and Valor asks no more;
 Then plunges headlong in the sea and safely gains the shore.

But not content with one brave deed, the hero longed again
 To test the power of his arm against the might of Spain.
 The time he wished for quickly came, and on the Zuyder Zee,
 The Spanish Fleet met Holland's ships, the tyrant met the free.
 The fight commenced one afternoon, one bright October day,
 And thirty ships on either side advanced in proud array.
 The strife was short and bloody, and right soon the Spaniards fled,
 All save one ship, the Admiral's, whose spirit knew no dread;
 His ship was large, his heart was brave, the hostile boats were small,
 And stoutly from the upper deck he dared the might of all.
 From three that day till set of sun, from dark till early morn,
 He battled fiercely for his flag, and held his foes in scorn.
*Then in the gray of morning John Haring climbed up the side,
 And tore the flaunting ensign down, the type of Spanish pride.*

But all too soon this daring was, the foe was not yet cowed,
 And the hero was beset by the fierce and desp'rate crowd;
 No succor then was near him, on no friendly deck he trod,
 And with the rising of the sun his soul rose up to God.
 But, cheered by his brave example his comrades forward pressed,
 And in triumph found their vengeance, in victory their rest.

What if he were Roman hero, or what if he were Greek,
 Would not the tongue of ev'ry age his glories loudly speak?
 But a simple, honest burgher, he did his duty well,
 And fame for him reserved no niche, nor did his glories tell.
 Yet his warm heart beat for country, for God and fatherland,
 And these were worth far more to him than with the great to stand;
 And if the knowledge of self-worth is dear to any soul,
 He surely was full well repaid, and reached his farthest goal;
 For on the dyke he did alone what thousands dare not try,
 And on the dawn of his last day he taught the brave to die. S. T. V.



Amusements.

It must be evident to all, that the opinions of the wise and good upon this subject are undergoing a great and radical change; when divines can call upon the dancing master to assist in the education of their sons and daughters, and when the social gatherings of the church can be enlivened by dancing and games of chance. This change becomes still more apparent, if we notice how writers a few years ago regarded amusements, in comparison with the writers of to-day. The Vols. of the NEW ENGLANDER furnish a very good example. In Vol. 9, a writer upon this subject, after defining amusement to be the pursuit of pleasure, "for *pleasure's sake*," insists that "as they have been defined, amusements are virtually *forbidden* in the Scriptures," "the natural tendency of amusements, as of every other form of sin, is downwards," and "that wherever dancing is spoken of in the Bible, except as a religious exercise, some mark of reprobation is usually put upon it." With this writer all amusement is sin in spirit, motive and form. Take now Vol. 25 of the same Magazine, and we read in

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the Review of Dr. Johns, "Christian life among us is not yet freed from the influence of narrow, unintelligent views. Take the matter of amusements. There are various games and pastimes, which have been frowned upon by those who would not be able to found their condemnation of them upon any clear and sound rule of Christian ethics. Many will remember when the game of nine-pins was a forbidden amusement. Now, our College Gymnasiums are furnished with a row of alleys. A like superstition in regard to billiards is fast vanishing from enlightened minds. But many of those who laugh at the solemn condemnation once visited upon these innocent forms of recreation, might find it difficult to explain the abhorrence which they feel for card-playing;" again, "whether dancing be objectionable or not, depends entirely upon the circumstances under which it takes place, and that to use such language respecting this amusement as pertains properly to sins of an aggravated character, like lying, is to countenance superstition." With this writer, amusement is not a sin because sought "for pleasure's sake," but the sin depends entirely upon the circumstances; this is one example only, out of the many which can readily be found, showing the complete change of opinion on this subject. Have the wise and good degenerated, that they differ thus with the fathers, on a question involving distinctions so vital to society and the church? We must either say that they have, or find some reason which justifies this difference.

Examination shows this difference to be mostly in regard to amusements in general, the fathers believing them altogether sinful, while we place the sin wholly in the circumstances. There is a single proposition, easily proved, which places the views of our fathers somewhat in the wrong, and justifies the opinion now fast prevailing. It is this; amusement, in itself considered, is as natural, proper, and necessary, as business, and therefore to be regulated by the same rules with business. Now it does not require a very long study into the voluntary activities of our life, to discover that they can, very naturally, be divided into two great classes, those which arise in the midst of our business, and those which come from our amusements. There is, indeed, another class of activities, which come from the pains and sorrows of life, but no one would call them voluntary. Business and amusement, then, are the two great spheres, which furnish the limits of our voluntary activity. Business and pleasure are the two words most commonly brought together to express their idea; but this use of the terms seems hardly proper, for pleasure is not strictly an activity, but rather the result of our activity. We can busy ourselves with a

piece of work, or amuse ourselves with a game, and profit or pleasure is the result. Pleasure thus stands in the same relation to amusement, that profit does to business. There is just the difficulty, our elderly objector may say; all amusement has for its object nothing but mere pleasure. But is mere pleasure a vice? If so, how much of sin will there be in that better world, according to the accounts of those who expect to go there. How much of sin there is in the heart of the child, whose desire for pleasure is the first that manifests itself. In our earlier years, the great sum of our activity is spent in amusement. Everything comes to us filled with it. "We play by an original impulse, long before we know anything about work," and as we grow up from childhood, this desire does not by any means cease; it seems rather to increase as the opportunities for gratifying it are multiplied. Here indeed is a critical point in our lives. Up to this time, we have gone through a process of amusing ourselves with everything that life has afforded. But we soon find out that there are some things which cannot be gained in this way. We must do something besides amuse ourselves, if we would secure them. We must busy ourselves. Now we do not naturally like the busying process. There is too much work and no fun in it. So that of the two we may say, that amusement is a little more natural than business. But both are natural—the activity of the mind or body cannot cease. When we are not busy, we must amuse ourselves, and no law of Heaven or earth makes one proper and not the other, independent of the circumstances that surround us. Here our objector may ask, 'Do not the circumstances that surround us in life make business more proper than amusement? If the chief end of man is to make money, we must answer yes. But if it is to develop his noblest powers, and to assist his neighbor in doing the same, we would answer no. What difference will it make hereafter, that we have called one activity amusement, and the other business? Both are sinful when, by engaging in them, we sacrifice our highest good. It is a fair question, whether there is not more evil in the world to-day, arising from business, than from amusement. That devotion of our fathers to business, so great that they could call slavery a divine institution, and at the same time look upon dancing and games of chance as an abomination in the sight of God, we must, to say the least, call mistaken and unhealthy. If now our proposition be allowed as true, it must follow that amusements should be regulated by the same rules of propriety and morality with business. As a whole, both are equally proper and necessary. Both form a part of a religious life, and come within the limits of religious instruction. The

Junior Exhibition.

The Junior Exhibition occurred, Wednesday, April 3d. The following was the Order of Exercises:—

AFTERNOON.

1. Music: Overture, Massaniello.—Auber.
2. Latin Oration, "De Ciceronis amore erga filium," by Henry Parks Wright, Oakham, Mass.
3. Dissertation, "The Slave Ship and the Pilgrim Ship," by Charles Edwin Searls, Thompson.
4. Dissertation, "Rome in the time of Cicero," by Thomas Fenner Wentworth, Greenland, N. H.
5. Music: Selection, Fra Diavolo.—Auber.
6. Oration, "The Pleasures of Mystery," by Elisha Wright Miller, Williston, Vt.
7. Oration, "Silent Influence," by Isbon Thaddeus Beckwith, Old Lyme.
8. Music: Cavatina, Nabucco.—Verdi.
10. Dissertation, "The Anglo-Saxon Race," by Henry Collins Woodruff, Brooklyn, N. Y.
11. Oration, "The Quaker Settlers of Pennsylvania," by Thomas Wilson Pierce, West Chester, Pa.
12. Music: Selections, Preciosa.—Von Weber.
13. Oration, "Everett and Pericles—their Funeral Orations," by John Kinne Hyde DeForest, Lyme.
14. Dissertation, "Thoreau," by Cornelius DuBois, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
15. Music: Samiel Polka.—La Fleur.
16. Oration, "Daniel Webster," by Edward Alexander Lawrence, Oxford, N. H.
17. Philosophical Oration, "American Reform," by John Lewis, Suffield.
18. Music: Athalia March.—Meyerbeer.

EVENING.

1. Music: Overture, Poet and Peasant.—Suppe.
2. Greek Oration, "Ἡ τῶν Ἑλλήνων μυθολογία," by William Curtiss Wood, Sattara, India.
3. Oration, "Puritan Intolerance," by Timothy Pitkin Chapman, Bridgeport.
4. Dissertation, "Terribly in Earnest," by Richard Austin Rice, New Haven.
5. Music: Selections, Crispino.—Ricci.
6. Oration, "The Statesmanship of Edmund Burke," by James Kingsley Thacher, New Haven.
7. Oration, "National Music," by John Howard Webster, Cleveland, Ohio.
8. Oration, "The Fruits of the War," by Robert Allen Hume, New Haven.
9. Music: Quartette Rigoletto.—Verdi.
10. Dissertation, "The New German Empire," by Charles Henry Farnam, Chicago, Ill.
11. Oration, "J. G. Percival," by Silas Augustus Davenport, Elizabeth, N. J.
12. Music: Railroad Galop.—Gungl.
13. Oration, "Samuel Adams," by James Coffin, Irvington, N. Y.
14. Oration, "The Right of the President to a Policy," by George Henry Lewis, New Britain.
15. Music: Serenade, Don Pasquare.—Donizetti.

16. Oration, "The Age and its Ideas," by Chauncey Bunce Brewster, Mount Carmel.

17. Philosophical Oration, "Reform in England," by Anson Phelps Tinker, Old Lyme.

18. Music: Potpourri, L'Etoile du Nord.—Meyerbeer.

Editor's Table.

ONCE more, but for the last time, we bid you all a hearty greeting. New faces are knocking at the door of this old sanctum, and we must soon depart. We shall only tarry to fill out the few remaining pages, and then, with becoming gravity, and indeed with no little regret, though flinging off a huge burden of responsibilities, we shall relinquish our places to our successors, and quietly withdraw from the public gaze. Already our spirits quicken at the prospect, for our lot shall no longer be that of servants, nor shall we be longer doomed to wear the official robes, the very sight of which is so strangely unwelcome, that delinquent friends vanish with marvellous quickness whenever we appear. But, freed from all restraints, and with naught reckoned up against any man, we hope to experience once more the peaceful joys of humble life. Yet we can sincerely and honestly welcome those who are to assume our fallen mantle. Their new charge, while it brings with it much solid, earnest work, will also yield its due share of pleasure. Flowers bestrew even an editor's pathway, though the knights of the quill are prone to assert that their journey lies across the desolate fields of life. For our own part, as we look back along its course, we find many things which it will be pleasant to remember.

We are aware that the issues of the past year, as in fact may be said of every year, have not come as near the standard of excellence for a College Magazine as could be wished. A glance at their pages reveals much that might have been better done. Now we cheerfully shoulder our own share of the responsibility therefor. But we respectfully suggest to you, that the editor is not to blame for all the delinquences of the *LIT.* With the exception of a general supervision, his duties cease with the preparation of the "Table" and a single article at the most, while you, by your contributions, determine upon the character of the great part of each number. If, then, these pages sometimes seem dull and heavy, don't cast all the blame upon the editorial shoulders. This Magazine is bound to be an index of the mental status of the College. It will truthfully indicate life and activity, or sluggishness and inaction; and in making haste to condemn its contents, each one would do well to consider the degree of self-condemnation which his words imply.

In the hurry and confusion incident to the close of the term, we have been able to keep little record of passing events. Junior Exhibition, the main feature of interest, was quite a success, notwithstanding the unfavorable season at which it occurred, when studies demanded the undivided attention of every one. The pieces were well written, and reflected credit upon the speakers and the class. All were delighted with the music of the old band, which, under another name, had


been the universal favorite of former years. The Committee deserve thanks for bringing our old friends back to New Haven. Politics, too, have had their culmination since our last issue. But as they have been thoroughly exhausted at every Club room and in every circle, we forbear to revive them. We may, however, note the singular fact, that betting men either had so little faith in the success of their own parties, or so much faith in the doctrine of contraries, that most of them gave odds against their favorite candidates. Perhaps this is the more philosophic way, after all, for either you win your money, or your party wins the election, and the result cannot be wholly unpleasant in either case.

Close upon these excitements followed the dull monotony of examination. Every one suddenly became sour and sullen, and retreated into his den, whence not even the charms of opening spring can now draw him forth. We extend to you all, in these gloomy days, our best wishes for your success, and our hearty sympathy, and in consideration of the additional burdens resting upon our editorial shoulders, would fain ask your sympathy in return. Nothing but actual experience can give one any idea of the immense bother of getting out a LIT. in examination time. Even while we are writing, Dr. Stewart will persist in obtruding on our notice the engagement which we have with him in the morning, and for which we have yet made no preparation. So we hasten to make our final bow, and bid you all farewell.

Our Exchanges.

We have received the Williams Quarterly, the Dartmouth, the Collegian, the Hamilton College Monthly, the Beloit College Monthly, the University Chronicle, and other College publications. Also *Aromatic Swietenia*, which is neither paper nor book, but a package of Dentifrice from Dr. Rowe, 17 Wooster street, New York, which, so far as our experience goes, is worthy of a place on every student's toilet table. The members of the Board propose to keep the bottles as Memorabilia.

. Several excellent articles are lying upon our table, which were received at too late a date for insertion in the present Number.

 We take pleasure in recommending to our readers the Hat Store recently opened at 233 Chapel street, by Collins & Co.; all those whose acquaintance with New Haven dates back for a few years, will remember the fine reputation which Mr. Collins used to enjoy in this line, and his almost exclusive control of the College trade. After an absence of several years, he has again resumed former business. His old customers will not be slow to find him out, in his new store, and all others in want of stylish and durable goods at reasonable prices, will do well to give him a call.

VALEDICTORY.

Our work is done—our farewell words are few. We have labored under many difficulties. We have needed your sympathy—and we have had it. Our failures have been met by kindly words ; our partial successes with hearty congratulations.

We leave behind us, to our successors, the kindest wishes ; to our contributors, unstinted praise ; to our subscribers, who have paid, heartfelt thanks ; to those who have not paid, a reminding invitation ; (may the ghost of an empty pocket veil the fair faces of their dreams ;) to those who have not subscribed, a tear of pity ; and to our persevering, would be critics, a few coals of fire. Lay them gently on your busy heads, O critics, and if not at once extinguished, may they—the coals—kindle underneath a better appreciation for those who are coming after us ; and may they torment you as little as you have troubled us.

For ourselves,—would that to a better work we might affix these two last words—THE END.

WALLACE BRUCE,
J. JAY DUBOIS,
ALBERT E. DUNNING,
JOSEPH W. HARTSHORN,
RICHARD W. WOODWARD.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXII.

MAY, 1867.

No. 7.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '68.

RUSS. W. AYRES,

JOHN LEWIS,

WILLIAM A. LINN,

WILLIAM A. MCKINNEY,

ANSON PHELPS TINKER.

College Composition.

THE subject of College Composition is by no means unimportant. It concerns the future life of almost every student connected with the Institution. Our writing is a most essential branch of our education, and any defects in the manner in which it is conducted, should be pointed out and corrected, while our minds are plastic and impressible.

A notorious fault in our college composition is its superficiality. The existence of a fault so serious, is far from being surprising. It is but the legitimate result of a deliberate course of conduct. A composition, in order to be good, must possess some one of the following characteristics:—Depth of thought, propriety of arrangement, beauty, pungency or originality of style. Now how many of the productions which are read in the Division room, can be said to exhibit these requisites? The majority of them certainly, if estimated by even this imperfect criterion, would be found wanting.

We have sufficient time allotted to us to make writing a most profitable exercise. The larger portion of this time, however, is wasted in idleness, or spent in frivolous amusements. The very idea of the composition is expelled from the mind until the last minute. A large number of the students never think of beginning to write, until the evening before the exercise is to be read in the presence of the Division. Few summon up courage to commence a little earlier, while very few indeed bestow upon the subject as much labor as is consis-

tent, with the performance of their other duties. Compositions thus prepared, will of course be uninteresting. The most of them are filled with mere common place remarks and ideas already worn threadbare by constant repetition. A few thoughts, the very first to present themselves, are thrown together in a confused, incoherent mass, with the most utter disregard of systematic arrangement, and sublime indifference to style. Some worn-out theme, entirely foreign to the subject of the essay, is often boldly dragged in to expand it to the required dimensions. Not unfrequently it would require the utmost nicety of perception to detect any relation of the composition to the subject. Not one production in a dozen displays any enthusiasm or spirit. Not one in a dozen carries with it any force of conviction, which results from careful study and preparation. Nine out of ten of them are not of the slightest benefit to the writer.

Now why are so many willing thus to neglect their duty with respect to these compositions? There are not wanting in College those persons who seem to think that the ability to write a good essay, arises from some peculiar endowment of heaven; a certain genius granted only to a few of the great multitude gathered here from all parts of the land. Some persons, we admit, have a remarkable ability for writing with ease and elegance, and yet in consequence of laziness or over-confidence, are often outstripped by those of inferior talent or experience. Genius never fails to excite our admiration; but genius fettered by constitutional incumbrances, in general falls short of our expectations. Industry among us is often stigmatized with a variety of harsh epithets, but industry coupled with moderate capacities, is sure of some degree of success. Genius dazzles and attracts us at the outset; industry tells at the end of the race. Genius often surprises, industry never disappoints us. We see men here every year, who though displaying great natural talents for writing, seem never to make any advancement, and we also see those who from term to term make rapid improvement in composition, though being but very moderate writers at the beginning of their College career. The power to write gracefully and well, often comes through persistent and diligent effort.

Another fault in our system of composition is our limited contact with the Professor of Rhetoric. Not one production here in fifty is subjected to any criticism. This circumstance can not but engender carelessness in writing. A loose way of framing sentences is very easily acquired. If our compositions and disputes were carefully criticized, the many errors into which young writers are liable to fall,

would be avoided. Care and a spirit of emulation would also be encouraged. All of our Tutors and Professors are presumed to be good judges of literature, and yet these officers, with one exception, never give us the benefit of their criticism. Most flagrant violations of good taste and rhetoric are passed by without comment. One division of a class only is favored with the valuable suggestions of Professor Northrop. Under the existing order of things, it is manifestly impossible to burden him with additional duties, but if a change could be made, whereby he could devote more of his time to a whole class, it would be appreciated by all those who desire to make the most of the literary advantages which the College presents.

Notwithstanding some discouraging features in our system of composition, yet there are many inducements to a faithful performance of this work. There is nothing in which we can improve so fast as in writing. Each composition, faithfully prepared, renders the writing of another a much easier matter. Force, beauty and elegance of expression, can be acquired by any student, who is willing to make a good degree of exertion. In our regular studies, we have to look through weeks to detect any advancement in knowledge, but from every composition, on which labor is spent, improvement is immediately perceptible. It pays to work hard on our literary exercises. Those who enter the Prize Debates, and those who make a faithful effort on Prize Compositions, are always fully compensated. Whether a successful competitor or not, a person who does his best on such occasions, is sure of an ample reward. To obtain a prize in Composition, Debate, or Declamation, in a pecuniary point of view, is a misfortune. The benefit, however, resulting from these annual mental conflicts, is incalculable. There is a satisfaction, when a person can realize that he has done his duty to himself with respect to these exercises, and is conscious of having received in consequence additional mental vigor.

Another reason why this branch of our education should receive careful attention, is, that of all it is the most *practical*. The majority of the students here intend to enter upon a professional life. Ability to write well is absolutely necessary to success in Law or the Ministry. Now although this is the case, yet many among us who purpose to enter these professions, almost entirely neglect literary culture. This seems to us unpardonably inconsistent. Do such persons suppose that by some magnetic influence they are to spring to the stature of perfect literary men? Strength, elasticity and vigor of mind are often the results of patient training. The experience of

those who have made the trial, and the history of every class here, if written, would substantiate the truth of this statement. Our literary education is not the work of a day, like the palace in the Arabian story. It only begins on earth, and if completed at all, must be completed in the clear knowledge of eternity.

Those who hope to succeed in professional life, should now pay especial attention to literary pursuits. We have here every advantage for mental culture. Our libraries contain books suited to all tastes, and eminently fitted to inspire a love of good writing. Our very surroundings, and the thousand associations which cluster about this loved spot, are calculated to awaken a profound veneration for literature. We are aware that there are here a multitude of things which continually engross our attention. It is often difficult to secure sufficient time to prepare our compositions with care, but our classics and mathematics can better be neglected than our literary drill. The knowledge derived from the latter, is direct in its application, while that which flows from the former acts through a number of agents. The one in a measure is principal, the other subordinate.

We need most sadly at the present a higher style of composition. We want more depth of thought, more discriminating power, terseness and compactness of expression, and beauty and grace of style. We hear productions at this place often, which show ability of the highest order. Every year proves how much might be done with a little care and application. Let there then be an effort put forth to reach a higher level in this practical part of our education. This may be done by the two lower classes. With Seniors and Juniors the golden opportunities are irrevocably gone. Our college composition writing is almost a reminiscence of the past. Those who have done this work faithfully, will look back upon it with pleasure, while those who have suffered themselves to glide over it, will reap a harvest of useless regrets. As matters now stand, the students, like the unfortunate debtors mentioned in Horace, gather like patient victims, to hear the usual exercises in writing. Composition reading could easily be made more interesting. If each one were to do his duty, instead of having mere common place, the old recitation rooms would ring with beautiful thoughts and harmonious periods. Many changes proposed with reference to College, are beautiful in theory, but almost impossible in practice. The change, however, which is herein discussed, will appear reasonable to all, and no argument is needed to prove its expediency.

A. P. T.

Household Gods.

[FROM THE NOTE BOOK OF A MEDICAL STUDENT.]

IN the year of our Lord 1857, I spent six months in the little, old river-side city of S——, pursuing my studies and availing myself of the valuable privileges afforded by a fine private collection of anatomical specimens, thrown open to the public through the courtesy of its owner, a wealthy gentleman of the place. It was my rare good fortune while a resident at S——, —a fortune brought about by a train of circumstances which I cannot here explain,—to obtain quarters under the hospitable roof-tree of good old Mr. Talcott, a gentleman whose family homestead,—the Linden Place, as it is generally called,—is an excellent type of a class of old-fashioned households, common in the last generation, and still to be met with, now and then, in the more ancient New England towns. The cozy nook which I have so often filled among the cheerful group that gathered nightly to worship the Lares by Mr. Talcott's ingle, I never, probably, shall fill again. I have therefore jotted down, from time to time, these random sketches of a household whose memory holds a sunny spot in my recollections, less as descriptions than as memoranda, that when in after years I shall turn these pages, I may recall the more distinctly the pleasant features of a pleasant chapter in my life. Already, even, the quiet months which I passed in the shadow of those walls and in the firelight of that genial hearth, come back to me like dreams, and I know that the volume wherein are written the thoughts and experiences of those byegone days, must be clasped for the present and laid aside. For I think upon my peaceful half-year of study and seclusion as a way-side retreat, where I rested for a brief space, to breathe myself in life's journey, and look back over the road which I had traveled from childhood, and forward along the dusty highway upon which I was soon to set out afresh. The memory of the splash of fountains and the cool of leaves is sweet in the dust and heat of this noon-day strife, but we can stop to give it but a passing thought, and then press on, for

"Life greatens in these later years,"

sings Whittier. Bye and bye, however, in the leisure season of age, these memories may be pleasant to trace.

To come down, then, to the present tense,—for my sojourn at S—— happened only three years since, and all things there must be very much the same as when I left them,—the mansion itself is one of those lordly, Grecian structures, into which the well-descended old gentlemen of half a century ago used to retire with their money and family dignity, to spend the evening of their days in whist and dinner parties, and in receiving visits of ceremony and state. It is imposing with rows of lofty wooden pillars, supporting the roofs of shady colonnades, and majestic with long flights of stately steps, flanked by stone lions, that stare gorgon-like and grim down the box-bordered gravel walk. It is built upon an eminence overlooking the street, where it stands like a fine lady on a muddy crossing, gathering up its robes from the contact of the vulgar. For its builder was guided in his choice of a site by that same patrician instinct which leads the eagle to set its eyry high, knowing well that there is no exclusiveness so aristocratic as the exclusiveness of a hill-top. And often, doubtless, the fair daughters of the house have viewed the city from their chamber-balconies, or the deep window seats of the old-fashioned drawing-rooms, with that sense of ownership that resides in height, felt by the proud dames of Marcian or Claudian line, when surveying from their marble porticoes on Palatine the humble dwellings of the Plebs beneath, or by the high-born ladies of feudal barons, as they looked down from the turrets of their castles, perched aloft on airy cliffs, over broad champaign, and winding river, and the villages of their vassals, clustered far below. The hill-side is laid out in terraces, with sunny banks, where the blue violets peep out in earliest spring, and smooth lawns between, irregularly planted with flowering shrubbery, evergreens and choice, old-fashioned fruit-trees, tenderly cherished in their green and prolific age. The walk that leads up from the front gate to the porch, ascends in its course numerous flights of stone steps, grievous stumbling blocks in the path of short legged, plethoric old gentleman-callers, who puff and fume with anger and lack of breath, as they struggle upward, by aid of the iron railings and a vigorous use of their gold-headed canes. The walk is hedged on either side by ranks of snow-berry bushes, smoke-trees and tall syringas, white in June with masses of sugar-sweet blossoms, and resonant with swarming bees,—pyramids of odor and drowsy sound. The front of the mansion is shadowed by a huge horse-chestnut, whose broad limbs for over fifty years have served as a play-ground to the children of the household; its shadow shifting with the sun, as a dial-plate, and its trunk seamed with initials and hearts and true

lovers' knots, as a family register. My host has a tenderness mixed with reverence for this vegetable patriarch, and often says, half laughingly and half in earnest, that he looks upon its Dryad as his tutelary god. In boyhood he has rocked at dew-fall in its windy top, and watched the sunset fade and the stars come out. In manhood he has sat at noonday under its grateful shade, and seen his children chase each other round its bole, and now,

"In life's late afternoon,
Where cool and long the shadows lie,"

every crotch, every knot, has its memories, and, in the old man's fancy, childish faces still peep from among the branches. There is a swing yet hanging from one of the boughs, which he will not suffer to be taken down, though it has been long unused, and the turf grows thick beneath it, where once the ground was worn hard and bare by the daily tread of little feet. Under a large willow, near the corner of the upper terrace, is a small green summer-house, now somewhat shaky and worm-eaten, but commanding a fine view of the city. Here the ladies sit with their work, in the lazy August afternoons, when the grasshopper's whir rings through the stillness, and now and then on the lawn, a ripe virgalieu or bergamot, drunk with sunshine and heavy with rich juice, tumbles on to the sod with a thud. At the eastern side of the house is a fine row of lindens, from which the place derives its name. The linden is a stately tree, and smacks of ancient gentility. It is out of date at the present day, in common with its respectable and once highly fashionable dowager cousins, the sycamore and the Lombardy poplar. Along the edge of the upper terrace is a gravel path and a heavy stone balustrade, crowned at intervals by massive urns running over with woodbine and bitter-sweet. Just such a railing, and just such a range of urns one sees in engravings of old English gardens, arranged in the taste of Charles the Second's day. A peacock sunning his gorgeous plumage on the balustrade, and near by a courtly dame in robes of stiff brocade, fondling a slender Italian greyhound, and attended by a graceful page in cap and feather, would make the picture complete. Cut in the green turf are flower-beds, bright in the spring with crocuses, daffodils and snow-drops, and fragrant in the summer-time with mignonette and roses,—roses, musk and damask and spice-breathed tea, of every shade, from the deepest blush to the purest alabaster, warming into a delicate amber, when the sun shines through its petals. The roses are the glory of the place, imprisoning in their satin chalices the wine

of a hundred old golden summers, outshining in their generous garden blooms the sickly, slug-eaten things of modern conservatories, as our rosy grandmothers ripened and freshened in girlhood by out-door sun and wind, outshine even in age their pale-faced, in-door daughters.

On the eastern side of the mansion, opening out from the drawing-room windows, is a high piazza or colonnade, with tall white columns fluted and vine-wreathed. This is a favorite lounging-place of mine. Often I have sat here till late at night, when the house was still and the lights had gone out in the city below, enjoying the evening cool, and watching the moon rise over the low hills beyond the Connecticut. At such times I have striven to call up in imagination the days when the old homestead was gay with youth and beauty, and when on many a summer night like this the windows were ablaze with light, and the halls and spacious parlors were crowded with guests, and the music of flute and violin, blended with laughter and sweet voices, breathed through the open casements, and as carriage after carriage deposited its burden at the gate below, merry groups came up the terrace steps with fair faces and graceful forms muffled in hoods and mantillas. And later in the evening, now and then a stray couple, heated by the dance and weary of the glare and noise within, would lift the crimson curtains and stroll out into the dewy freshness of the night, for half an hour's promenade in the shadow of the portico where I sit. Often as the wind stirs among the honeysuckles, it sounds so like whispers and the rustle of silk, that I involuntarily look behind me, half expecting to catch the glisten of bright eyes in the moonshine.

Ah, me! These be idle fancies, cheats of night and starlight witcheries, that will not abide the day. The city clocks are striking one. Man lives in the present, and dreams in the past. So let me to my pillow.

The Council of the Fallen Spirits.

For poetic descriptions of nature, and regions supernatural, the *Paradise Lost* is unrivaled. We sometimes tremble, lest while following the daring flight of Milton's imagination, we have revealed to us those secrets which an all-wise Providence has forbidden us to penetrate. With equal boldness does his heroic verse describe the

ineffable glories which surround the throne of God, and the fiery dungeon which "eternal justice has prepared for those rebellious," but with such grandeur of expression, that we are almost persuaded to believe him gifted by heaven with prophécy, to atone for his loss of sight.

Like him, Virgil and Homer boldly attempt to describe the abodes of their gods and goddesses, but, deprived of the teachings, revelations, and sublime descriptions contained in the word of God, they merely present heaven to the reader, as a second earth, in which exist sin and corruption, but no death.

As the descriptive passages of *Paradise Lost*, excel similar portions of the *Æneid* and *Iliad*, so the characters of the one, as poetic creations, are far more sublime than those of the others. The heroes of Virgil and Homer, are the conceptions of heathen minds, not yet enlightened by the influences of Christianity. They are merely human beings, raised to a higher level than the masses of mankind, but swayed by the same passions, and often committing the same sins which they punish in their subjects.

Milton's work, however, exhibits the daring, suffering, and ruined splendor of a rebellious archangel, thwarted in heaven, overpowering Adam and Eve in Paradise, and making the earth, for an appointed season, a field of battle between the Deity and himself.

He represents the council of the lost spirits, as the place where that plan was formed, whose execution transferred the scene of this long conflict, from the celestial regions to the earth, and brought our race under the terrible curse of sin.

The President of the council, and the originator of this diabolical scheme, arrests our attention first. The Miltonic Satan, is one of the grandest and most awful conceptions of the human intellect; but it often enlists our human sympathies, more than it awakens in us hatred and abhorrence.

Ever since, in the garden, our common mother was beguiled by his flattering lies, and, having eaten of the forbidden fruit, forfeited the bliss of Paradise, there has existed, in accordance with the divine assurance, a bitter animosity between the seed of the Woman and that of the Serpent. We charge upon him all our woes, past, present, and future, and are taught by the word of God to consider him an evil and malignant spirit, compassing heaven and earth that he may cause men to suffer the frightful torments prepared for him and his angels. Our natural feelings toward him, therefore, are of the most bitter kind.

But in the Satan of *Paradise Lost*, we see much to pity, nay, much to admire. As when the countless hosts of Pandemonium, aroused from their lethargic sleep upon the bosom of the fiery lake, come flocking round their chief, and await his commands :—

“ Thrice he assayed, and thrice in spite of scorn,
Tears such as angels weep burst forth ! at last
Words interwove with sighs found out their way.”

The same effect is produced when the incarnate fiend of the Bible, as the Satan of Milton’s description,—

“ In shape and gesture proudly eminent,”

Stands like a tower, and is compared to the sun, “ new risen, looking through the horizontal misty air, shorn of his beams.” Thus, when he sits upon his royal throne, surrounded by seraphic lords and ministers, we involuntarily liken him to a courageous but vanquished general, who, collecting his scattered forces, and calling an assembly of his ablest officers, announces his intention of attempting to retrieve their fortunes ; rather than to a malignant rebel, who, overthrown and punished for aspiring to the throne of God, abuses the undeserved mercy of his conqueror, by hatching new schemes to vex him, and thwart his vast designs.

Nor do the words with which he opens the “ great consult,” tend to dissipate these impressions, and reveal to us the consuming fires of envy, hatred, and revenge, which we are elsewhere taught forever rage within the bosom of the “ Father of lies.” They betoken noble courage and perseverance, rather than the blind obstinacy of intense hatred ; the increased wisdom obtained by a bitter experience, rather than the culpable rashness of a fiend, whose darling schemes have been completely frustrated.

In Moloch, Belial, Mammon, and Beelzebub, Milton has, apparently, endeavored to personify four of the principal evils which curse the earth. Driven out of heaven, and deprived of its blissful associations, they eagerly seek after some new field for the exercise of their contaminating powers.

Moloch advises that, rather than accept for an eternal dwelling place that “ den of shame,” they make one desperate attempt to recover their lost inheritance, and if that failed, he was ready to suffer increased torments, or absolute destruction.

But in giving this advice, the omnipotence and omniscience of the Almighty, against whom they were devising “ glorious war,” the awful chariot, and ten thousand thunders of his Son, which had driven them

from the "crystal battlements" of heaven to the bottomless pit, were all forgotten. His rash counsel seems to be called forth by an intense love of strife and carnage, as well as by the severe torments to which they were subjected, and which his fierce nature cannot brook.

Moloch does not represent the man who takes up arms to protect his country and his just rights, but that fierce nature which revels in bloodshed and rapine, and which listens to the dictates neither of reason nor humanity. He personates, not a righteous war, undertaken to preserve the very life of a nation and perpetuate the blessings of freedom, but one which is waged to gratify ambitious and unlawful desires. Nor does he represent a prudent and successful warrior. In many perilous conjunctures, indeed, rash daring avails more than strategic skill and numbers. But an enterprise conducted solely by a person of unexampled boldness, yet lacking discrimination and forethought, is almost sure to prove a failure. In like manner, excessive caution, without courage, often fails to secure any permanent advantages, though golden opportunities present themselves. A proper combination of these qualities, with others of minor importance, produces a true soldier, a successful general; but if one is lacking, or all are disproportionately blended together, there results one who is fitted only for certain emergencies, and who cannot adapt himself to circumstances. The character of Moloch, as depicted by Milton in the part of the poem before us, seems to answer to this description, yet it wins from us more sympathy and real respect, than that of either of the other infernal peers, who respond to the appeal of their chief, inasmuch as courage, "made fiercer by despair," has in it an element which provokes the admiration even of those who condemn it.

Belial advises that, as they had appealed to the arbitrament of arms, they should abide by the decision, and not shrink from enduring what they have brought down upon themselves. His words are calm and unimpassioned, presenting a true view of the power and majesty of heaven's King, and the awful consequences which would follow a rekindling of his wrath, which seem to be totally disregarded in the violent exhortation of Moloch. Coming apparently from the heart, they contain some admirable sentiments, while they clothe with grandeur and beauty an irresistible logic.

Upon his nature, the sword of Michael seems to have had a wholesome effect, and not even the agonies of the pit can induce him to oppose it again. Believing the awful punishments of God to be only the faint displays of his wrath, he *fears* to provoke him further. And hoping, as the ages rolled away, that he would mitigate their torments,

or that chance would favor their designs, preferring, moreover, "ignoble sloth," to any active measures, he counsels, not peace, but a watchful quiet.

Judging him by his words, we should liken him to one who had done his best in resisting an adverse fortune, and at length had submitted to his fate with a pious resignation, and no troublesome compunctions of conscience. But we are expressly told, that "all was false and hollow," and though his words are specious, their beauty only tends to create in us amazement at his power to dissemble.

From descriptions given elsewhere, we see in him the personification of treachery and lust, and his character is repulsive in the extreme. For bitter hatred, openly and frankly avowed, we have more respect and less fear, than for that which lurks under a fair and friendly exterior, waiting only for an opportunity to strike, and utterly ruin with the blow. But for riotous excess and unnatural lust, we have only loathing and disgust. Had he the intellect of Milton's Satan, the natural feelings of the human race toward their great adversary, would correspond exactly with those which his character awakens, because in it we see nothing to admire, and everything to despise, while in that of Satan, we see much which causes admiration, and even respect.

Veiling sin with the semblance of virtue, he attacks men when wholly unprepared, and overwhelms them before they see their danger. Thus it happens that Belial, the fiend of lust and treachery, has led away more mortals as captives in his train, than Moloch, the fiend of war and bloodshed; and yet the words of the former are peaceful and in themselves worthy of praise, while those of the latter are fierce and ungovernable; the one hiding a cowardly but malignant, the other frankly acknowledging a bold and deep-seated hatred.

Mammon recognizes the impossibility of regaining heaven by force, but like the fox in the fable, affects a scornful contempt for their lost abode. He advises that, as their dwelling place was determined, beyond all hope of change, they should strive to make "good from evil grow," and *thus* defeat the designs of their great conqueror. He boldly claims that hell can be made to rival heaven, and that its fierce flames will, in process of time, become their proper element. Unlike Belial, he speaks what he feels, and we readily discover in his words the motives which prompt them.

Punishment for crime is generally a very potent agency in curing the criminal of his evil propensities. Occasionally, however, a nature is found with feelings of love, hatred, or desire, so deeply rooted, that

all ordinary means of effecting a change fail to produce the desired result, and we speak of that person as incorrigible or obstinate. This quality of obstinacy is admirably portrayed in the character of Mammon. The awful visitations of divine wrath upon the rebellious angels, had wrung tears from Satan himself: they had driven Moloch to despair, and had wrought in Belial a seeming humility and pious resignation, which ill contrasted with his vicious nature: but upon Mammon they seemed to fall with no effect, save to harden him against his Conqueror, until he becomes proof against the exercise of mercy, which often subdues the most stubborn dispositions, though dungeons and tortures fail. Obstinacy may be caused either by pride or selfishness; but when he declares that their former state of "splendid vassalage" would now be unacceptable, we see the workings of that pride which always characterizes the followers of this god of riches. From his advice we discover also, that the magnificence of heaven and heavenly things, was alone delightful to him, and if, with angelic skill, they could create in hell magnificence and splendor, for him 'twould equal heaven. Unmindful of the heartfelt worship and holy adoration, the constant and faithful service paid to the Almighty by the *sinless* angels, he regarded only the outward pomp and ceremony, and if the latter could be reproduced, even amid the agonies of the pit, the cravings of his nature would be met.

To our mind, he personates one of those creatures who has made money his god, and to it devoutly pays his worship: who is so engrossed in its pursuit as to lose sight of heaven and heavenly things, and thus virtually cast contempt upon his Maker: whom righteous reproofs, instead of leading to repentance and a better life, only embitter the more, until, transformed from a man in God's own image, to a senseless clog, he willfully barter away eternal riches for glittering dross, and is at last assigned his portion with the unbelievers, in the "lake which burneth with fire and brimstone."

"The least erected spirit that fell from heaven," he seems to have a debasing influence upon the minds of men, and causes money to be a bitter curse instead of a fruitful blessing. As in the world around us the multitudes are led away after this glittering god, though in his service they peril their immortal interests, so in the infernal council, the whole assembly was carried away by his words, and the applause which greeted him, is likened to the wind, roaring among the hollow rocks.

Beelzebub, perceiving in which way the current of opinion runs, dexterously falls in with it, although it conflicts with his own cher-

ished plans. With subtle speech he shows the folly of attempting heaven by *direct* violence, while, with fiendish craft, he proposes to entice man from his allegiance to God, and involve him also in sorrowful punishments. His advice betokens a hatred more intense even than that of the others, since it rarely happens that a man will destroy the happiness and the lives of innocent persons, in order to wreak a more fearful vengeance upon his enemy.

The words of the other spirits are the offspring of some particular passion which has come to be a second nature, and which shapes and directs both the feelings and their expression. They do not have in view so much the regaining of heaven, as the gratification of these several passions. Beelzebub, however, seems to be free from any one controlling characteristic, and brings his crafty, yet terrible wisdom, to bear upon the real question before the council. Though he professes to admit the impossibility of waging war successfully against the King of Heaven, the lurking hope that from the confines of the earth they might find easier access to their lost abode, is cautiously expressed. Indeed, the desire for revenge, which he expresses, seems to be surpassed by his ambition to occupy once more his heavenly station; but, knowing that the hosts of Pandemonium dreaded another battlefield "worse than hell," he proposes to them an intermediate step, which, if not bringing about the end he has in view, will at least ease them from the pains of the gnawing worm and the unquenchable fire. He seems also to be an instrument in the hands of his chief, serving the purpose of maturing his ambitious plans, and influenced in a great measure by his wishes.

We see in him a carnal wisdom, which is regardless of God's commands, and with fancied security dares to question his just decree. The workings of this wisdom we have seen in Voltaire, Payne, and the multitude of infatuated mortals who have spent their lives in attempting to refute the Bible, and ridicule Christianity, but who even in this world have suffered the pains of the damned. We see his human counterpart in the unprincipled statesman, who makes the great interests of humanity bend to his immoderate ambition or favorite schemes; who willingly becomes another's tool, although in so doing he loses every vestige of true manhood.

Influencing, as they do, not individuals only, but whole nations, they have ever been a great source of evil to the world, and useful allies to the great adversary. Some, hypocritically chanting those grand old words, "*vox populi vox Dei*," have been placed in positions of trust, only to plot the more successfully their own aggrandizement,

and the degradation of the people. Like the "vir bonus" of whom Horace speaks, while prostrating themselves before the shrine of Liberty, they pray, in fearful undertones, that the goddess will veil their deceptions with night, and their frauds with a cloud. Others, boldly espousing the cause of injustice, so confound the false and the true with devilish logic, as to lead discreet men even, into the by and forbidden paths of political corruption. Thus is *their* wisdom the weakness and not the strength of the nation.

Against these evil spirits, mankind has contended for six thousand years, and we ourselves are constantly apprised of their existence and power, by inward struggles which try our very souls. But, victorious when we look above for aid, our hearts overflow with gratitude toward that Son of Adam whose death freed us from everlasting subjection to them.

B. P.

"Barkis is Willin."

DAVID COPPERFIELD.

THE tide was flowing out,—past the old wrecks
Of mastless boats, half buried in the sand,
And little sobbing wavelets left their flecks
Of foam upon the strand.

And all along the shore the ripples curled,
The tiny rills ran down the beach in glee,
Each farther than the last, the eddies swirled,
And hasted to the sea.

The tide was flowing out,—and so the life
Was ebbing in the breast of Barkis there;
Beside him watched that honest, faithful wife,
Whose love was now a prayer.

And yet so gently throbbed the fainting pulse,
It seemed as if the heart no answer gave,
As calm as when the leaves of scarlet dulse
Float on the sleeping wave.

The tide was nearly out, but still the red
Flush came at times.— "If he shall pass this tide,
I think he'll live until the next," she said;
"And why is that?" I cried.

"The folk along the coast can never die,
Except at ebb; nor e'en the babes be born,
Or truly born, unless the tide is high;
'Twill be next ebb at morn."

He past the tide; and thro' the long, dark night
We watched and waited. Slowly the old clock
Ticked round the hours before the spirit's flight,
At the Death Angel's knock.

But with the first dim streaks of early dawn
He woke, and feebly called her name. "There's some
One else." A smile o'erspread his features wan.
"It's Mas'r Davy's come."

He tried to grasp my hand, but ere the smile
Had faded, turn'd himself upon his side,
And gently said, "Barkis is willin," while
He went out with the tide.

The sun, just risen, shone across the sea,
Into the old man's face; a kindly ray
Reflected from the soul, forever free,
Upon its homeward way.

The tide was out, and o'er the lessen'd deep
The faintest shadow of a ripple flew
A shudder as of grief, then sunk to sleep,
Lost in the distant blue.



"Locksley Hall."

THE main idea of this poem may not be evident at a first superficial glance. But read it again, and its significance dawns upon you grandly. In order to get at its proper meaning, let us rapidly sketch the general train of thought; noticing, by the way, some of the minor

beauties of the piece, some of the felicitous expressions and sparkling gems of imagery that abound throughout. This review of the successive ideas of the poem cannot fail to suggest the lesson illustrated and inculcated in it, which, together with its exquisite finish, has made "Locksley Hall," and justly, too, one of the most famous of its author's productions.

"While as yet 'tis early morn," the hero sits down and ponders, looking off upon the old Hall, with its views of sandy tracts and roaring ocean. He remembers vanished scenes of other days; memory calls up before him the picture that used to nightly greet his eyes from "yonder ivied casement." And in that picture, what fairy-like enchantment!

"Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising through the mellow shade
Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver braid."

He dwells fondly on his youth, spent in wandering on the beach, building castles in the air; and then suddenly breaks in the recollection of his betrothal to his fair cousin; and very charmingly is expressed time's unheeded flight, and the unselfishness of their early love.

"Love took up the glass of Time, and turned it in his glowing hands;
Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands,
Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might;
Smote the chord of self, that, trembling, passed in music out of sight."

But, while he describes this season of bliss, relentless memory confronts him with the mocking issue of all these vows of love; and deep into our hearts sinks the pathos of the cry, as his soul's bitterness thus gives itself utterance:—

"O my cousin, shallow-hearted! O my Amy, mine no more!
O the dreary, dreary woodland! O the barren, barren shore!"

An outburst of passion against the wrongs of society is followed by a touching struggle between a sense of injury and lingering affection for the faithless one. He tries to "love her for the love she bore;" but his grief rises triumphant, refusing comfort, with the conviction;

"No—she never loved me truly—love is love forevermore."

Gradually his spirit rises up from despair, yearns for the excitement of action, leaps within him, to go among men—in its glorious woods;

"Men my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something new;
That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do."

Again despondency crushes him, making him sigh for some far off retreat, for perfect abandonment of his higher nature, and a marriage with some savage woman. But how eloquently is the reaction expressed ;

"I to herd with narrow foreheads, vacant of our glorious gains,
Like a beast with lower pleasures, like a beast with lower pains?"

Then soaring skyward in his consoling confidence in the superiority of mind and civilization, and his glowing anticipations of the progress of the race, his enthusiasm breaks forth :

"O, I see the crescent promise of my spirit hath not set,
Ancient founts of inspiration well through all my fancy yet."

He has found hope and consolation, he ceases his brooding over the past, and his melancholy revery over Locksley Hall, saying :

"For the mighty wind arising, roaring seaward, and I go."

And so he goes toward the sea, toward the great agency of communication with fellow-men ; he goes to work among them and for them, and he leaves us with the main idea of the poem taking hold of our minds—the noble idea of finding *refuge* from disappointment, not in abandonment to despair, sensuality, or misanthropy, but in hopeful enterprise for the welfare and progress of our fellow-men. What a grand theory—trial not crushing, but chastening, fitting for higher and better things ! What manliness in this conception of rising up, after the fearful passage through the fiery furnace, and pursuing the rest of the journey, with heart purified, yet not broken—still throbbing in unison with the cause of right and humanity ! How many careers have proved worse than worthless, for want of this manly view of affliction ! Byron, passing his life in an agony of disgust with life—its hollowness and transiency, takes for his philosophy dependency and mockery. He sinks into despair, to rise only in defiance ; and his poetry reflects the miserable misanthropist.

The key-note to the career of our own Percival is commonly acknowledged to have been early disappointment in love. When we read that he was gifted not only with the "vision and faculty divine," but with scientific and linguistic abilities sufficient, if employed, to have made him a Liebnitz, a Bacon, or a Dana, we are sad to think what a crushed and misanthropic hermit he was, hiding in the ground the talents he might have employed to further the onward march of *the mind, and humanity*.

In the case of many authors, some early trial makes them darkly prophesy along with Poe's gloomy muse :—

"And my soul from out that shadow, that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—never more !

Locksley Hall reveals three of Tennyson's distinguishing excellences. First, the healthy tone of his poetry. There is nothing in it unnatural, morbid, or degrading. It is all noble in its aims—elevating in its tendencies. He makes life not a workhouse, as does Elliot, the Corn-Law Rhymers, not a brothel, as does Swinburne, not a banquet, with the revelry over, and the sickening sense of satiety begun, as does Byron, nor yet a prison, as do so many Christian poets, in their desire for the life hereafter,—he makes it a school wherein to learn noble lessons, a battle-field, wherein to achieve noble victories. What a lesson of life, what a sublime motto to live by, is contained in this poem ! Again, see displayed here his keen insight into the heart,—the secret of his command over popular sympathy. We see it all through his writing,—in the profound philosophy of "In Memoriam," and in the simple pathos of the "May Queen."

In "Locksley Hall," how well he analyzes the longing to put in the fairest light the faithless one's conduct :

"Where is comfort ? In division of the records of the mind ?
Can I part her from herself, and love her as I knew her, kind ?

Then, how impressive is his weird warning against that

"Sorrow's crown of sorrow—the remembering happier things."

Very natural, too, is his heart-sick sighing for some far-off resting place, or,

"To wander far away
On from island unto island at the gateways of the day."

To be sure, the victory over the feeling is the grand lesson of the poem, but it is, after all, apt to be the first state of the mind, when grief weighs it down, and all business ; all the thoughts that shake mankind, jar harshly upon its delicate reclusiveness. But we also see here Tennyson's intense and universal sympathy with the development of science and civilization,—with all the triumphs and tendencies of the age. He is the live poet, in harmony with the times,—preëminently the poet of this nineteenth century. He shows it throughout his works. "In Memoriam" furnishes, among other passages, this quatrain, which would be a fitting motto for Locksley Hall.

"A time to sicken and to swoon,
When science reaches forth her arm
To feel from world to world, and charm
Her secret from the latest moon?"

And the poem before us, how full of exultation at the forward attitude of the world, at last breaking out grandly—

"Through the shadow of the globe, we sweep into the younger day,
Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay."

Thus sings the poet in Locksley Hall; thus does he teach his grand lesson; thus does he show his sympathy with the heart, thus his clear-eyed friendship to progress. The poem makes us rise from its perusal feeling stronger—it cheers and inspirits—not depresses and saddens. It is one of those which desponding youth, trial-beset manhood, and weary old age, all feel better for reading. And it is this, that more than the music of its verse, more than the finish and brilliancy of its expression, will render it immortal.

Wordsworth's Laodamia.

HE who has studied the "bard of Rydalmount," and imbibed the spirit of his genius, knows that he has borne a most important part in giving character to the poetry of the age.

It was he who imparted that "Promethean fire" to English literature, which saved her declining poetry, in that era, when the lustre which had been reflected upon it by the Elizabethan and Augustan ages, was growing dim. He not only led the ideal back to nature, but raised nature to the ideal, and added to the "mighty temple of song a turret of exquisite beauty, which rises nearer to the skies than any other of its pinnacles or towers." It is true he possessed not the splendor of Byron, the chastened energy of Campbell, or the sparkling brilliancy of Moore, but he was more original and true to nature than any of these famous stars, and has sent forth strains that recall the "divine genius of Milton." He combined a versatile genius with a true poetic nature.

There is the "Excursion," with its unrivalled grandeur, his lyrical poems, with their melody and ravishing beauty, the energetic

wildness of "Tintern Abbey," and the "strong winged flight of fancy" displayed in his noble *Laodamia*,—all distinct in their character, yet perfect,—and are full of ideal and moral beauty; now conveyed to us by the silvery music of sweet song, and now swelling, in organ peals, from his more elaborate and lofty productions. The poem of *Laodamia* is noticeable for its brevity, while, for a deep tenderness of sentiment, and an excelling, unvarying purity, it stands unrivalled. In its conception, Wordsworth seems to have forgotten *Rydalmount* and the lakes, with their charming surroundings, and bidding farewell to his own time and country, combining poetic distance in the heroic age of Greece, with language of rare beauty and grace, he has given to the world a true gem of art. The plot is simple, and purely classic in design. Its heroine is *Laodamia*, the consort of *Protesilaus*, the chieftain, who, with true Grecian enthusiasm, leaves sweet *Pyrrhassus*, and his unfinished palaces, to maintain the honor of his country before proud *Ilium's* walls, and whom Homer graphically describes as

"The first who boldly touched the Trojan shore
And dyed a Phrygian lance with Grecian gore."

The poem opens with a passionate appeal to the gods for a temporary restoration of her departed husband, and then—

"With faith the suppliant heavenward lifts her hands.
While, like the sun emerging from a cloud,
Her countenance brightens—and her eye expands;
Her bosom heaves and spreads, her stature grows,
And she expects the issue in repose."

The description of her faith and hope is truly poetic, and admirably carried out. There is an indescribable completeness about it, which fills and satisfies the mind. We at once become interested, both in her and her misfortune, and anxiously await the result of her prayer. It comes—but in a manner as unexpected to us as it did to her:—

"O terror! what hath she perceived? O joy

* * * * *

It is—if sense deceive her not—'tis he!
And a god leads him, winged Mercury."

Here, then, *Protesilaus* is shadowed forth, in phantom form. He comes at the command of *Jove*.

"Such grace hath crowned thy prayer."

The interview so much desired now commences, but the same divin-

ity who grants it, confines it to "three hours space." Overjoyed at his presence, she eagerly essays to grasp the unsubstantial form, but is as unsuccessful as was Æneas at burning Troy, to embrace the shade of his beloved Creusa. Beseechingly she asks him to "confirm the vision with his voice," and feelingly directs his attention to his throne and palace.

"Speak, and the *floor* thou tread'st on will rejoice."

Protesilaus now makes himself truly manifest by noble and eloquent words. By them, we are carried back to that ancient day, when Agamemnon roused the Grecian spirit, and Hector battled for Ilium's fame. With what exquisite delicacy are the hints of his true character now delineated,—first his acknowledgment of her "fidelity," and the modest reference to his own virtue—then his unwonted courage in the interpretation of the Delphic Oracle, and the sad and fatal result of his enthusiasm,—

"A self-devoted chief, by Hector slain!"

All are conceived and expressed in the most perfect beauty. In the succeeding stanza, (the ninth,) her feelings of surprise and sadness give way to those of joy and praise, and a splendid tribute to his valor follows:—

"Supreme of Heroes—bravest, noblest, best!
Thy matchless courage I bewail no more."

Nothing is more remarkable in this poem, than the even and quiet rapidity of its progress, and it costs some effort to interrupt, but we must put the next few events into still fewer words than the few (marvellously so, considering the effect produced) in which they are told by the poet. Her passionate desire for one "nuptial kiss," is forbidden by the gods, and in reply, how touchingly the affection of love is portrayed, and how true:—

"Be taught, O faithful Consort, to control
Rebellious passion; for the gods approve
The depth and not the tumult of the soul;
A fervent, not ungovernable love."

That is a beautiful power of the imagination which is often illustrated in this poem, by which, what at first seems a common thought is wafted insensibly up from the region of bare fact, to a true poetic feeling, as if a cloud, resting at evening on the hill side, was lifted to catch the light, and be filled with the glories of the setting sun. We find a beautiful illustration of this in the following stanza, (the 15th):

"The gods to us are merciful—and they
 Yet further may relent; for mightier far
 Than strength of nerve and sinew, or the sway
 Of magic potent over sun and star
 Is love."

The character of Laodamia is gradually developing, and in passing through the various scenes described in the poem, we see it complete. At one time she restrains her passionate feelings, at another lets them burst forth with a torrent of fire; and *now*, in thinking of the final departure of her husband, with true womanly love and devotion, exclaims:—

"But if thou goest, I follow—Peace! he said—
 She looked upon him and was calmed and cheered."

Now comes in his reply, a touch of rare imaginative power. It has a tone of touching melody and love, while the sentiment itself is sanctified by an intense feeling of humanity:—

"He spake of love, such love as Spirits feel
 In worlds whose course is equable and pure.
 No fears to beat away—no strife to heal—
 The past unsighed for, and the future sure."

The trite saying, "*Non satis est pulchra esse poemata dulcia sunt*," has often been quoted concerning Wordsworth's productions, and the Lake school of poets generally; but in this poem, his thoughts and expressions are often "*dulcia*." What can be more beautiful, or sweeter, than the following:—

"Of all that is most beauteous—imaged there
 In happier beauty; more pellucid streams,
 An ampler ether, a diviner air,
 And fields invested with purpureal gleams;
 Climes which the sun, who sheds the brightest day
 Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey."

With what a charm has his imagination clothed, as with a vestal garb, the hallowed affections, and the glories of the future state. These lines are born melodies, and do not require the help of music to make them harmonious. When has poetry accomplished more, than in the following stanzas of rapid retrospect, into which, without any apparent labor of compression, so much is embraced. What ease, gracefulness, and variety, attend the procession of the verse, and after rising in imagination concerning his own important part in the contest, with what a gentle fall does it die away upon the ear, in that beautiful touch of feeling,—

"On thee too fondly did my memory hang,
And on the joys we shared in mortal life
The paths which we had trod—these fountains, flowers;
My new planned cities, and unfinished towers."

Is it not a fine example of the "clausula aut cadentia," so much esteemed by the ancient poets.

This precious interview is fast passing away, and it would seem impossible to separate two souls so completely bound up in each others welfare, and we do not wonder, when he counsels her to seek,—

"Our blest re-union in the shades below,"

And gently thus advises :—

"Learn by a mortal yearning, to ascend—
Seeking a higher object. Love was given,
Encouraged, sanctioned, chiefly to that end."

'This is the essence of true poetry—the philosophic theory, and a noble sentiment, harmoniously blended together. How elegantly has Milton, by a stroke of his unrivalled pen, expressed the same idea :—

"Love refines
The thoughts, and heart enlarges."

The three hours space has passed, and with it, the interview, for now Hermes re-appears, to carry out the unyielding decree of the gods; and no mortal effort is able to detain her chief. Eagerly would the loving Laodamia have detained even his shade :—

—"Tis vain;
The hours are passed—too brief had they been years."

She longs to pass without the portal, and to share with him a common fortune, since even Thessalian glory has no charms for her when *he* was gone who made it dear,

"And on the palace floor, a lifeless corse she lay."

At this point in the poem, the author, to accommodate the sentiment to a dash of Virgil's imagination,—

"His Laodamia, it comes,"

Not only mars the beauty of the verse, but destroys, in some degree, the fine effect that has thus far been produced. He remarks that she

"Was doomed to wear out her appointed time
Apart from happy ghosts, that gather flowers
Of blissful quiet 'mid unfading bowers."

Does not the verse here seem to labor with the weight of the thought? It is somewhat rough in the effort to concentrate within the limit of these lines, the exact and full idea,—and as to the sentiment *itself*, during the progress of the poem, we have constantly been feeling kindlier toward Laodamia, and in that death,—spurred on by passionate affection, our sympathetic nature would fancy for so devoted a wife, at least a “blest reunion.” Gladly would we have received for her a happier lot, which the gifted imagination of Wordsworth would have created, had he disregarded the ancient poet. What an exquisite finish does he give to this interesting poem, by weaving a natural cause into the finest poetic idea. Mark the picture:—

“ A knot of spiry trees for ages grew
From out the tomb of him, for whom she died;
And even when such stature they had gained
That Ilium's walls were subject to their view,
The trees' tall summits withered at the sight—
A constant interchange of growth and blight.”

It is a most graphic description, clear and distinct, having no external glitter. There is no hard crystalization of fancy encrusting it over.

With a true Promethean spirit he gives a living soul to inanimate things, and makes them the semblance of inward emotions—thus the soul of the poet is breathed into these “trees,” and their spirit seems to inform the soul of the poet. With this idea, from which our author first caught the inspiration of the theme, ends Laodamia, a poem which forms the diamond lock to that rare collection of Wordsworthian gems.

We arise from its perusal, with a feeling, that we have been communing with a mind at once vigorous and gentle, the very tone of which harmonizes and elevates our own.

We have thus noticed the subject, plot, and general characteristics of Laodamia. In its composition, the poet seems to have blended the fearless felicity of his youth, with the grandeur of his riper years; thus the incidents of a romantic story are related with scarcely an impurity of expression, while the beings of his imagination are ensouled with the true spirit of humanity. It possesses strength without violence—beauty without weakness—at times he gathers up treasures of thought and legendary lore, and “melts them down into single lines.” Many of his sentences are pictures. His words “live and breathe,” sending forth now a murmur of joy, and now the piercing wail of grief. Another marked feature of the poem is, its condensation.

"Thou found'st—and I forgive thee—here thou art!"

He never dwells long on one thought, but strikes the key note, and leaves the echo of the melody to swell in the mind of the reader; and while, perhaps, the careless reader will observe only the "painted bubbles" on the surface, the reflecting mind will behold beautiful conceptions, flashing upward from below.

An indescribable gentleness of spirit pervades almost every line, and beautifully tinges the thoughts, which an inferior poet would have expressed with a glaring obtrusiveness. There is, however, no excessive or unmanly niceness—no "creamy smoothness," or fatal facility of expression, carrying our poet beyond the limits of his subject or the feeling. If there is an occasional want of melody—there is never of strength, nor of imagination. The rhythm and versification are most happily chosen—while the style, fresh and idiomatic, marks a mind fully alive to the beauties of the poetic art. But above all—let us regard for a moment the profound moral that the poem teaches, "The necessity of a just equipoise between the laws of reason and affection." How could it have been more happily conveyed to us than by this example, culled out from the ante-Homeric age, and versified in language which, by its sweetness and beauty, expresses the symphony which prevails in nature and society. We cannot but admire Laodamia, and with it, the author—England's greatest Laureate, who, in some of the higher walks of poetry, stands without a rival, and "who has brought under the magic power of verse the loftiest themes." To none more appropriately than to himself, can the benediction be ascribed which his own lips have uttered:—

"Blessings be with them and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler loves and nobler cares."

R. W. A.

Loyalty to Convictions.

IN describing the character of Mr. LINCOLN, his biographer, Dr. Holland, makes use of the following expression:—"He was loyal to his convictions." These words not only embrace the principles of that marvelous life, but suggest the reason of its great success. His earnestness, his honesty, his power, and his popularity may all be

traced to his rigorous exercise of personal loyalty. He was deliberate and thorough in forming his opinions, and, having formed them, he possessed the hardihood and independence to carry them at once into execution. He was true to his own convictions of duty. The fear of public opinion never caused him to act with precipitancy or procrastination. When the desolations of war were sweeping over us, when hasty men pronounced him incompetent, and careful men regarded him with misgiving hearts, looking far beneath the surface of events, comprehending the momentous interests involved in the contest, yet remembering that he was the representative of Government, and the executor of Law, he wielded the energies of the nation with an upright and far-sighted statesmanship, that to-day commands the admiration of the world. Had his purposes been shaped according to the shifting demands of public opinion, the result would have proved disastrous to himself and fatal to the country. Throughout his life, Mr. LINCOLN ever exhibited the same conscientious and searching thought in forming his convictions, and the same undeviating persistency in their execution. But separating the idea from its application to Mr. LINCOLN's life, we shall find that *loyalty to convictions* embraces an abstract truth that will bear expansion and analysis.

The term conviction, denoting a mental state, primarily implies a struggle or effort. It is that condition of satisfactory settlement that results from the successful employment of the mental and moral powers. It involves calm deliberation, an intelligent calculation of cause and effect, and a keen insight into the demands of right and duty. A responsibility is incumbent on every man, making it his imperative duty to form settled convictions, to acquire the knowledge and exercise the thought sufficient to render his opinions satisfactory and stable. The next requirement is *loyalty* to those convictions. And by loyalty, we mean, not a mere nominal adherence, but a sober determination to resist seduction, to surmount difficulty, and to brave danger. In the view here presented, therefore, loyalty to convictions becomes one of the truest and safest maxims of life. It implies an intelligent and careful investigation of all the problems and relations of our lives; it involves the formation of stable opinions upon questions of right and duty, and requires the energy and determination to maintain and execute those opinions in the practical experience of life. Thus conformed and regulated, life is almost sure to be crowned with success and honor.

In the first place, the operation of this principle produces earnestness of character. It requires us first, to think carefully, and then to

act vigorously. Our convictions must necessarily be such as are approved by conscience and commended by reason. Our whole nature is brought into cheerful acquiescence, and all our executive powers awakened and applied with enthusiasm. Conscious that we have surveyed the whole ground, believing that we have formed a wise and permanent decision, we press forward in the attainment of our object, with great zealousness of purpose and of effort.

Again, it builds up the character in all the attributes of honesty. A conviction involves the approval of an active conscience, and as an active conscience is never an accessory to guilt, our convictions must of necessity be upright. If we are loyal to them, therefore, in word and deed, a falsehood or deception will be impossible. A thorough, uncompromising loyalty will pervade our whole life, and become, as it were, an essential, irradicable attribute of our individualism. The respect and confidence of others will be freely extended to us, and to know and feel that those we meet in our daily routine, regard us with feelings of esteem and admiration, is one of the sweetest rewards of existence.

But the most important benefit arising from conformity to the principle in question, and that which includes all others, is the mental and moral development that results. Conformity to the dictates of conscience in all our social relations and business dealings; comprehensive and intelligent thought upon the great questions that press themselves for decision; earnestness and vigor in discharging the responsibilities imposed by duty; these are the qualities which result from the activity of every faculty and of every power necessitated in forming and executing our convictions, and the qualities, also, which develop a strong, upright, noble manhood. The man who is loyal to his convictions, in the fullest sense of the terms, loyal and conviction, must look beyond himself and his limited experience, and seek in the various departments of knowledge, for instruction and guidance. Hence it is that he is led to an acquaintance with literature and science; and these bring in their train liberal culture, generous impulses, and noble aspirations. Loyalty to convictions, therefore, cultivates in us those moral virtues which induce the esteem and confidence of others, and leads, directly or indirectly, to the unfolding and liberalizing of the mental powers; in short, leads to all that is great and good in character and in life.

Loyalty to convictions, though the true principle for all life, is particularly true for college life. True success in college does not consist in obtaining high appointments, prizes, or wooden spoons. He is

successful, who leaves college with his mind enlarged and invigorated by the studies of the course, with some practical acquaintance with literature and life, and who carries with him the respect and confidence of his classmates. College life is too much a strife for college honors. Too frequently these engross the mind and obscure the real advantages and objects of the course. We are here, or we should be here, for development,—not development of the intellect simply, but of the social and moral qualities as well, which alone can render character beautiful and lovely. In our endeavors for the distinctions of college life, we are apt to lose its richest rewards. It generally happens that the Philosophicals of a class do not develop into the best scholars, nor the DeForests into the best writers and speakers, nor the spoon men into the most esteemed members of society. Those who struggle for these honors, and, as is frequently the case, regard them as the main objects of college life, work upon a wrong basis. When college days are ended, and they engage with the sharp, strong, practical men of the world, the mist that has veiled their minds in delusion, is swept away, and their mistake becomes apparent. While they are engaged in reforming their principles and incentives, if indeed they have the courage to attempt the reformation, and the ability to affect it, the ordinary men of college days with their steady purposes and manly character pass them by and leave them behind forever. The history of successful men in life and of brilliant men in college shows that these are facts.

How then shall college life be rendered successful? We answer briefly, by loyalty to convictions. A man's common sense will readily teach him what are the genuine, and what the spurious objects of his effort; and when these questions are settled, he should have the independence and the manliness to follow what appears to him his duty. It matters not that he may, in consequence, see others reap the highest honors of college. His compensation will be a mind disciplined by study, stored with useful information, and well fitted by the sober, earnest exercise of its faculties for the duties of practical life. Moreover, he will possess an integrity and nobleness, united with a general symmetry of character, that will secure him affection and confidence wherever he goes.

Again, loyalty to convictions is a principle calculated to insure increased purity and moral strength in college. It is a notorious fact that we look with complaisance, and even with approbation, upon innumerable forms of deception and falsehood that our consciences squarely condemn. This is certainly an unhealthy state of opinion,

and one filled with dangerous tendencies. However lightly we may regard these practices, and although we may consider that they are only for the college course, it is patent they cannot be constantly indulged without inducing such a familiarity with deception as shall make an unprincipled course a comparatively easy matter after college life is over. It is much more difficult to regain integrity than to preserve it. The most amiable disposition and the most brilliant talents cannot secure one against the corroding effects of distrust. To have one's integrity and principle suspected, saps the foundation of character and leads to ruin. The danger of such a result is avoided, and the character made reliable and manly, by heeding the still small voice within that continually warns us against the evil of wrong doing. If we would only be loyal to our convictions, the experience of a college course would engraft truth and honesty upon the character so as to render them inseparable parts of our being.

The same principle forms the groundwork of all desirable and permanent popularity. Popularity is much sought in college and is usually sought in vain. All forms of subserviency and art are usually detected and despised. A man trying particularly to be popular, comes to be particularly unpopular. Popularity is not an end but a result. In the only desirable sense it is a deep and permanent seat in the esteem and affections of those around us, and is to be obtained by the cultivation and practice of those manly and generous qualities which we know will win the heart. If we act with integrity and principle, if we exhibit a manly independence tempered by a cordial regard for the feelings of others, if we manifest a spirit and mind of our own without arrogance or self sufficiency, in a word, if we are truly loyal to our convictions, we shall depart from college, leaving in the minds of all a regard that will still be fresh when other likings have passed away. The impression of real goodness of character and soundness of principle sinks deep into the heart and outlasts a thousand fancies that were at first more engrossing.

College life exerts a powerful influence upon our character and destiny, and it is important that it should be a good influence. Let the student, then, be loyal to his convictions in the fullest, highest sense of the terms, and, though he may not hope for the marvelous life of a Lincoln, he can, at least, be true to the noblest part of his being, be earnest, upright, and manly.

J. L.

Memorabilia Yalensia.

Townsend Compositions.

The following subjects for the Townsend Compositions have been given to the Class of '67:—

- I.—Modern English Poetry compared with the Poetry of the Seventeenth Century.
- II.—The power of Ideas contrasted with the power of Individual Men.
- III.—The Effects of the Puritan Rebellion on the English Constitution.
- IV.—The Future of Russia.

Y. L. B. Supper.

The Annual Supper of the Yale Lit. Board was given at the New Haven House, on the evening of May first. The occasion was festive, the guests jubilant, and the bill of fare extensive.

Boat Racing.

The crews chosen to participate in the usual Spring Races, are as follows:—

VARUNA.

SHELL.

WM. H. FERRY, '68, (Stroke.)
C. A. DEKAY, '68.
T. F. HINDS, '70.
S. F. BUCKLIN, '69.
J. K. H. DEFOREST, '68.
E. G. STEDMAN, '67, (Bow.)

GLYUNA.

SHELL.

C. W. BINGHAM, '68, (Stroke.)
H. WALKER.
B. A. FOWLER, '68.
H. W. PAYNE, '67.
C. L. MORGAN, '67.
G. A. ADEB, '67, (Bow.)

GIG.

W. A. MCKINNEY, '68, (Stroke)
R. TERRY, '70.
E. G. SELDEN, '70.
O. C. MORSE, '68.
J. E. CURRAN, '70.
WM. PARSONS, '68, (Bow.)

SHELL.

The Races are expected to come off on the 22d of May, at full tide.

Base Ball.

The match game of Ball, between the Sophomore Nines of Yale and Nassau, was played at Princeton, N. J., on Saturday, the 4th instant, being witnessed by a large number of people. The Yale Nine took the boat for New York on Friday evening, accompanied by a large number of their friends, and reached Princeton on Saturday, at noon. They were received in a very gentlemanly manner by '69 of Nassau, who had made every preparation for the visit.

Play began at about 2 o'clock, on a wretched field, where the left fielder was unable to see the home base.

It ended at 5.30, in favor of the Nassau Club, by six runs.

The batting on the part of the Yale Nine was superior to that of the Nassau Nine, while their fielding, due no doubt to want of practice, was inferior.

It is but justice to the Yale Nine, to say that Mr. HOOKER, their pitcher, and perhaps strongest player, was compelled to remain at home, on account of sickness. To this fact, more than to any thing else, we attribute our defeat.

At the conclusion of the game, both Nines and their friends partook of a sumptuous supper, generously provided by the students of Princeton. Toasts were drunk, and speeches made in honor of "Yale," and "Nassau Hall;" the proceedings being enlivened by College Songs.

The Yale Nine returned on the morning of the 5th, much pleased with their visit, and unanimous in their thanks to the Sophomore Class of "Nassau."

The return game will be played at New Haven, about the middle of June. If our Sophomore Nine should then be victorious, the deciding game will be played shortly after, on neutral grounds.

The following is the score:—

NASSAU '69.					YALE '69.				
WARD, ---- 2 b.,	8	Runs,	2	Outs.	CONDUCT, ---- C.,	4	Runs,	2	Outs.
HOPE, ---- C. f.,	7	"	3	"	SHELDON, ---- P.,	5	"	3	"
IRVIN, ---- L. f.,	6	"	3	"	VAN WYCK, ---- 1 B.,	7	"	2	"
EBY, ---- C.,	7	"	3	"	STEVENSON, ---- L. f.,	6	"	4	"
SCHENCK, ---- 3 B.,	7	"	2	"	MOLANE, ---- 2 B.,	6	"	4	"
M'KIBBEN, P.,	6	"	3	"	DEGROVE, ---- R. f.,	9	"	2	"
RAWN, ---- S. S.,	5	"	5	"	TERRY, ---- L. f.,	4	"	5	"
FOX, ---- 1 B.,	6	"	3	"	BURRELL, ---- 3 B.,	6	"	2	"
HUMES, ---- R. F.,	6	"	3	"	CUNNINGHAM, .S. S.,	5	"	3	"
	58		27			52		27	
Nassau '69,	12,	1,	7,	1,	11,	8,	13,	2,	3,—58
Yale '69,	7,	3,	1,	11,	4,	10,	2,	5,	9,—52

Umpire—R. S. MURPHY, Bordentown, N. J.

Scorers { E. T. WAITE, Yale.
F. H. MILLS, Nassau.

Yale B. B. Club.

A meeting of those interested in the formation of a University Base Ball Club, was held in the President's Lecture Room, on last Wednesday noon. The following officers were elected:—

President—G. SHELDON, '67; *Secretary*—F. P. TERRY, '69; *Treasurer*, G. A. NEWELL, '68.

The Committee, of which Mr. BROTHER was Chairman, appointed last term, on organization, made their report, offering a system of Bye-Laws, by which any one in the College may become a member of the Club, with full privileges, by paying a fee of one dollar. A full set of bases, &c., was ordered to be procured, and a Committee of three, of which Mr. HOOKER, of '69, was Chairman, was appointed to negotiate for grounds in Hamilton Park.

No finer material for a Champion Club exists any where than there is at Yale, and we have met defeat in some instances heretofore only on account of imperfect organization, and a lack of energetic practice. Let us hope that the end of this season will see our Club occupying a position worthy of its name.

University Crew.

This Crew, upon whose exertions depend the hopes of Yale for the coming Regatta at Lake Quinsigamond, will soon enter upon a course of vigorous training. It consists of—

W. A. COPP, (Stroke)	W. H. LEE,
S. PARRY,	J. COFFIN,
I. C. HALL,	L. PALMER, (Bow.)

Freshman Crew.

The Class of '70, at Harvard, have accepted the challenge, sent them by '70, at Yale, and will row over the same course at Worcester as the University Crews. Mr. MCKAY, of Greenpoint, is building the Yale Shell, for the occasion. The Crew consists of the following gentlemen:—

W. MCCLINTOCK, (Stroke)	C. N. CHADWICK,
R. TERRY,	J. E. CURRAN,
T. F. HINDS,	A. CLEVELAND, (Bow.)

Brothers Prize Debate.

The Freshman Prize Debate came off on Wednesday evening, the 8th instant. The speakers themselves did nobly, and reflected honor upon their Class. In Brothers, ten contestants entered,—in Linonia, fourteen.

Committee of Award.—A. W. WRIGHT, Ph. D., A. L. TRAIN, Esq., J. T. PLATT, Esq.

Question for Discussion.—"Is the Republican form of Government, as exhibited in the United States, preferable to the Monarchical form, as exhibited in England?"

Speakers.—1. E. S. HUME, New Haven; 2. M. F. TYLER, New Haven; 3. G. W. DREW, Winterport, Me.; 4. G. S. PEET, Bridgeport, Ct.; 5. C. H. DIX, Seville, O.; 6. W. HESING, Chicago, Ill.; 7. T. T. PLAYER, Nashville, Tenn.; 8. W. C. GULLIVER, Chicago, Ill.; 9. F. J. SYME, New Orleans, La.; 10. R. W. DEFOREST, New York.

Prizes awarded as follows:—1st, W. C. GULLIVER; 2d, M. F. TYLER; 3d, E. S. HUME, G. S. PEET.

Linonia Prize Debate.

Committee of Award.—GEO. O. HOLT, B. A., D. B. PERRY, M. A., LEANDER T. CHAMBERLAIN, M. A.

Question.—Resolved, The Centralization of Power in this Government, as advocated by Hamilton, is preferable to the Diffusion of Power, as advocated by Jefferson.

Afternoon.—1. A. P. CRANE, Adrian, Mich.; 2. E. B. THOMAS, Cortlandville, N. Y.; 3. D. M. BONE, Petersburg, Ill.; 4. H. B. MASON, Chicago, Ill.; 5. W. S. LOGAN, Washington, Ct.

Evening.—6. J. E. CURRAN, Utica, N. Y.; 7. E. J. EDWARDS, New Haven, Ct.; 8. C. MCC. REEVE, Dansville, N. Y.; 9. H. A. RILEY, Jr., Montrose, Pa.; 10. W. VAN S. WOODWARD, Plattsburg, N. Y.; 11. N. B. COY, Sandusky, O.; 12. L. W. HICKS, Worcester, Mass.; 13. J. W. ANDREWS, Columbus, O.; 14. W. S. HULL, Nashville, Tenn.

Prizes awarded as follows:—1st, H. B. MASON, J. W. ANDREWS; 2d, C. MCC. REEVE; 3d, N. B. COY, W. S. LOGAN.

HARTZ, the renowned illusionist, gave a series of his celebrated entertainments in Music Hall, the early part of this week. Truly he is the king of magicians, and his tricks are the most wonderful and mysterious ever performed in this city.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.—We have received the May Number of Oliver Optics' Magazine,—a very entertaining thing, by the way, to the class of readers for whom it is designed.

We call especial attention to the *Advertisements* in this Number.

Correction.

The name of Mr. SAMUEL PARRY, of Clinton, N. J., was accidentally omitted from the programme of Junior Exhibition, in the last Number of the *LIT.* His Oration on "Thomas Chalmers" deserved a better fortune.

Editor's Table.

ONCE more the classes are assembled in these familiar College buildings. The great wheels of College, so to speak, have again commenced to revolve. Vacation, as usual, has been very pleasant. A large number, even at this early date, have begun to look forward, through ten weeks, to a longer respite from duty.

The Seniors, having now but one recitation a day, seem to be the most favored of all the students. The Sophomores, after having for fourteen weeks, amid much tribulation, floundered in the unfathomable depths of Puckle's Mathematics, begin the new term with the plainer science of Surveying. The Freshmen, not having now so many recitations a week as hitherto, and having become fully accustomed to the ways of College, seem as jubilant as their condition will admit. The Juniors begin to think that the epithet, "jolly," is sadly inapplicable to them. To recite twice Wednesdays and Saturdays, after the ease of last term, is not particularly easy or comforting. It is a matter of serious doubt, whether the Faculty intend to bring about the untimely death of the Class of '68, or are giving them long and difficult lessons, to facilitate the laudable process of "skinning." Some bid fair to arrive at a good degree of proficiency in this science.

Optics gives rise to the use of many emphatic adjectives and "elegant little expletives." Undoubtedly a petition will be sent in to have the lessons in Logic lengthened, as we take at present but thirty pages at a time, including the advance and Review. The visions of glory wrapt up in Prof. Loomis's Astronomy are being unfolded to us from day to day. It would require considerable mathematical skill to determine which is the more withering to the spirits of a person reciting, the spicy "how so," so often repeated in Sophomore year, or the laconic ejaculations of our observer of the celestial bodies. Those of us who study French, are highly delighted with the pronunciation, which, as near as we can ascertain at present, is a cross between a grunt and articulate speech. It is commonly reported, that after we have finished Optics, we are to have, in addition to our Philosophy, an especial treatise on Heat. Let them pile it on. It will be impossible to make it much *hotter* for us than it is already.

Prominent among the amusements of the term is the spinning of tops. Having had occasion to go to a fourth story room, in the north entry of North Middle, we found about a dozen or less enterprising Juniors engaged in the manly sport. A ring had been marked out in the entry, in which several tops were placed, and the industrious youths were "pegging" at them with a surprising degree of avidity. This kind of amusement appears this year to have spread its contagion throughout all classes. Marbles also are receiving considerable attention. Under the inspiration derived from these games, undoubtedly, much mental as well as physical progress will be made.

Boating, we trust, is as lively as ever. The University men have not yet begun their laborious training. We feel assured that they will do all in their power to win in the race next Summer. If Harvard has six more powerful men, she must have a crew of giants.

The new reading room is being nicely fitted up, and will, undoubtedly, be a source of great pleasure and profit to the students. We have long felt the need of such an Institution. It is something which all will appreciate.

And now, good friends of the LIT., let me say a few words in behalf of the Board of '68. We shall attempt to make the Magazine both interesting and instructive. It is our intention to have every number published at a certain time of the month. Now in order that the LIT. may come out promptly on time, it is necessary that all contributions should be sent in two weeks before the date of its publication. This can be done by the exercise of very little care. There need be no delay. As far as is within our power, we will fulfil our promise to be punctual.

A cordial invitation is also extended to the members of all classes to assist us in sustaining the Magazine. The LIT. has been too much of a class affair. It ought to be more generally supported. A Senior should not think it beneath his dignity to favor us with an article; a Sophomore should not hold back his production until he revels amid the far-famed pleasures of Junior year; nor should a member of the lowest class hide his light under a bushel until he has doffed his Freshman robes. Therefore, ye Seniors, Juniors, Sophomores and Freshmen, send in your contributions, (bearing in mind about the two weeks,) and in the language of our whilom instructor in the Broad Sword exercise, it will be "pleasing and satisfactory" to all parties. Now don't think that we are making an appeal on account of the extremity of necessity. Such is far from being the case; but it must be apparent to you all that the LIT. will be much more interesting, if all classes coöperate in supporting it.

The weekly issue of the Courant renders an Editor's Table almost superfluous. To circulate items of interest, after they have already been announced to the College world, seems quite unnecessary. It reminds us of a gentleman of the Class of '68, who, one day, with great animation, announced to his Club the death of General Scott, long after that hero had

"Shuffled off this mortal coil."

To write a witty Table does not come within our province. You will, undoubtedly, consider this as an astonishing piece of information. If you wish something spicy, possess your souls in patience until our two Editors, who have such a rich vein of humor, shall sit down at that imaginary piece of furniture known as the Table of the Yale Lit. Board.

The students are once more beginning to sit on the College fence. This they have always considered their undisputed prerogative. There is no other place in the whole College grounds, which possesses so much attraction as the familiar corner of this old fence. Persons who have long since graduated, remember it with a feeling akin to reverence. The idea that the visitors at the New Haven House are disturbed by the congregation of the students in front of South College, appears to us to be an absurdity. We can see no reason why we should now be prohibited from sitting on the fence. Instead of being injurious to the students, these nightly gatherings at this spot are physically, intellectually, morally and socially advantageous. They are the *optimum condementum*, the very spice of our College life,—conducive alike to harmony and happiness. May the Faculty, then, look with leniency upon this innocent College custom, which has been handed down from generation to generation, as one of the most precious of Yale's legacies. But we are extending our talk too far. Grim visions of mirrors and lenses haunt us like spectres, telling with most emphatic distinctness, that it is now time to turn our attention to other things.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXII.

JUNE, 1867.

No. 8.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '68.

RUSS. W. AYRES,

JOHN LEWIS,

WILLIAM A. LINN,

WILLIAM A. MCKINNEY,

ANSON PHELPS TINKER.

Macaulay.

POE speaks of a man appointed by Apollo to criticise a poem, who returned the work with severe stricture on its defects, and replied that he had not troubled himself about its merits. The god gave him a sack of unwinnowed wheat and bade him pick out the chaff for his pains. Apollo will be a convenient scapegoat, if enthusiasm for the author of "Milton" and "Warren Hastings" shall lead to extravagant panegyric in this article.

Macaulay was an author of that period, whose return is said to be always marked by a "sunburst of our literature." He was born the first year of the century. While yet in early youth, Hannah More, his preceptress, writes of him that he surfeits his friends with recitals of poetry, and astonishes older people with literary talk. He entered Cambridge at eighteen, and at once took a prominent stand. In college he continued his poetry in a manner alarming to the prospect of his future greatness. His efforts gained the highest prizes, but from the destiny of a Homer or Shakspeare, he was saved by a circumstance of fearful import to those who neglect Linonia and Brothers. The debating societies of Cambridge are famous, and it was on their floors that, clipping the wings of his Pegasus, he took the direct footpath to fame, for the Whigs opened to him the doors of Parliament as soon as his first publications added the reputation of a brilliant essayist to that of a powerful debater. To speak of his advance from success to fame in Parliament, and glory in literature,

is only to repeat a story which has ever been a marvel until his pages have been read and his speeches studied.

Macaulay was the most popular writer of the century. This needs no proof to any one who has attempted to secure from the library a copy of his *Essays* or *History*. In England, Dickens has shared with him this popularity. But what American would venture to proclaim his preference for the writer of *The American Notes*, over the first British author who has been noble enough to desire, or brave enough to attempt, an honest history of the period and events which gave birth to constitutional liberty!

That Macaulay deserves his popularity, no critic has ever attempted to deny. That he is a great writer, nearly all are agreed. Being able to fortify the position taken concerning his popularity, on the firm ground of statistical fact, it is easy to advance a little further and declare him the most brilliant writer of the century. Edward Everett, indeed, has not hesitated to affirm that he was "the most brilliant writer of our own or any other age;" Guizot, that he was "the most brilliant writer in the English language." We remember Cæsar as a great soldier and a good recorder of his own exploits. His capacity as an orator fell short of nothing but surpassing Pompey. But he never tried poetry, and his *Commentaries* will not be remembered by school-boys as so fascinating as "Macaulay's *Essays*." Macaulay was preeminently great as a statesman, an historian, an essayist, and a poet. Versatility of genius is too low an attribute for his varied success. It seems more consistent with his character to say that he possessed such practical common sense that in any undertaking warranted by his tastes, he was incapable of losing reputation. This is indeed to offend the votaries of genius who would claim this great writer among their penates; but can they convince any one that the practicality of Lincoln was a quality inferior to the genius of Napoleon?

His political life was mostly passed before he commenced the *History of England*. To his failure of re-election to Parliament, the world owes this great work; but, perhaps, it is no less indebted for his services in the state, than to his literary labors. In Parliament he carried the name of the "Burke of the age," and all his gigantic power was thrown on the side of Independence, Liberty, and Reform. Slavery received the deepest cut ever awarded in debate, in his speeches against this evil in British colonies, and it is refreshing to remember his deeds in this age of Eyre trials and Kingsley treacheries. Our country was constantly in his mind, and from his vast

information respecting our institutions, he constantly drew his most forcible illustrations, coupled with sentiments never failing to produce respect for the American nation. To Macaulay we owe as much as to John Bright, for creating favorable impressions of us among a people disposed to undervalue anything under English; and if the times of the two men had been reversed, no doubt his principles would have gained him the place in our affections that Bright holds.

In speaking, he was ungraceful. When he was expected to utter a word in debate, the house was filled. He entered amid the buzzing of suppressed comment on his bearing, his looks, his dress, (which was usually shabby,) and concerning his vast powers. When he arose, he planted his feet firmly on the floor, threw one hand back of his body, as if to put behind him all extraneous thoughts, and struck at once at the key-note of the subject. His voice is represented as unpleasant and monotonous, and his manner of speaking, like the working of a pump handle. But when this pump was once under way, it drew from a vast well of information such floods of illustration, analogies, and clinching argument, as effectually quenched any opponent's fire. History seemed to furnish him instances on any topic. It may be judged that these vast stores of his memory were in great demand in legislation. If any law involving the principles of political economy, needing a knowledge of precedents, or a keen insight into future probabilities, was to be framed, Tom Macaulay's mind was the storehouse which supplied the needs of every committee.

The History of England is declared by a prominent writer to be the most perfect work ever issued from the English press. It had hardly left the type when the publishers perceived its amazing popularity, and paid the author a princely revenue for monopoly of selling. The work merited the favor it found. The only fault ever found in it, is its fascinating style. "The old almanac style of history" is detested as much by this author, as sought by others. Critics have thought something wrong must be concealed beneath charms so enticing. The critics have so long been accustomed to see books thrive in spite of immense faults which their pens have lashed, that they have come to accept these faults as a sign of success. Their absence in Macaulay is deemed a bad omen; he is too interesting to be good. His short sentences will be short lived, thinks Prof. Reed. Poe thinks he is too readable to be sound, and denounces his aiming "to leave no minute gap which the reader might have to fill up with thought." Certain mathematical treatises might be recommended to the author of the "Raven," which would be unobjectionable on

this score ; but contrary to his opinion, it will be deemed the peculiar glory of our historian to have brought back the story of ages to its proper channel ; to have shown that a true story, as well as fiction, can be agreeably told. This end he seems constantly to have had in view. By detail and pleasant episode, the author has accomplished his purpose. He digresses into the Massacre of Glencoe in beautiful narrative. He remarks on the gooseberry wine of the 17th century, as well as the principles of Cromwell. He tells us how the hospitality of those times welcomed the country clergy to the carrots and soup, but obliged them to abstain from the pastry and wines. He interests us in the frailties of serving maids as well as in the Bill of Rights. All ground for criticism falls when it is considered how this result was attained by design, and accomplished only by a laborious search into subjects usually deemed unimportant by historians, with a perseverance that shrank from no labor of investigation, with a mind stored with all books, and a memory which could produce any scene in Shakspeare, or the whole of *Paradise Lost*, on demand. Even if disposed to underrate his success, we must be won by his regard. If there is one species of effrontery, more detestable than another, it is that of an author who presumes on our time and attention with works which demand less pains from the writer than the reader. The only parallel to this is the presumption of the preacher who will detain an audience an hour in June with a sermon which has been prepared during two and a half strolls across the ministerial study. Charity tolerates dullness in the pulpit ; stupidity is supportable ; but arrogance, the pride of man refuses to endure.

The reader passes from Hume to Macaulay, as the traveler passes from the darkness of a long and tortuous ride through the forest into the open daylight of a clearing. Hume's work was darkened by more than party prejudice. He hated religion, hated liberty, and hated England. England's worst enemies were his friends, and his words are darkened by the same spirit that made London his abhorrence and Paris his Elysium. The right arm of truth has, through Macaulay, established constitutional liberty as the rightful heir to English esteem, by casting out the odious usurpers,—the Stuarts.

In a branch of literature usually deemed less important, Macaulay has had no rival in any age. His essays were contributed to the periodicals and purported to be reviews of recent works. They were prefaced by the name of a book, but the criticism is usually disposed of in the first few pages. Then comes the essay proper. One marked advantage attaches to this species of writing. The subject selected

is necessarily one which is near the heart of the author, and the whole work is, especially with Macaulay, hearty with enthusiasm. Each of his essays seems to be an outbreak of fervent ideas, overflowing from a mind where they have been long fermenting. Indignation against egregious popular errors, a clear insight into motives customarily misrepresented or overlooked, heartfelt admiration for truth and beauty in some individual or institution,—seem to have instigated the essays. Undoubtedly the best of these are “Warren Hastings,” “Clive,” and “Milton.” “Bacon,” and “Frederick the Great,” are admirable. The author’s special attainment was vivid description. We humbly venture the assertion that the picture of the Black Hole of Calcutta, in “Clive,” is the most graphic and exciting bit of prose in English. “Milton” is infused with enthusiasm. Probably no young author ever received such laurels for his maiden attempt. Any one who is disposed to doubt the deep principles of morality and religious reverence of the writer, has only to read the latter part of this essay, where the very type seems to weep in a fervor of veneration for the noble old bard. A manly mind, intolerant of effeminate emotion, usually warns his pen far from sentimental display. Formality is preferred to sacrifice of dignity. But in this essay disgust at the world’s hypocrisy gets the better of his constraint, when contemplating the pure spirit that bore the world’s obloquy as the martyrship of a Christian. In a short essay on Bunyan, the author displays a reverence for religion, but mingled with a reverence for Bunyan, over whose writings the author is nearly crazy with enthusiasm.

Enough has been said about Macaulay’s poetry, by eminent critics, to justify almost any opinion in those not disposed to rely on their own judgment. It has been called stiff and unpoetical. It has been denounced as mechanical and unfeeling. But it has never been called frivolous. It has never been named spiritless. Professor Craik might attribute to it a “hard metallic lustre,” but his fertility of metaphorical grandeur would hardly justify here a comparison with “rags fluttering about a scarecrow.” But if “Virginia” can be called unfeeling, we must be content to purchase our emotional gunpowder from licensed dealers, like Wordsworth and Coleridge. If “The Battle of Lake Regillus” is to be deemed uninteresting and tame, it will be necessary to turn from Scott and seek entertainment only from Spenser. If “Horatius” is not adapted to inspire the same spirit as the Marsellaise Hymn; if it would not infuse a martial spirit into any man with nerve enough to look without trepidation on

the old field pieces preserved at Bunker Hill, it is better to look to the old Saxon prose of Wicliffe and Bunyan for the requisite excitement.

These debated poems are entitled "The Lays of Ancient Rome," and the subjects chosen are in keeping with the usual practical sense of the author. Not only do the "Lays" revive those old legends which embody ancient Roman history, but they vividly paint the Roman character as it was when Cincinnatus and Licinius were even the men every day met in the forum. The Rome of those days was indeed a subject of adoration for the soul that delights in chivalrous character. Bloody deeds and awful crimes may have been the work, but even this was made grand by the grandeur of Rome.

"Hurrah for Rome's stout pilum,
In a stout Roman hand.
Hurrah for Rome's stout broadsword,
That through the thick array
Of levelled spears and serried shields,
Hews deep its gory way."

In private life, Macaulay was long thought to have a cold heart; but recent disclosures have revealed his generosity and even pre-eminent philanthropy. He never married. This failure can be ascribed to the social state of England. The fair sinners of the great Whig houses where he was guest, were all Fabias. They all aimed at noble alliances. His peerage was not conferred until late in life. To have united his fortunes with those of an aspirant for nobility, and to lead away the hand of a bloomless and dowerless maiden of noble descent, was equally repugnant. Yet in the circles of the fair and young he found his constant society. He was an idol with the ladies on account of his conversational powers. One describes his talk as "all print." Amid the walnuts and wine, the graces of his conversation were demanded by the silent tongues of the guests. His monopoly of the attention seems to have been grudged by none except Sidney Smith, whose satire found vent in a remark about the "brilliant flashes of silence" which sometimes enchained Macaulay. But brilliant for *this* eminent talker's reputation here, would have been a flash of silence that should have prevented those words that probably originated the English slur, that Americans could not be kicked into a war.

To pass from eulogy to moderate criticism has usually been thought necessary to add point to a panegyric. A little detraction at

the end seems to produce an agreeable effect, like the cooling showers of rose-water thrown over a Roman audience in the Amphitheatre before parting.

It is not difficult to find some great faults in the works that have been considered. One, often remarked, is the positiveness of the author on any subject under his pen. He never doubts; never hesitates. He advances from mild assertion to startling paradox, without an emotion. The paradox, indeed, is one of his favorites. A most notable instance is in the *Essay on Machiavelli*. He proves Machiavelli's books most infamous in sentiment, and then establishes their excellence and truthfulness by an argument agreeably convincing. The paradox is in fact a gem of rhetoric in his hands. The reader is taken upon his own ground, blindfolded, gagged, manacled, and carried into a captivity that is entertaining. Another failing is his incessant elaborateness. But with all the faults that have been imputed to him, Macaulay has made the world his debtors. He has rejected subserviency to custom as well as to aristocracy, in his history. He has, with an impartial but courteous pen, given us the most important link in English history. Humo, Macaulay, and Allison, now open to us a book of records from Waterloo to Cæsar's landing; from Victoria to Agricola. His essays afford instruction and delight on topics of the most pointed interest of all ages of the past. His poems awaken veneration for a people whose posterity brought shame on their father's name. His sound judgment has taught the most effective use of the English tongue yet attained.

Thus another attempt to exalt praise by criticism, has failed. The heat of the Amphitheatre shall not be cooled by rose-water to-day.

W. A. M.

The Permanency of the Government.

THIS nation has proved itself one of the strongest on the face of the globe. In spite of prophecies of speedy downfall the moment party passions were excited, in spite of numerous attacks as to weakness and instability, from within and from without, it has stood firm amidst great civil discord, the severest trial to the strength of a free state, and has emerged from all dangers more powerful than ever. By the vigor imparted through our institutions, a rebellion was over-

thrown, comprehending one-third the whole people, peace re-established, and republican principles set on firmer foundations. During all the period of Independence, though oppressed with foreign and domestic war, though sneered at and distrusted, the government has exhibited unparalleled prosperity, and a durability beyond the most sanguine expectation. The advocates of monarchy derided the idea of a permanent republic, extending over this vast area, populated with so many nationalities, embracing different religious creeds, when history affirms no similar governments, bound within narrow limits, possessing a homogeneous population, to have been stable or consistent; but on the contrary, fickle, tyrannical and corrupt. It is an instructive, and should be a gratifying task, to inquire into the causes that have made this republic an exception to every precedent. Institutions like these had failed in former times—why should they succeed here! What inherent qualities are there in our Constitution that should cause it to falsify every prediction! To two great American principles, never before fully tried, undoubtedly, can be traced our safety and power; namely, universal liberty and universal education. These two fundamental doctrines of our civil creed are found to be pregnant sources of strength, and successful progress. They are mighty incentives to noble patriotic action. Their hard practical test during the last six years of imminent peril, evince their efficiency. Our enemies are discomfited, and the human race advanced. If you wish unlimited resources, and a steady reliance on their own ability in the people, let these principles form the groundwork of government.

The immediate influence of general education is three-fold. It produces high religious feeling, and, consequently, purifies morality. This religious zeal is the best safeguard to a free state. What else so opens the heart to a sense of justice, lifts us above the common practices of every day life, as the sublime doctrines of Christianity! Right will be upheld, while these feelings govern a community. Education, again, inspires love of humanity. An enlightened public will not calmly behold flagrant wrongs, if authority is vested in them. They will not shut their eyes while a just government is broken up. You cannot accustom them to view with indifference such atrocities as the French, when liberated, encouraged. Though passion runs high, and seems sometimes almost to swallow up everything good and sacred, yet, when you blow off this mere political prejudice, the mass of our people side with humanity. Look at the assassination of Lincoln. It would be impossible to find a man subjected to more

calumny, or more violently hated than he was by the opponents to his administration; but when his death was caused by wicked and desperate means, how profound and universal the sorrow! Democrat and Republican—men of every party, rank and condition, united their expressions of sympathy, and joined in condemnation and regret at the deed. Political disagreements were buried in one common detestation of such acts. As long as a community are alive to human sympathy, and do not suffer local interests and excitements to carry them beyond its dictates, so long is there an element of firmness in the government. In other republics, it was not until the people became blind to such sentiments, that liberty was endangered. Education not only humanizes those within its reach, but also in its other effects upon individual character, affords protection to the country. A cultivated citizen is far-seeing, and is alive to deception. He understands political issues, can distinguish the right from the wrong, and though often tempted, will not be duped by demagogues. He sides with justice, and will fight for it. Our common schools, in this particular, especially as exhibited during the war, have given us immeasurably greater strength, in teaching the people to form right decisions, and protect a just Constitution.

That universal liberty can prevail with durability, and that in fact, it is a mighty bulwark during danger, the recent events in this country establish. Its effect was most remarkable, when that sudden call was sounded, after the attack on Sumpter, to rise up and save the republic. His former independence, made each man feel that it was his own country he must rescue—a country that had recognized him as her citizen—that it immediately concerned his own dignity and happiness whether it was destroyed. Nor was that outburst of patriotism a mere fleeting impulse, but was followed by a settled resolve to conquer, whatever the sacrifice. "If you wish for power you must look to liberty," says Fox. "We are compelled to acknowledge that this gives a power of which no other form of government is capable." Fox was then speaking of the ancient democracies—their extraordinary vigor and spirit; but confessed, at the same time, to their crimes and oppressions. We have that tremendous power without their excesses, because our system of education and freedom extends alike to every class, elevating and civilizing all. Liberty, then, as it is cherished and conferred by our institutions, unites activity with durability. Other nations are no fair criterion to go by in reasoning of this, for in those countries called free, the body of the people were kept in ignorance and servitude. We, for the first

time, have shown universal liberty restrained by just laws. Their charge of mutability is inapplicable here. We have elements of strength they never made use of. Regarded to-day by the world as a mighty nation, we may consider our institutions safe, as long as liberty is uncurbed, and the present standard of knowledge kept up by communication through the press, by supporting public schools, and extending liberal ideas. No matter how wide a territory is encompassed, or how much population increases, let us number a hundred millions, and let new states spread until the whole West is divided into separate commonwealths, if knowledge and liberty form the basis of social policy, we can safely calculate its permanency.

Few things now interrupt the perfect harmony of the government, or give cause of anxiety for the future. Of course the great storm of civil war could not sweep over us, without leaving some shattered wrecks and confusion behind. Certainly the fate of the Southern Confederacy has put an end to rebellion for years to come, as well as exhibited the crushing weight with which freedom moves. With the collapse of imperialism in Mexico, has vanished the last spark of empire on this continent. There need be no fear that monarchy, extending from the South, will encircle us. That seed is found to have no root in this soil. The State rights doctrine in its extended sense, has been exploded, and the government is now sufficiently centralized, without loss of individual liberty, to enable it to work efficiently and independently. If the emancipated blacks, as they are made citizens, are instructed, they will not hazard the peace, for they know too well the value of the privileges it brings. It is true that corruption may in time creep into the nation, as it has already to some extent manifested itself,—that cunning and ambitious men may endeavor to work its overthrow; but when these dangers become formidable, may we not trust an intelligent people to extinguish them? One thing peculiarly developed by the war, affecting the government, is the absolute confidence that is now felt in our permanence. Previously, the country was really in its infancy, with institutions untried, and not expected by many of capacity to withstand dissension. But factions have been overcome, and faith has succeeded to fear. Looking at the obstacles lately surmounted, the nation's prosperity and advancement, their own importance, personal interest, these things have lain the foundation of a true and lasting patriotism in the people. Disunion is found to be disastrous to every thing that goes to make us a great nation, while in union there is happiness and national renown.

Let us, then, that this great country may be permanently united, continually cherish more deeply, liberty combined with education. These will awaken an elevated sense of honor and justice in the people, that is competent to carry the government through all liable changes. But, while these reasonings are true in general, we have each of us an individual duty to perform, to guard by every means within our power against corruption and useless expenditure, to elect worthy and talented men to office, to prevent fraudulent voting in our large cities, and to be willing, in the humblest or highest capacity, to serve the country.

L. B. C.

History of our Boating.

Now that boating has come to be considered a regular part of our College life, and a matter of interest to so many, a brief review of our boating, from its commencement at Yale, may be of interest. From different accounts and statistics which have appeared from time to time in the YALE LIT., we gather the following items.

On the 24th of May, 1843, Wm. J. Weeks, of the Class of '44, purchased a second-hand four-oared Whitehall boat, nineteen feet long and four feet beam. Officers were chosen, and a club formed called the Pioneer.

This was the first organized step in boating; doubtless more or less of the leisure time of students had previously been passed on the water, but principally in sail boats.

In June, of the same year, E. A. Bulkley, of '44, purchased a similar boat, costing, together with the outfit, \$38.25. This was named the Nautilus. Soon after another similar boat, the Iris, was added to the list. In the same year J. B. Croswell, of '45, purchased a canoe club boat for \$45.00, made from a single log; this boat was forty-two feet long and twenty-four inch beam, and at the time was considered a prodigy. She pulled eight oars, and from the number of her creepers was called the Centipede. In a very short time,

however, this boat was sold to an oysterman, for \$5.00, who cut her in two lengthwise, and pieced her, thus increasing her breadth of beam.

In May, 1844, the first race boat, as such, was launched by Brooks & Thatcher; she was evidently staunch, being mentioned as often racing from Sachem's Head to the wharf at New Haven. She was named the *Excelsior*, was thirty feet long, six oars.

The *Augusta*, thirty-eight feet long, eight oars, was next purchased in 1845, by the Class of '49. She was followed by the *Osceola*, purchased by '48, was thirty-six feet long, eight oars. By the *Shawmut*, in 1847, thirty-eight feet long, eight oars. In 1851, by the *Phantom*, twenty feet long, originally four, afterwards five oars, purchased by Class of '53. This boat afterwards became the first Commodore's gig.

In May, 1851, by the *Atalanta* barge, thirty feet, six oars, purchased by '52; and in the same month by the *Halcyon*, thirty-nine feet, eight oars, purchased by '54.

In June, 1852, appeared the *Undine* barge, thirty feet, eight oars. In fall of '52, a thirty feet, four-oared, *Ariel* by name, by the Engineers at Yale. In May, 1853, came the *Thulia*, a forty feet, six oared barge, purchased by '54, and in June or July, 1853, the *Nepenthe*, thirty-five feet long, four oars, purchased by Class of '55.

Until this time there was no other organization than by class, but now a consolidation of all the boat clubs was urged, the idea originating with Richard Waite, of '53, and thus was formed the Yale Navy, which at its formation contained the following boats, each representing a club. The *Ariel*, Engineers; *Halcyon* and *Thulia*, of '54; the *Atalanta* and *Nepenthe*, of '55; and the *Undine*, of '56.

In 1854 the following boats were added to the Navy: the *Alida*, thirty feet, six oars; the *Nautilus*, forty feet, six oars; the *Transit*, forty feet, six oars; and the *Rowena*, thirty-five feet, four oars. In 1855 the *Nereid*, forty feet long, six oars. And in the three following years there were nine additions, as follows: The *Menona*, six oars; the *Olympia*, eight oars; the *Varuna* shell and barge, both six oars; the *Cymothole* and *Lorelei*, each six oars; the *Olympia* shell, four oars; the Yale shell, afterwards called the *Atalanta*, six oars; and the *Volante* shell, four oars. During '59, '60 and '61, eight shells and three barges were added to the number, and up to the present time about fifty different race boats have been in the possession of the Navy and different clubs.

The majority of these boats seem to have been built for pleasure and safety, being strong enough for most any weather, and large enough to contain more than double the number necessary to row them; and though used in races, many an afternoon and moonlight evening was pleasantly passed in these boats by their respective crews and a complement of young ladies. Some idea can be formed of these boats by examining the *Lorelia*, at present known as the *Varuna* barge, purchased in 1858, and at the time considered crank.

The *Volante* was one of the first shells in the Navy. This is the boat in which G. E. Dunham was drowned at Springfield in 1858. She is still in the boat house, though not in possession of the Navy, and affords a fine comparison between the boats of a few years ago, and those of to-day.

Until 1859 boats had been moored, chiefly at Riker's, very near our present boat house. Oars and other necessities connected with the boats, were stored in adjoining buildings; but the introduction of lighter boats necessitated the providing of more shelter; accordingly a location was decided upon for a boat house at the foot of Grand street, on Mill river. Undoubtedly this boat house was a great improvement on the previous plan, but it did not meet the increasing demand for room, besides the location was found to be very poor, as any one may see by visiting the building, which is still standing, being used as a store room in a large lumber yard. A good idea of the inconveniences of this boat house can be obtained by the following extract from an article appearing at the time the building of our present boat house was undertaken. "No more crawling through a hole in the fence when the gate is shut. No more carrying heavy barges about half a mile over the mud, and then finding them sticking into the opposite bank. No more piling in thereupon to the serious abrasion of shins, and shoving them off again. No more losing of rowlocks, missing of oars, stealing of loose articles, or general displacement of boats by the tide. Yes, there will be no more little boys on the bridge to throw stones and encourage profanity, or oozy cables hanging across the channel just high enough to hit a man in the eye when he turns round. No more scratching gravel on the port side, and trailing on the starboard, in order to pass some miserable Philadelphia schooner loaded with coal. No more dirt in the boats, no more cracking of sinews to shoot the bridge on coming back, or wild oystermen to fasten the sea skimming sharpies in front of the boat house, and to expostulate quietly but firmly when said sharpies by accident got out adrift."

In the Fall of '62, initiatory steps were taken to erect the present boat house, and on Sept. 30th, 1863, it was formally taken possession of. It was originally intended to be somewhat larger, and to have a suite of finished rooms in the second story, but a sudden rise in building material prevented.

Since the formation of the Yale Navy, the following gentlemen have held the position of Commodore: Richard Waite, of '53; A. H. Stevens, '54; N. W. Bumstead, '55; A. N. Harriot, '56; Sam'l Scoville, '57; W. P. Bacon, '58; L. D. Page, '59; H. L. Johnson, '60; Chas. T. Stanton, '61; E. S. Lyman, '62; G. S. Curran, '63; S. T. Pierson, '64; Wilbur Bacon, '65; E. B. Bennett, '66; and our present Commodore, A. D. Bissell, of '67.

Until the Fall of 1861 the clubs were class organizations, a club generally owning but one boat; at this time it was voted to abolish the class system, and elect Freshmen into the three following clubs: the Varuna, Glyuna and Nixie. Consequently, as the Classes of '61 and '62 graduated, the other clubs disappeared, their boats being purchased by the three clubs above mentioned. Shortly after, the Nixie followed them, and the Undine made its appearance, which three remain at present.

Nearly ten years after the purchase of the Pioneer, the "Annual Yale Commencement Regatta" was originated, occurring for the first time in July, 1853, when several boats entered, contesting for the prizes. They were kept up for several years, and, at times, as many as eight boats were entered. They all occurred at New Haven, except the third, which was at Springfield, July 4th, 1855, for prizes offered by the citizens. In addition to these annual regattas, Yale boats participated in the following races, viz: a regatta at Hartford, July 4th, 1856, one boat from Yale taking the second prize; a regatta at New London, July 6th, 1858, when Yale entered two boats, taking the first two of nine prizes, there being as many prizes as there were boats entered; a regatta, July 4th, 1859, at the same place, at which no prizes were gained by Yale; one at Providence, July 4th, 1860, when five boats entered, two from Yale bearing off the first two prizes.

The following Regattas have taken place between Yale and Harvard: The first, Aug. 3d, 1852, on Lake Winnipisiogee, Centre Harbor, New Hampshire, two boats entering from Yale; the Undine, named from the shore on the day of the race, and the Halcyon, by a Class crew of '53; Yale was unsuccessful in this race. At Spring-

field, Mass., on the Connecticut River, July 21st, 1855, in which Yale was again the loser. At Worcester, July 26th, 1859, entering one boat against two from Harvard and one from Brown. Yale coming in the first day ahead of Brown and between the two Harvard boats. On the second day the winning crew of the preceding day alone entered against the Yale boat, and was defeated, Yale beating the winning time of the previous day, four seconds.

This was Yale's first victory over Harvard. An extract from an account by one of the crew will show how it was received. "To say that we were excited, would be ridiculous. To say that we were mad, would be to forget that we never pulled a stroke so steady, or so cool and powerful. But, after all our reverses, after continual ridicule and derision, both at home and abroad, to find ourselves in less than twenty minutes the victors of that world-known Harvard crew; to see the famous red turbans tossed overboard, and hear the roaring cheers ring up along the whole length of the Lake, was too sudden a change. We cannot deny that while sedate graduates crowded to meet us, and actually walked into the Lake without knowing where they went, and grey-haired Yale boys spoiled their best beavers as they dashed them together, the crew who were sitting their frail shell more steadily than ever before, and pulling with an easier swing, were really wilder in their joy than any spectator could be, and felt a keener glow of spirit."

Again, at Worcester, in 1860, entering in addition to her University, a Sophomore and Freshman crew. All were beaten. The Yale Sophomores were however keeping the lead until one of her men gave out. The Harvard crew, evidently remembering the lesson of the previous year, refused to enter the race of the second day.

At the same place again, in 1864, in which the Yale crew was victorious. There was also a Sophomore race, but one of the Yale crew giving out at the buoy, the race was lost.

Again in 1865, in which Yale won easily on first and second day, and lastly in 1866, when Yale was again defeated.

Of the three clubs at present existing in the Navy, viz.: the Glyuna, Varuna and Undine, but little need be said. The two last should not be confounded with former clubs of the same name, which were distinct class organizations. Races have occurred between them for championship and cup, with the following result:

Glyuna has won since its organization, a barge race in June, of '62, time 23 minutes 30 sec., and a scrub race at the same time. A barge race in Nov., '62, time 23m. 30s. Shell race in June, '63, time 19m.

48s. Shell race in Nov., '63, time 18m. 56½s. Barge race Nov., '63, time 20m. 47s. Gig race Oct. 25, '65, time 19m. 52s. Shell race June, '66, time 18m. 4s., and Shell race Nov., '66, time 17m. 33s.

Varuna won her first race in May, '62, time 20m. 5s. Shell race July, '62, time 18m. 41s. Shell race Nov., '62, time 20m. 25s., (in this race the other two boats fouled, being ahead of Varuna). Shell race in Nov., '64, Glyuna sinking, time 20m. 50s. Gig race against Undine, July, '65, time 18m. 52s. Shell race Oct. 11, '65, time 18m. 25½s. Gig race at same time, time 19m. 55s. Shell race for silver cup, Oct. 25, beating the University, time 19m. 14s. Gig race Nov., 1866, time 19m. 13s., and lastly, Shell and Gig race May 22, 1867, making 18m. 7s. and 20m. 17s. respectively.

The Undine has won since its organization, two Gig races, one in June, '65, when both the other boats sank on account of rough water, time 21m. 15s. The second in June, '66, time 19m. 7s., and a Barge race Oct., '66, time 21m. 15s.

W. A. C.

Reasons for not being an Infidel.

I AM far from being one of those, who charge the professors of Infidelity with insincerity. It is even easy for one, on reflection, to see how they may have doubts, and honest doubts, in regard to Christianity. It is not my object, however, to attempt the refutation of their theories, but merely to point out one or two obvious reasons why a reflecting man should not be an Infidel. It is a common saying that one can prove anything. This, however, is not true. Outside of the science of Mathematics, nothing can be proved absolutely; i. e. to which objection cannot be made. By denying major premise after major premise, proof can be made impossible. Admitting then that it cannot be proved absolutely that there is a God, we also claim that it cannot be proved absolutely that there is no God. The case is similar to that, in which it cannot be proved that an animal does not have a soul. For instance, man has in him a living

principle, also the feelings, (if I may call them so,) of love, hate, and fear. A dog, likewise, has in him a living principle, and exhibits, perhaps in an inferior degree, these same qualities. Is the soul, then this living principle? The dog has that. Is it the living principle, with those sensations? The dog has these also. The difficulty is our ignorance in regard to what the soul is. On this account then there is a possibility that a dog has a soul, and a possibility that it has not. So, likewise, we do not know absolutely who God is or where he is. But still, since it cannot be proved absolutely that there is or that there is not a living God, there remains a *possibility* that there is such a God, as well as a *possibility* that there is none such. If then a person believes in a living God, even if there is none, he is as well off at the time of death as the infidel. But if there is a living God, to whom men are responsible, he is infinitely better off. This possibility then of the existence of a living God, is the first reason why a reflecting man should not be an infidel. The *possibility* of eternal loss is too much to risk for a theory.

I shall not enter into the proof that, if there is a living God, the God of the Christians is that one, but refer the inquirer to Paley and the other Christian writers, who have proved this point to a higher degree of probability than any one else has proved anything different.

Again, the inevitable tendency of disbelief in a living God is to run into the belief of fatality. Death then becomes the end of existence, a blank. It makes no difference, whether we consider that every thing is ruled by an infinite cause, or by some law, so long as we deny the existence of a living God, to whom men are responsible; the only alternative is to acknowledge the supremacy of Fate. What theory of existence after death can you invent, if there is no living God, and, inseparably connected with him, Christian belief?

When men arrive at the belief, that every thing is guided by Fate, and that death is the end of existence, the unreflecting become *careless*, while the reflecting, with their infinite longings, give themselves up to *despair*. "Sin is a state of carelessness or despair."* The doctrine of Fate then, or Infidelity, leaves men no motive for morality or any other of the Christian precepts. A race of Infidels, unaccountable to any one, would be a race of drunkards, adulterers, of men of every vice and passion. Society, in such an issue, would become ruined, and the State lost. This is proved from the nature of the human heart, when left without any motive to right action, and

*Pres. Woolsey.

from the actual history of those nations, in which the doctrine of Fatality has to a more or less degree been held. The best proof that the human heart, unaided, is prone to evil, is found in one's own consciousness of it. The best men we know, who have the highest motives of morality as their guide, continually tell us that the losing sight of these incentives causes barrenness and sin in the heart. Even to perform some task, not connected with morality, requires a motive. We study either from the love we bear to our friends or to ourselves. And this becomes burdensome just so soon as we lose our interest in it; i. e. just so soon as we have no motive for action. If we have no friend to gratify, or no ambition for knowledge, we instinctively stop studying. And he makes the highest attainments, who has these motives in the highest degree. It is the same with the human heart in cases of a moral nature. Let one try to live a perfect life without any motive. The thing is an impossibility. He would not *try* without a motive. The heart then without a motive for morality, relapses into sin, just as the mind without a motive for study, relapses into ignorance.

In history this truth is attested. Aside from the patriarchs, to whom God is said to have manifested himself, and the Jewish nation, who believed in a living God, there were no nations, up to the time that Christ came into the world, that were not morally corrupt, factitious, and weak, from their want of belief in a living God, and thus from a want of the motives to morality. From the time of Christ, the knowledge of a living God began to spread, but with varying progress, as regards its belief, until the downfall of the Eastern Empire. Nor do we during this interval behold any very great advance in morality or the stability of government. Fate ruled almost everything. There was no motive for individual morality. So that first Rome, and then Greece, fell from internal corruption, while the rest of the nations were in a constant state of chaotic confusion. This is what Fate did for the world up to the time of the Reformation. Nor is this all. Dugald Stewart attributes to the philosophy of Hobbes, and the preaching of the clergy in Cromwell's time with such stress upon predestination, making it almost equal to Fate, the cause of the corruption in England at the time of the Restoration. While the teachings of Voltaire, making Nature God, and of Rosseau, arguing the perfectibility of man, in the seventeenth century, have brought about the present licentious style of French literature and life, undermining the pillars of that Empire, which are daily becoming more rotten. And the later works of, Goethe have

so much to advance that German Materialism, which by the influx of Germans into our country is becoming so formidable a power among us. And we ourselves, as fast as we are becoming materialists, or infidels, or in a word, the believers in fatality, are drifting towards the sands of individual corruption, upon which every ship of state that has been stranded has become a complete wreck. The safety of the individual is the safety of the State, the corruption of the citizen its sure ruin. This is the second, and last reason, why a thinking man should not be an infidel. First, for his own sake: the possibility of eternal loss being too much to risk for a theory. Secondly, for the sake of his fellow men: that the individual and society may not become corrupt, and government be overthrown by belief in Fate, the direst enemy to progress and to man. S. A. D.

Sunset Lilies.

MINE eyes have seen when once at sunset hour,
White lily flocks that edged a lonely lake
All rose and sank upon the lifting swell
That swayed their long stems lazily, and lapped
Their floating pads and stirred among the leaves.
And when the sun from western gates of day
Poured colored flames, they, kissed to ruddy shame,
So blushed through snowy petals, that they glowed
Like roses morning-blown in dewy bowers,
When garden-walks lie dark with early shade.
That so their perfumed chalices were brimmed
With liquid glory till they overflowed
And spilled rich lights and purple shadows out,
That splashed the pool with gold, and stained its waves
In tints of violet and ruby blooms.
But when the flashing gem that lit the day
Dropped in its far blue casket of the hills,
The rainbow paintings faded from the mere,
The wine-dark shades grew black, the gilding dimmed,
While paling slow through tender amber hues,

The crimsoned lilies blanched to coldest white,
 And wanly shivered in the evening breeze.
 When twilight closed—when earliest dew-drops fell
 All frosty-chill deep down their golden hearts,
 They shrank at that still touch, as maidens shrink,
 When love's first footstep frights with sweet alarms
 The untrod wildness of their virgin breasts;
 Then shut their ivory cups, and dipping low
 Their folded beauties in the gloomy wave,
 They nodded drowsily and heaved in sleep.
 But sweeter far than Summer dreams at dawn,
 Their mingled breaths from out the darkness stole,
 Across the silent lake, the winding shores,
 The shadowy hills that rose in lawny slopes,
 The marsh among whose reeds the wild fowl screamed,
 And dusky woodlands where the night came down.

H. A. B.

Female Writers.

"A perfect woman, nobly planned,
 To warn, to comfort, and command;
 And yet a spirit—still and bright,
 With something of an angel light."

At no period perhaps has the practice of writing become so general, and that of reading so universal, as at the present day, when another century topples down the meridian of time toward the gulf of eternity. The Elizabethan age, it is true, stands out by itself as the golden period of English literature, and we must look to some future day for such another galaxy of talent, blessing and enlightening the world with its divine influence. But the world has made great advances since the time of those old pen-heroes. A new continent has claimed and obtained a place of honor and importance on this terrestrial crust; and a new people, driven at first to the energetic for existence, is now with redoubled activity subduing everything before it, as its wants or ambitions require, by that same energy.

And while old England had to be schooled to a literary activity through the rising drama and the stage, America makes letters a part of her fundamental necessities, sowing deep the seeds while still the rocks of the future are solvent, and stowing in the ore that a later and more perfect generation may not need material for a more perfect mechanism.

Nor is there any clearer indication of the advanced civilization of the age than that afforded by the prominent position in the literary world now occupied by women. Chaucer, Shakspeare, Fletcher, Shirley and Milton found no female writer among them, at least of sufficient notoriety and worth to carry her name, with theirs, down to our day. The matrons of Rome are admired, if admired at all, for their matronly virtue. Spartan females are pictured to us as finding pleasure in the bloody scenes of their nation's battle fields; while among all the writers of classic Greece, Sapho alone, with woman's voice, sings to us from time's more distant chambers, claiming our admiration and respect. But our age suffers no inactivity even among the gentler sex; and while it is ever ready to lessen the labor of her hands with its inventions, at the same time it exacts an equivalent from the workings of her mind.

But the man is now living who can be called a cotemporary of all the female writers whose works are now common in our libraries. Many authoresses were writing, it is true, near the close of the eighteenth century, but fame has long ago forgotten them, and their works are read no longer. Therefore in this infancy of female authorship we must not expect any such perfection of both style and argument as the Miltonian and Shakspearean writings afford. We are not ready to assert that no woman's intellect could ever conceive a *Paradise lost*, or frame a *Hamlet*, although Milton himself speaks of woman as "a fair defect of nature." But we do claim that woman has her sphere in letters as in every other occupation in which she meets with success; that her writings ought to have an especial aim as they have an especial purpose; and that they may be as much in a state of infancy two hundred years after the days of Shakspeare as geology may be two hundred years after the days of Newton.

Woman's words take the same part in the world's harmony in comparison with man's as the softer notes of an organ in comparison with the bass. While the latter thunder forth their rolling majesty, awing the hearer, and shaking perhaps the edifice with their power, the soft flute like tones of the more delicate stops steal over the senses, thrill the soul, and draw away our attention to themselves, even

while we are most admiring their more powerful accompaniment. So while men are discussing the affairs of State, bringing on wars and wrecking empires, woman should be heard in conflicts of a lowlier life, heralding peace and forgiveness, removing chains and opening prisons, drying with a sunny smile the tears of the unfortunate, and directing messages of love to those who need her nursing, for

"Man must arm, and woman call on God."

And when we examine the writings of the present day where do we find the criteria of success? Not in the speeches of Mrs. Stanton, Miss Dickinson, and others of the would-be-masculine type. Not in the over-wrought, unnatural, horrifying stories of the Mrs. Southworth-school, however perfect they may be in mere matter of composition. Nor in any great degree in the jockey, devil-may-care letters of a Gail Hamilton. In all these something is needed which there is not; something present which should not be found. It is in the sighs and bruises of poor old Uncle Tom and bleeding Eliza, in the patience and trials of Jane Eyre, in the conversations of Fanny Fern, in the fireside verses of Mrs. Hemans, in a story like "Rachel Gray," in all such works as these, that woman's nature finds full scope for utterance, and a woman's heart pours out its sympathies. It is in works like these that woman stands forth clad in modesty, covering with the flowers of pity the rugged footprints left by passion's wanderings, and appealing to her hearers, not with the sound of the cannon, nor the flourish of trumpets, but with a more still and silent, yet more effective voice. Woman's place is not on the battle field but in the hospital, when the work of blood is over.

No one we think will deny either that "the novel is the great characteristic of modern literature," or that "it is the only branch in which women have attained undisputed excellence." A novel is merely a history of persons and events; of persons—as their passions and the currents of their lives develop them; of events—as brought about by these persons. And it is woman's keen perception, that innate intuition, by which, as Johnson says: "One woman reads another's character, without the tedious trouble of deciphering," that so qualifies her for this kind of composition. Did you, reader, ever examine Ouida's work, called *Strathmore*? We refer to it here to show how thoroughly a woman can reflect her own character, when once it has been formed by passion or circumstances, in the words of a story, and we will be pardoned, perhaps, if, in giving a slight synopsis of the story, we seem to wander from our subject.

The two principle characters in the work, and indeed the only two about whom the authoress seems to write, are *Strathmore* and *Lady Vavasour*. Ouida is an artist, and in presenting Strathmore to us, she has done so with an artist's skill. "Down in deep secluded valleys on the borders of Wales, * * * Through the dark elm boughs that swung against the marvelous carvings with which Norman builders had enriched the abbey; through the deep heraldic blazonries upon the panes, where the arms of the Strathmores, with their fierce motto, '*slay and spare not!*' were stained; the summer sun shone into one of the chambers at White Ladies." 'This was his manor and his home. Here, shrouded in his woods, shaded by his cold and well kept motto, in the walls of the stately abbey, in rooms where the captive Mary once had wept, and to whose tapestry it owed its decoration; where court beauties had once wasted days of ease, and Plantagenets, now sleeping uncared for in the family vaults, had held their councils; here in the palace which all predecessors seemed to have vacated at the coming of so stern a master, dwelt Strathmore. Description does him no justice. His history alone unfolds his character. He sits at table, hears the jests and *bon mots* of his friends, picks to pieces his letters, business or friendly, with a common indifference, and only joins in the conversation when called upon to sneer at some famed beauty, or to reply with scorn to some jest aimed at his own susceptibility. He is no idle talker. He looks on woman with a contempt as sincere as it is bitter, considering them 'as peaches, with the side next the sun tempting; if acid is found in either, leave them for the downy blush of another.' This is Ouida's man hero; cold but passionate, like the ore that is hardest to melt, but most seething lava when once the fire has mastered it. And when a beam of light shines out against the deeper blackness of his soul, as his friendship for Bertie Errol, she lets it at once die out, and he and his cold nature are undisturbed in their companionship. But she does not picture him to us as wholly bad. He is a man that dares not lie. He is honor personified, that in its fall honor itself may meet corruption.

And, too, when Lady Vavasour is introduced to us, the artist plies her pencil for effect. A sultry night of June sees on the placid face of the Moldau a Czeschen bark, floating amid the perfume of orchards and the shadows pencilled by the moonbeams from the overhanging boughs, in which reclines, on "piles of shawls and cushions," the far-famed beauty, the "*blond aux yeux noir*," whose mouth "so surely smiled destruction." All the worse elements of her nature are con-

coaled, and it is only after each successive victory, which binds Strathmore with a closer chain, that the authoress, woman-hating, reveals to us some new stain on the character of his captor. The snake begins to feel her power; she swears to win; each twining of her snowy arm around his neck becomes a serpent's coil around his soul; each perfumed kiss that thrills him with a love she does not feel, becomes a blaze to hide from him his honor; until the night arrives, "when at the tempting of a woman he bowed and fell." Then comes a reciprocation of his love, while jealousy glides in, and love and passion are the sum of his existence. And anon we see that Bertie, who was almost his only friend, that most uncontaminated character which the book affords, even Bertie Errol, held by jealousy as the object of a madman's rage, and "when the sun sunk out of sight," the group in that silent woodland saw him a bleeding corpse, and "were paralyzed by a vague and sudden awe, for they knew that the hand which had dealt the blow, was the hand of his chosen friend."

Thus runs on the tale until warm love is turned to burning hate; no honor of state is sufficient for him, no ease delightful, until he shall stand overlooking his days of passion from the down-trodden form of his destroyer. And by and by a strange paleness comes over the glowing cheek of the Marchioness of Vavasour and Vaux; the lip that paled the bright tints of the rainbow is blanched; the friends who basked in her smile, seek other mistresses; one by one the robes of the court give way to the drapery of the courtesan; Strathmore mounts the bema of the Halls of State, while Marion enthrones herself within a brothel. The minor incidents of the tale only complete the characters in hand. With Strathmore, the object of his life becomes the concealment of a father's murder from the child whom he had orphaned, while this same child in time becomes the wife of him on whom her favorite's death depended.

"*Slay and fear not.*" How well he kept this motto, let that night of tempest and the drowning Marchioness, and Valdor in his chains and anguish, prove! Ouida wishes to show us woman corrupting and man corrupted. She has done it. Nor is there any gentle spirit hovering over her as she writes, instilling into the tale any lesson of forgiveness, and prompting to a better life. We have chosen Ouida as our representative of misguided female talent. We believe in the usefulness and worth of novels, if they are only properly directed, and we think that such works are yet to come from woman's pen as will give the novel even greater province than an *Uncle Tom* has

already bestowed upon it. Somerville and De Staël have honored their sex by their political and scientific knowledge. But these are not names we love to reverence. "Woman's office is to teach the heart, not the mind," some one has written, and the noble example of Florence Nightingale and the dying words of Madame Roland, teach men's hearts more true wisdom than all the researches of female philosophers have brought or ever will bring to light. W. A. L.

The Destruction of the American Forests.

I DESIRE to call the attention of the readers of this magazine to a subject which is of immediate and vital importance to every citizen of this land, but which, owing perhaps to the prevalence of more absorbing topics, has been very generally overlooked or neglected. And I believe it to be most fitting that all questions of reform should be early presented to the consideration of those who are laying the groundwork of a system of thought which is about to have an influence on the destinies of the Nation. If this article, devoid of merit as it is, shall succeed in turning one reflective mind to the important relations the preservation of the American Forest have to our future prosperity, it will not have been written in vain.

A careful investigation would show us that our present prosperity and consequent power have been largely derived from the primitive forests which covered our territory. While the coal and iron mines have been slowly revealing their hidden stores, and the more precious metals have hardly yet begun to "unmask their beauty to the sun," the avaricious hand of a young and greedy nation has closed with a rude grasp on a source of wealth which spread its tempting treasures before the gaze, more valuable than mines of gold, or iron, or coal. To determine even approximately how far wood enters into our present wealth, would require a long array of statistics. But the statement of a few facts will reveal enough to astonish those who have never before given the subject serious thought. It is estimated, and

on good authority, that wood pays one half the internal revenue tax of the United States. On the basis that improvements give one-half the value to real estate, the estimated value of lumber improvements on farms in the United States in 1860, was \$3,322,522,000. In the same year the combined value of the products of the cotton mills and grist mills of the country, amounted to \$338,302,295, and that of the saw mills to \$96,000,000. The products of the grist mills gave employment to 19,000 bakers, and those of the cotton mills to 96,000 men and women, who followed the working of the fabric as a trade, while the products of the saw mills gave employment to 242,958 carpenters alone; and the total number of trades engaged in the working of wood is sixty-six. In estimating our wealth, we are startled at the value given by wood to real estate, but we have only begun with that which was most convenient to our hand. Who shall compute the value of the furniture which fills our houses, the vehicles which transport us and our stores, the vessels which dot our seas and lakes, rivers and canals, and the tools and instruments used in the construction of all these things! We might, perhaps, form a more accurate conception of the extent to which wood enters into values, by summing up the returns of all the railroads, and comparing with the other costs of construction and repairs, the aggregate cost of the lumber used in ties, in culverts, and bridges, in rolling stock, in depots, and other buildings, to say nothing of that unceasing and almost incalculable supply consumed by the fiery breath of ten thousand engines. With the low prices which have heretofore prevailed, the expense of ties alone, owing to decay, has almost equalled that of rails, in a long series of years.

We have not yet considered the value of wood as fuel. That nation which raises its own breadstuffs, and can most cheaply lay a supply of fuel at the doors of its dwellings and workshops, holds the most advantageous position in the commercial prosperity of the world. English statesmen are becoming alarmed at the prospect of the exhaustion of their coal mines, and predict that the day is not far distant when the hum of the mighty workshops of England, the source of her greatness, will cease, and be awakened in other lands where fuel is plenty to create the motive power. We have had as yet in our land no cause for such gloomy forebodings. Every farmer has had a supply at his door, which seemed inexhaustible. But some of the larger cities and older states are beginning to groan under the heavy prices of wood and coal, and sooner or later the whole people will look with vain regret on the recklessness of the past. For as if

the uses of wood in construction and manufactures did not call for sacrifices enough besides the destruction caused by war, by conflagration and decay, even now the settlers are busy with the axe from morning till night, and tanners are stripping the trees of their bark, while the wood is left to rot upon the ground, or is consumed in immense piles. The besom of destruction sweeps across the land like a tornado, and soon the American Forests will exist only in the romance of the past. And all this in the face of a rapidly increasing population. Would that the dread of the red man to the sound of the axe, might find a response in the breast of the white man.

If wood, like iron, were not subject to decay, and our present possessions in wood did not need to be constantly replaced by new, and if a growing population could find some other material to answer their necessities at an increased cost; in short, if the welfare of the community could be at all maintained without a further and larger supply of wood, we have reason still to dread the laying bare our land, and stripping it, especially in the interior States, of its natural protection against the evils of a severe and changeable climate. As the presence of large bodies of water along our extensive coasts is constantly regulating the temperature of the atmosphere, so to a great extent in our inland States, the forests have answered the same purpose. They have held in check the strong winds and currents of air, they have been the reservoirs of the vast bodies of snow, discharging their trusts at the breaking up of Winter gradually and wisely; keeping the rivers in a navigable state almost the entire year, preventing devastating floods and terrible droughts, and in the wonderful chemistry of Nature purifying the atmosphere by the absorption of poisonous vapors. But our enterprising lumbermen seeking present emolument, and regardless of consequences, are carrying on a vigorous war against the forests of the West, and have already begun a destructive raid against the woods of Canada. The winds of the North are let in upon us, and will soon sweep across the border states, with what awful consequences, none can foresee.

What can be done to avert the threatening danger? History is full of warnings. Large parts of Europe and the East have been made barren and desolate by the folly and avarice of man. The Hon. G. P. Marsh says: "The destructive changes occasioned by the agency of man upon the flanks of the Alps, the Appenines, the Pyrenees, and other mountain ranges in central and southern Europe, and the progress of physical deterioration have become so great, that

in some localities, a single generation has witnessed the beginning and the end of the melancholy revolution." In such a country as this, the government may aid, but alone, cannot carry out the necessary measures of reform. Great truths must be digested in the minds of the people. The nation must be aroused thoroughly, and at once, to a sense of its interest and its peril, before the vials of wrath are poured out upon it, and our fair land is overwhelmed with desolation.

Ethel.

SHE brought the first white rose of May,
And smiling gave it unto me ;
She did it in a simple way,
Yet my heart throbbed with ecstasy.

'Twas not her words, so low and sweet,
'Twas not the smile that lit her face ;
Nor did it stir my passion's heat,
That unpretending maiden grace ;

But bright and pure as that white rose,
I knew her youthful spirit glowed ;
And as each flower does sweets disclose,
This well her gentle kindness showed.

It proved that maidens' kindly hearts
Still can bloom among us below ;
And though the world its gall imparts,
They can the road to Heaven show.

And though I must not strive to win
Her gentle heart to cheer my way,
Yet while my spirit glows within,
I'll cherish that white rose of May.

Casabianca.

The boy sat on the Kollege fence, whence all but he had fled,
The lamp that lit up Chapel street shone round him o'er his head,
Yet dauntless and rash he sat, as bound to risk the marks
A creature of heroic blood, a proud and fearless one.

Some one came on; he would not go without a warning word;
A person stood quite near to him; b't 'his voice was never heard;
He passed along. All Kollege knows that now the boy's task is done,
And's 'ware the reason why the boy was sent to home.

There came a call of students up: the boy, oh where was he?
Ask of the many eyes that all around the Kollege fence can see,
And rules, and marks, and letters home, that well have done their part
In keeping up the discipline and keeping down the Kollege fence.

The New German Empire.

DURING the last year, a new and powerful Protestant Empire has been created in Europe, and the long-continued struggle between Protestantism and Catholicism has been decided.

To better appreciate the importance of this issue, consider, for a moment, the history of the Romish Church, until the commencement of the conflict. The convulsions attending the breaking up of the Roman Empire, overthrew her bulwarks, and left the Church in close contact with the western Barbarians. Her horizon was overcast, and her days seemed numbered. But the energy of the Popes having converted and subdued these races, found in them supporters, instead of oppressors. From these elements, bound together by the genius of Charlemagne, was formed the Empire of the west for the protection of the Church. Out of this power sprang the old German Empire which with varying fortunes has controlled for ten centuries the center of Europe. These facts show that the Church shared in the earliest government of the Teutonic races, and enables us the better to understand her subsequent influence in their civil affairs.

The two elements of spiritual and temporal power were harmoni-

ous, so long as the Church confined herself to her own duties. But Papal arrogance and ambition brought about a conflict between these two forces, which, had they acted in concert, might have ruled the world. No power, however, appeared capable of successful opposition to the established Church, until the brightest period of German history. Uncertain as are the causes of the Reformation, of this fact we are sure—that it involved a determination to assert the supremacy of reason over human authority in the mind of man, and as the Church was based upon a principle exactly the reverse, a contest with the Catholic power was inevitable.

The advanced civilization of the Germans made them able and willing supporters of the new doctrines, and the leniency of the Emperor allowed them to gain foothold. But the Church at length appealed to the Empire for support. Hitherto she has contended for doctrines and dogmas by intrigue and moral suasion; but now she summons to her aid her temporal adherents, and determines to extirpate this faith and its followers.

The new Religion had found supporters among the hardy liberty-loving races of the north, and against them were the allied forces of Catholic Europe directed. At this juncture Austria for the first time offered herself as the champion of Catholicism, and this position she has ever since maintained.

The "Thirty Years War" was the first of the fierce struggles that the young sect had to undergo. But at its termination the doctrines of the Reformation were uncrushed. Political protection was secured them, because the combatants on both sides were exhausted. The Protestant religion having thus fought its way into life was compelled to pass through a more fiery struggle for temporal importance. The youthful kingdom of Prussia now for the first time attracts our attention. Her early espousal of the new Faith, and her increasing prosperity, had aroused her jealous neighbor, who with watchful eye was waiting for an opportunity to curb her advancing power. The seizure of Silecia by Frederick the Great furnished a pretext, and Austria, Russia, and France combined to accomplish his overthrow. The utter prostration of the principal combatants closed the "Seven Years War," and Prussia retained her stolen Province. From this time, Austria had a powerful rival in the control of Germany, without whose aid and consent she could do little within the limits of the Empire.

Upon the declaration of peace, the Great Frederick devoted himself to his disordered kingdom. Rigid economy became the order of the day. The pageantry of the Court was dispensed with, education

was spread abroad, and industry by every means encouraged. No wars again disturbed its repose, until the country was overrun by Napoleon, by whom burdensome taxes were imposed, heavy contributions exacted, and the army reduced to thirty thousand men. But this seeming subjection of Prussia awakened her national life. A new military system was introduced, which by short terms of enlistment, made the whole nation pass through the ranks, and the efficiency of this was demonstrated, when on the eve of the battle of Leipsic this little handful increased to an army of two hundred thousand disciplined soldiers, whose valor at Waterloo amply avenged their country's wrongs.

At the commencement of the present century, the empty title of "German Emperor" was laid aside by the Austrian Rulers, and Germany became a Confederation of Independent States. The unity of these separate forces in one powerful State, has ever since been the hope and aim of German politicians. The influence of Prussia, however, has hindered the success of any such scheme, so long as Austria was preponderant. To increase her own influence among the minor States, Prussia formed the commercial union of the Zollverein, by which the prosperity of North Germany was wonderfully augmented. Her excessive caution, however, and her unwillingness to be at the head of the democratic party, prevented her from taking advantage of the popularity resulting from this league. To the surprise of all, Prussia at length accepted a subordinate position in the Confederation, that Austria succeeded in forming, and of which an Austrian Prince was president. But during this seeming inactivity, the one great aim of the Hohenzollerns was steadily kept in view; namely, the formation of another league, from which Austria should be excluded, and by which her power would be diminished. Even when, during the revolutions of '48, an attempt was made to reconstruct the Empire, the old hostility to Austria showed itself, and defeated the plan.

This jealousy now seemed waiting for an opportunity for action. The long hoped pretext at length came. Upon the agitation of the questions concerning the Elbe Dutchies in 1860, Prussia sprang to the lead, and, by celerity of action, compelled Austria to become her half willing ally. Upon the termination of the war, it only remained for her to carry on the joint occupation in such a way as to force Austria from one concession to another into hostility; feigning just enough regret to prevent foreign interference, and the Kaiser from arming for war. The successful termination of the Italian intrigues determined

Bismark to throw off his mask, and war became necessary. On the 14th of last June, the decree of the Diet against Prussia was executed, and on the 4th of July the Austrians were routed, and the victorious Prussians were in full march for Vienna.

In an instant the front of affairs in Europe had been changed. For while Austria held the chief place, the doctrines of the "Middle Ages" were forced upon the 19th century. But the battle of Königgratz placed at the head of Germany a nation already marching in the van of civilization; settled in favor of Prussia, the question of European supremacy; decided the fate of the Pope; united Italy; and drove a Catholic king from the throne of Protestant Saxony. Above the ruins of those three great Empires, the Roman, the Western, and the old Germanic, has been reared the fabric of the new Protestant Empire of Germany.

Having accounted for its origin, it now remains to forecast its future. The corner-stone of the structure being Prussia, we can consider her as the representative of the whole. Her internal condition gives her no little advantage. Long years of peace and prosperity have extended education and industry; rigid economy and judicious management have replenished the treasury and removed a burdensome public debt; the acquisition of the ports on the German Ocean has given increased opportunity for maritime wealth and importance. The spirit of the chief ruler, diffused through the people, has bound together the government and the governed. Religious tolerance everywhere prevails: the confidence of the masses gives strength at home: and successful diplomacy has secured to her influence abroad. Such a state of its affairs gives great promise. But we derive still greater hope from the natural sturdiness and uprightness of the Teutonic character. It seems as if the same glorious successes that have attended Saxon blood upon foreign shores, were now about to crown it in its own home. A new field for the development of true constitutional liberty is opened: and the triumph of Protestantism in the place of its birth secured. Every thing that a nation could desire, this possesses. The new Empire, led by Prussia, has internal wealth and order, foreign importance, a powerful and victorious army, and the sure support of the people. With such guarantees we can but predict a bright and glorious future. Its central position enables it to hold the peace of Europe in its grasp: its natural wealth and resources will secure an unbounded commerce: and the intelligence of its subjects confirms its success.

The Old Empire was brought forth at the coronation of Charle-

magne amidst the impressive ceremonies of Christmas. The chanting of Priests, the smoke of incense, the pealing of bells, and the shouts of the rabble welcomed it into life, but tainted it with the superstitions of the dark ages. The New Empire sprang into being upon one of the great battle-fields of the world. Its birth-throes were attended by the thunder of artillery, the roll of musketry and the din of conflict. Ten miles of blazing hamlets announced its birth. The advancing Prussians, sounding their old battle-cry of "God with us," consecrated it to the service of enlightened Faith. The victorious shouts of the Prussian Guards, as they carried the Wood of Sadowa and pierced the Austrian center, proclaimed to the whole world the settlement of the rivalries of two centuries; the fall of Rome: the triumph of Protestantism: and the unity of Germany.

C. H. F.

Memorabilia Yalensia.

Theological.

THE anniversary exercises of the Yale Theological Seminary occurred on the morning of Thursday, May 16. There was a full attendance, and more than usual attention was paid to the speaking of Messrs. Kitchell and Perry. The theological course of this seminary is surpassed by none, and it offers superior inducements to those intending to enter the ministry. We sincerely hope and expect to see this important department of the College as popular and thronged with students, as it was under the famous administration of Dr. Taylor. The occasion called together a large number of the "Seminary" graduates, who with their friends spent a very pleasant evening in the chapel of Center Church, where an excellent supper had been provided by some ladies of this city. We understand that the prospects of the theological department are very flattering. We append the order of exercises:

1. Anthem by the Choir.
2. Prayer.
3. Regeneration; George Sherwood Dickerman, B. A., New Haven.
4. The Divine and Human Natures in the Person of Christ; Sanford Smith Martin, B. A., New Haven.
5. The Rise of the Episcopate as a distinct office in the Church; George Spring Merriam, B. A., Springfield, Mass.
6. The relation of the Pulpit to the Press; Allen McLean, B. A., New Haven.
7. Hymn.
8. Exegesis of Philippians ii., 5-11; John Wickliffe Beach, B. A., Millington.
9. Funeral Oration of Pericles—its lessons for the Christian Preacher; David Brainerd Perry, M. A., Worcester, Mass.
10. The Arian Controversy; Cornelius Ladd Kitchel, M. A., Middlebury, Vt.
11. The Christian Ministry, a Great Work; Cyrus West Francis, M. A., Newington.
12. Closing Hymn.
13. Benediction.

Base Ball.

A match game of ball took place in Bridgeport on Saturday, May 28, between the Bridgeport B. B. C. and the Class Nine of '70. The Bridgeporters seem to have been in good practice, and won the game by the close score of 26 to 21. After the game, both Clubs partook of a supper at the Atlantic House. The '70 Club returned to New Haven highly pleased with their visit, and expressed many thanks for the very kind treatment they had received at the hands of their Bridgeport friends.

Boating.

The University Crew, owing to the unfortunate sickness of Mr. I. C. Hall, has been re-arranged, and now consists of the following gentlemen:

W. A. COPP, (Stroke),	W. H. LEE,
S. PARRY,	W. H. FERRY,
J. COFFIN,	GEO. ADEE, (Bow).

"The Nation."

We desire to call the attention of the college world to the above-mentioned paper. Students are often at a loss to know what journal is best fitted for them, giving them needed information, and supplying at the same time such a reference as every one wants, especially at college. This is just what the *Nation* affords. A daily gives a great deal of information, but is very inconvenient, even in a well kept file, to be afterwards referred to. In the *Nation*, we find a complete summary of the week's news, home and foreign; discussions of all the questions of the day, whether political or otherwise; besides reviews of all important works, and a fine correspondence. The paper, too, comes in a form easily examined, and a volume, when bound, is a valuable addition to any library, while in writing debates and compositions its aid would be invaluable. With this view of the case, an arrangement has been made by which students can, through the agency at the *College Book Store*, (and here only,) obtain copies for \$4.50 a year, (regular price \$5.00,) and have the paper sent to their homes during the summer vacation. It is hoped that students will consider the matter, and not let such an opportunity pass.

Carmina Yalensia.

A Song Book is something that Yale has long lacked; at least a complete one, and the *Carmina Yalensia* has been hailed with pleasure by the many who have desired the book, not only for their own use, but for a gift to friends. If all experiences are alike, every person in College has been obliged to refuse the request of many friends, "both fair and famous," for some volume containing all the Songs of Alma Mater, and his patriotism has been put to the blush at the necessary denial.

The *Carmina Yalensia* is a genuine Yale book, bound in Yale's color, sealed with Yale's seal, edited by one Yale graduate, and published by another, and dedicated to Yale's newest Alumni,—the Class of '66. It is "gotten up" in elegant style and the price is low. From the "contents" no Song ever usual here is omitted, and none which we would wish inserted. We cheerfully pay Mr. Garretson the compliment to say, that his edition will be far too small for the immediate demand, and we assure our subscribers abroad, that the book is fully up to their desires.

A Nuisance.

About a year ago, a movement was talked of to exclude old-clothes men, beggars, etc., from the College grounds. Whether or not any thing was done in regard to the matter, we do not know; certainly nothing was effected. But we are at present pestered with a greater plague than even these former nuisances, viz: the crowd of dirty, ragged, begging, insolent, profane and disgusting boys, who mar the beauty of our Green by their presence, and disgust us with their doings. Students are in a measure to blame for their being around, since they sometimes encourage their performances, and, with false charity, give them an occasional penny. We are sure that every one would rejoice at their removal, and if any remedy for the evil exists, we hope the authorities will bring it forward.

The College Fence.

The college world has perhaps expressed its opinion often enough in regard to the law forbidding students to sit on the College fence, thus breaking up a custom almost as old and revered as the College itself. But we do think that the matter deserves the consideration of the Faculty. If they make laws which are calculated only to fill students with a righteous indignation, while no true reason for the law exists, as is here the case, they must expect students to consider College law an imposition.

The Art School.

The Art Building will be open for the present to the public, free of charge, every week day, from 10 to 1, and from 3 to 5.

The Spring Races.

The annual Harbor Regatta occurred May 22d, according to appointment. Both the Shell and the Gig Races were won by Varuna. Time,—Shell Race, 18m., 7s.; Gig Race, 20m., 17s.

A series of races will probably take place on Tuesday afternoon, June 25th, the day before Presentation. All the crews in the Navy will possibly enter; if so, it will be one of the most interesting features connected with the exercises of Presentation Week.

Lowell's Entertainments.

Mr. B. F. Lowell, of Boston, to whom the citizens are indebted for bringing some of the best entertainments of the year to New Haven, returned to this city May 24th, accompanied by a brilliant company of actors, among whom Messrs. Wallack and Davenport were prominent. The comedy, "How she loves him," of the first evening, was an unusual performance for New Haven. Othello, the second evening, was rendered in a manner unequalled by any company for some time previous. Among the entertainments which Mr. Lowell has been the means of affording to New Haven, are "*Fanchon*," by Maggie Mitchel; "*Sam*," by Chaufray, and "*Long Strike*," which was pronounced the best comedy that had appeared in Music Hall. The character and excellence of these exhibitions enable us to predict that any performance under Lowell's direction will be a worthy one.

Married.

CASKEY, GILBERT.—In this city, June 6th, by Rev. T. H. Burch, assisted by Rev. S. H. Tyng, Jr., Tolliver F. Caskey, of New York, to Emma Richmond, daughter of the late Levi Gilbert, Esq., of this city.

The congratulations of the LIT. to a former Editor.

Grand Concert.

The Boston Quintette Club, assisted by Miss Addie S. Ryan, gave one of their best Concerts in this city on Friday evening last. The solos on the flute and violin, by Messrs. Heindle and Shultze, surpassed any thing of the kind that we have heard in Music Hall for several years, and were enthusiastically encored. The thanks of the musical public are due to Prof. Wheeler, for bringing to this city these celebrated performers.

Acknowledgment.

The thanks of the Board are due to Mr. Daggett, of 158 Chapel street, for a supply of his celebrated Cologne. See his advertisement!

Vol. I, No. I.

The first Number of the "Michigan University Magazine" is received. Its size is large and appearance very creditable.

The first Number of "The Collegian" will be issued by the students of Granville, Ohio, soon. We wish them both success.

Received.

We have received, from Messrs. Lee and Shepard, of Boston, Rev. John Todd's pamphlet, called "*Serpents in the Dove's Nest*," containing his somewhat celebrated essays, "Fashionable Murder," and "The Cloud with a Dark Lining." The subject on which he writes is attracting a good deal of attention, and is discussed by one who speaks authoritatively.

Exchanges.

We have received "The Nation," "Atlantic Monthly," "Oliver Optic," "Harvard Advocate," "Williams' Quarterly," "Phrenological Journal," "Dartmouth," (a monthly magazine,) "Beloit Monthly," "University Chronicle," (of Michigan University,) "Vidette," (William's College,) and "Michigan University Magazine."

Editor's Table.

The Table! last but not least annoyance. Since Moses' day it has been a task to write a table. What, in fact, is a table? We have heard of "tables of contents," and have seen some with contents during the past week—well contented tables indeed. Stanley's Tables were highly recommended to us during Sophomore year: all that is necessary to transform your mark to four is to open the book, shut your eyes, and guess. Astronomical Tables, also, are convenient: your watch can be set, at any hour of the night,—if without matches to see the College clock,—by merely observing a transit and referring to the culminations. The Latins had a law called *Tabula Novæ* by which debts were annulled; would that the New Haven Board of Registry,—our present government,—would renew it. But what is an Editor's Table? We once believed that the table spoken of in the LIT. was a genuine wooden article, of antique construction, massive and costly, sacred and unapproachable; a table whose possession was impossible, to sit at which was an object of ambition, to see it a privilege. In our imagination, pens that would write brilliant leaders automatically, bristled from its thousand drawers; its top was covered with jottings of poetry, scintillations of genius whose haste could not await paper; its corners scribbled with epigrammatic truths, flashing hot from minds inspired, and glimpses of Mystery unveiled, noted down by the editor who gazed on the goddess but a moment.

But vain and inglorious is the end of such imaginings. Familiarity with this quadruped breeds contempt not only, but disgust and revilement. Instead of the bristling pens, is seen only a heap of the chum's cigar ends; instead of the poetic jottings, only an inch stratum of dust imprinted with a hieroglyphic from the sweep's hand; instead of Mystery unveiled, only veal administered. Having thus turned the tables in favor of a new subject, let us turn over a leaf and regard the Table from a moral point of view. So considered, it is the last thing in the LIT.; the last skake of a shaky pen; the parting word of a worried Bohemian who is at once the terrifier of procrastinating contributors, proof-sheet reader, newsboy, answerer to questions, and universal object of persecution. If indignation be the tenor of such a Table, lend forbearance to exhausted patience; if reproof, listen to the fruit of so much experience.

As to the functions of the Table, we believe its office is to afford ventilation to gaseous ideas of the editor, to deride the reader who has ventured into it, to cry out against abuses, to regulate College evils, and in the words of one whose eloquent voice it has been our privilege to hear, "to preserve the equilibrium."

Reform also finds its advocate and patron in the Table. In respect to this, it is our abiding belief, that though at times in the future as in the past, the trespasses of College may be exposed to the eyes of the Faculty, yet, that lack of confidence in Students, which makes despicable by despising, will be removed, and thus College honor be exalted, by an exhibition among undergraduates of a willingness to work out their own reform.

We publish in this number a "history of boating," from the pen of one of our prominent boating men, and believe it will be found interesting as well as convenient for reference. We hope in a future number to suggest some changes in our system of aquatics, and to advocate some measure by which the boats, etc., can be kept in

better order. It seems to be everywhere conceded that enough property could be saved from loss and destruction, to make it economy to employ a man to take charge of the Boat House. Much more interest seems to be taken in boating this season than usual. This needs no proof to one who has seen the Consumptive Crew daily pulling on fearful time around the nearest schooner. The Races too of this Spring were said to be interesting. The Shell race had among the crews the flower of the navy. Old Varuna won the flag, coming home with a long, graceful, sweeping stroke, watched by the enthusiastic crowd that thronged the shore, leaning over the crumbling wall of the old Pavilion, or rolling into the harbor from treacherous piles of oyster shells, with admiration among the profane, and hearty exultation among the devotees of Neptune, whose only thought as they strained their eyes toward the approaching boats was to descry the ounce of superiority in endurance, muscle, or pluck, which would add to our might on Lake Quinsigamond next month. The Gig race failed to add any registry of marvellous time to the records, although the eager crew of the Varuna, *quorum pars fuimus*, fondly expected such a result. Alas for the delusiveness of Wayward Hope; the old gig had walked around the course more than once before the race in eighteen and a half minutes. But in the most correctly appointed of domestic circles casualties are said frequently to occur, and the divinity who presides over the harbor races from his perch astride the old buoy, denied them not on this occasion. The emotions of the soldier in battle are often the subject of interest. But what are the feelings of the man-at-arms whose only pain is from a bullet hole through the body or a bayonet thrust into bowels full-fed with luxurious rations, to the agony of muscle that impels the fitful oar through the breaking billows, and the noble sacrifice of the most ordinary delicacies found amid the profusion of the boarding house! What are the feelings in the breast of the grenadier who has bought victory with his life, to the honest emotion that chokes the thirsty throat of a crew winning in 20.17? If the reflections on a battle field are worthy a place in Prescott's History, the sensations of a man pulling in a race are fit for an epic by Homer, and much too good for Virgil. The way you feel when awaiting the "*are you ready!*"—awaiting in an agony of concentrated readiness—the fearful pause between that and the final word, the shudder of terror lest some oar should break at the start, the heart that jumps out of the throat into the sea, and down in again to the boots at the "*go,*" and now the sensation that you are getting into working order, then the faint notion followed by the flash on the mind of the horrible fact, that you are actually fouled with the other boat! The gig tips; the water is coming in; an oar breaks; every one is struggling to get away anyhow, anywhere, and go on; and then, Oh horrors! the race is lost; forty seconds are already consumed, and the third boat has a clear way: at length the boat is free; once more down to work; but, crash again,—another foul! then on again; Long wharf dims on your vision; an inverted image of another boat alongside is dreamt of; hit it down on the oars a few strokes and get ahead! crash again, a third foul! O mora! O despair! on once more, now we lead them, but look! if you can see a ray, they are crossing our stern; they have gained the inside track; the buoy is reached; one more foul,—number four,—and away for the swing home; an age of anguish, and Long wharf again; "now down to work, and spurt it in!" from the coxswain is Hebrew to your intellect; cheers for Va-Gly-Und-Una, break on your ear; one boat is behind, the other just ahead; is there time to overtake it? a last dying effort and the goal is at hand; victory into ten feet! but *O glory! O shame!* the rival strikes a projecting wall, and shooting past the corner

a dead crew learn with doubting ears that they are winners; where is that Sherry bottle?

The mariner of old hung in the temple his arms and dripping garments, dedicated to the god of the sea. As he day by day returned to sit beneath the peg from which they were suspended, smoking his cigar and reading the Local Items, his mind, wethinks, was wont to wander away from the morning edition, and revert to that day of days. So the thoughts will sometimes forsake the grand theme of the Universe, and forgetful of syzygies and Kepler's laws, recall that 20.17 spent in the Varuna gig.

The Table having thus fulfilled its first office, in affording a vent to editorial gas, it will not take it long to fulfill minor duties. To cry out against abuses was established as its second task. The abuse which we impugn now is one which we expect to agitate again in future, and will make the same subject answer for the Reform move. It is the old story of the open Societies, and the reform which we wish to advocate is not one very repugnant to conservatives, being nothing more than a return to the old Statement of Facts. Returning graduates are constantly telling with tearful eyes how these Societies have degenerated,—how in their days each returning Wednesday eve witnessed a crowd of anxious disputants struggling towards the society doors, their manuscript in hand, their minds eager and anxious. Those were the days when Yale sent forth her Everts, her Holmes, and Terry. Every meeting was a display of Yale's growing eloquence; but the most glorious day of all was that on which the two Societies met in a public hall to strive for victory in the Freshman class. No pledging or electioneering,—fungus of degenerate days,—then; no man earning a reputation from an office conferred by secret coalitions. Merit founded on ability, a hundred times tested in the furnace of a heated debate, and genius displayed in more than parrot recitations and practical trickery, established a claim to the office of Campaign Orator or President. The crowd came together. An excess of manly spirit, as yet untrammelled by College chicanery, found its vent in a square rush. Not a rush where the two lower classes squabble for hats and bangers, while condescending Juniors and Seniors lend their presence as to a dog fight; but a genuine contest of muscle between all classes and orders in College. A contest that called for nerve to stand in the front rank and be lifted ten feet in air at the onset, or pluck to roll on the pavement beneath a living ton of the opposing party. No pigmy policeman who witnessed those rushes ventured to disturb a ball-match on the Green. No Jug opened its yawning doors before the imagination of the lamp breaker. No rowdy was to be seen on the horizon when the cry of *Yale!* echoed through the street. The Freshmen gathered about the doors with the Juniors at their backs; the Sophs. and Seniors blocked the entrance, and the struggle that ensued was anodyne for all physical restlessness within doors. The meeting opened. The presidents led off in speeches which had been preparing for months; the orators followed with stunning arguments more carefully written than a Townsend; extempore speeches full of irrepressible enthusiasm, concluded the appeal to "the incoming class," to join either society. The names were taken, and Linonia yelled with delight when it was decided that her efforts had been the most persuasive. What Linonian who had seen all college thus striving over his name could forget to attend a single meeting during his course? What political intrigue dared show its head in a college where ambition thus ennobled itself?

A new Senior Class is now entering on its duties, and we appeal to them to take

exception to the conduct of the graduating members in this respect. No influence but that of Seniors can give energy to the meetings, as the past year has abundantly proven. '67 has not lent much encouragement or benefit to these societies, as candor will compel them to confess; but the class distinction that makes the society dependent on upper classes, will be the very one first removed by a renewal of the old days; the Statement of Facts will change a Freshman from the sport of the lottery to the earnest debater, and this will unshackle him from that subserviency which is the bane of secret society influence, and enable him in future years to take a position unindebted to sacrifice of principle or manliness. The college now furnishes few opportunities to earn such a position founded on oratorical ability, and many churches in this country are lamenting the lack; many a young lawyer looks back with indignation to that dogmatism in Yale which seems to frown on all efforts at the rhetorical art. So we hope the day is coming when eloquence shall start Cicero and Demosthenes (?) forth from the sounding-boards in Linonia, that shield their statues and render their whispers audible in the usual meetings.

We are happy to congratulate Yale on her new Reading Room. It is substantial, genuine, and worthy the long labor which has produced it; but the "Attic severity of taste" which our Alma Mater indulges, is here seen cropping out in unmasked beauty. The very severity, however, seems to be thwarted by its own display of itself. The Puritan was called a hypocrite if he made an extraordinary show of austerity; the Reading Room reveals in naked splendor a purity of taste that would do justice to Solon's law against wearing apparel in public. The mind revels in the profuse lack of comfortable appliances, that exalts mind, and mortifies the flesh. A "feast of reason" is spread on a pine board, beautifully simple in style, and exactly in harmony with the plain Stoics we are aiming to become, and learning to be, in this school of asceticism. No luxurious settle here tempts a man to effeminacy. The reader, unbiased by any weak affection for so earthly a consideration as health of lungs, or comfort of limbs and back, stands inclined 45° to the horizon, a tripod of intellectual incense supported by two arms braced on the pine, moving backward and forward, adapting himself to the column, like a hundred pounder Parrot gun rolling out and in on trunnions. But it is not the severity of taste that we object to; only the ostentatious display of it. We will not advocate high stools for the readers, as they are not in keeping; but waiving this point, will suggest a slight alleviation for excess of simplicity, as well as excess of hot weather. This remedy is the addition of a supply of ice-water to the room, for the use of "collegians."

The work of fulfilling the third duty of the Table is spared by the timely arrival of the illustrious traveler himself, who will doubtless equilibrate to satisfaction. By the way, his lecture on "The Thousand Billion Dollar Perpetual Equilibrium Balance Wheel," is said to be his master piece.

The signs of the times admonish us that we must soon say farewell to '67. This Class, which has done honor to College in every branch of excellence, with its long array of writers, that sends in a solid phalanx of thirty for the Townsends,—with its high standard of scholarship,—with its preëminence in social attainments,—with its veteran experience in College politics,—is about to depart and leave us only the legacy of its example. Many ties render the Farewell from this Table to '67, a hearty one.

A kind adieu, also, to the reader who has borne with our prolixity thus far.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXII.

JULY, 1867.

No. 9.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '68.

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Happiness.

WE are about separating, to participate in the pleasures of vacation. The main object which we shall all pursue in these fleeting weeks, is happiness. It may not be inappropriate, therefore, at the closing of the year, to investigate the conditions upon which it depends.

Happiness is the name of a conception, of such a nature that it cannot be elucidated by definition. We recognize it as that state of entire satisfaction with one's self and the world, that serene and cheerful flow of life's current, that fullness of existence in all that is good and noble, which is sometimes realized, but can never be described. From that remote period where history fades away into unsearchable mystery, the Poet has sung of its rewards, and the Philosopher endeavored to direct men in the path which leads to its attainment. In every age and in every grade of life, man, taught by the bitter lessons of experience, has turned, sooner or later, from the pursuit of all other objects, convinced, at last, that happiness alone can make life worth the living. And, certainly, to be forever happy, to enjoy that nameless state of intelligent contentment through life and through eternity, is the richest reward that can fall to the lot of man. If a free, intelligent, and morally responsible being, can enjoy uninterrupted happiness, he is realizing all that is most blessed in human

existence. His cup is full. Nothing can be added thereto. It matters not whether his position in the social scale be high or low, he possesses that which fame cannot augment, and for whose loss it cannot compensate. It is above all price and beyond all comparison. Of all the objects that engross our attention, not one is its equivalent. Life without it is like a journey through a burning, sandy desert. The scene around us is an endless waste. The path we travel is lone and desolate. We may be accompanied by a caravan of richest treasure, but every step is misery. On every side there is only heat and thirst. There is mockery in the placid lake that forever recedes, and terror in every cloud that hovers on the horizon. The presence of happiness, alone, transforms the desert into a luxuriant landscape. The journey leads beneath cooling shades, along the shores of placid lakes, and by the banks of crystal streams. Joy is on every hand. There may be rugged hills to climb, but the toil of ascent is forgotten amid the ten thousand beauties that burst upon the vision. Wealth, fame, power, and the various objects of man's ambition, which, without happiness, become at last cold and sombre monuments, marking the declining years of life, are by its presence wrought into magnificent decorations, crowning the superstructure of life. Happiness is the universal desire of the human heart, and the one thing which can render life perfect. The fact that so many desire it, while so few possess it, shows at once that there is a radical defect in human life. To indicate how this defect may be avoided, and the desired object attained, will be the design of the following pages.

Happiness is not one of those abstractions which can exist independently of other conceptions. It implies everything that we are accustomed to esteem as essential and valuable to human life. It is not like integrity or justice, which one may possess in their highest purity, and yet exhibit painful deficiencies in other respects. Happiness includes all else that is desirable. Cultivation, refinement, honor, love, these are but the details of its structure, or the conditions of its existence. Before proceeding to its analysis, and the consideration of its constituent elements, it may be well to notice that it has a counterfeit. A person may be deceived with reference to his own condition. We are apt to fall into certain ways and means of enjoyment and pleasure, and think they only are effectual, when, in reality, we are robbing ourselves of a higher and sweeter happiness than they afford. We may, therefore, be deceived altogether, calling that pleasure which is not pleasure; or, we may only enjoy an inferior kind of *pleasure*, while we regard it as the highest. The mistake of either

one of these conditions will eventually reveal itself, causing regret and misery. There is no true happiness in such a state, and true happiness is what we all seek. Any course which secures it, may be continued through life, with increasing satisfaction. It is permanent. It is no dream, from which we shall at some time waken, to find only emptiness and deceit, where we supposed was the true and the genuine.

Of true happiness, the first and most palpable condition is health. The character and results of life depend, in a good measure, upon the body. Disease or accident may modify both our outward and our inward life. No person can be happy in the midst of bodily suffering. Pain in the smallest member can make us wretched for weeks. Elasticity and vigor, with a constant flow of animal spirits, are essential to our enjoyment and to our success. To secure these, in their highest perfection, should be the first object of life. Without them, life is more or less of a burden, and more or less of a failure. The misery which results from bodily affectations, is enormous. All around us, thousands are languishing on beds of sickness, or pining away in hopeless debility. But a small portion of this suffering arises from inherited diseases or unavoidable accidents. Most of it proceeds from the conscious violation of those sanitary laws which are, or might be, understood by all. No one who begins life with a sound body, needs to wander through the labyrinth of medical science, to preserve his health. A little observation and reading, added to one's common sense, will enable him to determine the principle laws upon which it depends. Moderation and regularity in all things, and a suitable amount of exercise in the pure, open air, are the indispensable conditions of good health. No one, educated or uneducated, would deny this statement, and yet, these conditions are constantly violated. Each violation, unimportant as it may seem, gradually breaks down the strongest constitution, and undermines health and happiness forever. In youth, especially, we are apt to underrate the importance of these laws. Then, the desires are strong and the spirits buoyant, so that our liability to excess is greatest, when our judgment and self-control are weakest. Moreover, the effect of any single excess or indulgence, owing to the elasticity and vigor of the body, is scarcely perceived. The debilitating process goes on silently and insensibly. Years may elapse before any serious consequences are experienced. But, premature old age, or confirmed debility, are the inevitable issue. We may think little of these things now, but when at forty or fifty, we find ourselves upon the declining side of life, with feeble step and trembling hand, we shall realize, at too late an hour, in disease and suffer-

ing and disappointment, the incalculable value of a life characterized by a strict observance of sanitary principles. We encounter peculiar temptations in College, that continually allure us from the right path. Passions and appetites, too little restrained, induce excesses and irregularities, each one of which is silently working out the terrible result of premature debility. As we prize happiness, we should studiously avoid everything prejudicial to health. Whatever there is in College life and etiquette that urges us to commit these transgressions, should be resolutely shunned as false and destructive. It may cost a severe struggle to give up practices that seem to be required by the code of College honor, but it is better to struggle now, when victory is possible, than to engage, by and by, in a hopeless contest, with a shattered constitution.

Another important element of happiness is mental culture. It enlarges our capacity for pleasure, and brings a richer and more abounding joy. The man, in this country, who is destitute of education, does little more than maintain existence. His pleasure is found, principally, in the gratification of physical appetites and passions. It is but one remove from animal content. This is not the happiness a sentient being should feel. It is unworthy our manhood. But, as we ascend the scale of humanity, we find, that with increased cultivation, there is increased capacity for enjoyment. Intelligence adds to our resources in this as in other respects. No one who has experienced the difference, will deny that spiritual, are superior to physical pleasures; and the great advantage of the educated man consists in the fact that, while he has every resource for physical enjoyment that the ignorant man has, he possesses, in his education, so much additional capacity. Intellectual development, therefore, while it does not invalidate any legitimate pleasure we before enjoyed, brings a thousand new elements, that contribute to our happiness. It lifts the soul into a higher life, and invests all objects with a new interest. It creates higher aspirations and truer aims. It reveals the secret mysteries of the earth and the heavens, and discovers ten thousand beauties and wonders, that lie concealed about us. Thus the soul advances from joy to joy, and from strength to strength. Each day the powers rise higher and become stronger. Each day witnesses an accession of new truth, and a step towards better attainments. This is the foundation of true happiness. The consciousness of improvement yields a deep and rich joy, that can never cease to exist and grow.

A fruitful source of unhappiness is, the lack of moral rectitude. A troubled conscience drives away peace and contentment from the

heart, and leaves one in perpetual misery. Any departure from the path of virtue, and any violation of the principles of honor, is sure to pierce the soul with regret, unless the conscience be completely seared. But a seared conscience does not last forever. Sooner or later the callous parts grow tender, and we realize the flagrancy of dishonor and injustice. We know that this change has often occurred in human experience. The most abandoned and reckless criminals, after a life-time employed in the most base and shocking deeds, have been known to suddenly feel a conviction of their guilt flash over them, so deep and poignant, as to crush them to the earth in shame and misery. And this period must come to everyone who violates the eternal laws of right, either in this life, or in the life beyond the River. What is true of great criminals, is true, in a less degree, of everyone who is false to principle. Little wrongs, as well as great ones, produce unhappiness. The smallest infringement of truth and honor will, eventually, cause regret. Even the course of deception practiced in College, will occasion more than one unhappy hour, when the mind comes, as it surely will, to view these things from a higher stand-point. It is true, that large numbers think themselves really happy in a life of debauchery and shame, and regard those who adhere strictly to a course of honor, as the victims of a sad mistake. But human experience, universally, and human testimony from all reliable sources, pronounce against such a belief. That happiness which flows from illegitimate pleasures, from the indulgence of appetites and passions, and from coarse merriment and obscenity, is transient. The truest and highest happiness, on the other hand, is permanent; and any course of life which secures it, may be followed uninterruptedly forever. Whoever, therefore, would experience a lasting happiness, and the rich, enthusiastic joy which the approval of an active conscience can give, must regulate his life in accordance with the principles of honor and justice. In matters of little, as well as of great importance, he must be true to principle. Thus will he fulfill one of the chief conditions of a perfect life, and avoid the fatal rock whereon many a soul has been wrecked and lost forever.

Much of our happiness arises from the social affections; those faculties which center in the heart, and are neither moral nor intellectual. We all know that our principal pleasure consists either in what we do for others, or in what they do for us. In the mutual interchange of good deeds and kind offices, the heart is enlarged, and the whole nature ennobled. Kindness, affability, love, friendship, generosity, charity,—these are the qualities which, more than any others, make

one's mission on earth a blessing to others and to himself. The gratitude and love of our fellow-men, is the source of the highest and purest joy. We well know what qualities and what course of life in us, will elicit these feelings from others; and we have only to follow the guidance of our own instinct and judgment, to be successful. True, all are not endowed with the qualities which please and win. But all can cultivate these qualities, and cultivate them successfully. One may possess a temper naturally quick and irascible. He may be prone to unkind words and angry deeds, that not only cause grief to others, but cause still greater grief to himself, when the heat of passion has subsided. But the worst temper is not beyond the possibility of control. By careful and thoughtful management, by perseverance through repeated failures and disappointments, it may be softened and subdued. And so it is with all the qualities of the heart. We may eradicate what is harsh and offensive, and develop what is good and lovely. We may acquire a winning address; we may learn to scatter smiles and pleasant words; we may develop love, charity, benevolence, and all the liberal and noble qualities which minister so much to the welfare of the race; in short, we may, by careful education, unfold the character in all that is richest and best in human nature, and gather, as our reward, the pure and elevated happiness which flows from the love of others and the consciousness of good deeds.

We have thus far considered those conditions of happiness which are under our control. Starting with a sound mind in a sound body, it depends, in a great measure, upon the will, whether we will possess health, and secure mental, moral, and social development. But it does not depend wholly on the will. We may possess ever so strong a desire, and labor ever so earnestly to attain these objects, and fail. Accident, in a thousand different forms, may change the destiny of life. Death may strike down those who are near and dear to us, filling the heart with a sadness that time only can remove. Every disaster by land and sea, every one of the manifold accidents that occur every day in every town and city, brings death to those who were full of hope, and pain and sorrow to those who were before happy. These things we cannot foresee or avoid. They have befallen thousands, and may befall us. We may inherit diseases, or receive injuries, that will last for life. Under such circumstances, health and its attendant blessings are impossible. But still, there is far less unhappiness resulting from these causes, which we could not possibly have prevented by any foresight, than in sickness occasioned by our own careless

neglect of sanitary laws. In the latter case, we are not only tortured by pain, but continually harrassed by the recollection that it is all our own fault. In consequence of these accidents, perfect happiness is impossible. But by adherence to the principles I have endeavored to unfold, the world might experience far more enjoyment than it does at present. By preserving health, and by developing an upright, noble manhood, we lay the only sure and permanent foundation of true happiness.

I shall not linger to discuss whether our capacities for happiness are equal or unequal. Certain it is that we are all free. Life is before us, and we may make it what we will. A thorough and equable development of all the faculties, is not beyond the reach of any man. The examples of thousands teach us, that to the indomitable will, to untiring energy and unyielding patience, there is no insurmountable obstacle but absolute impossibility. No circumstance of adversity or misfortune can defeat the determined spirit. It is in this struggle after development, that true happiness consists, and the amount of happiness depends rather upon the character, than upon the success, of the struggle. He, and he only, who engages earnestly in the enlargement of his faculties, and endeavors to advance the welfare of others, will enjoy true happiness. The comprehensive law of happiness is, that each day and hour be so employed as to result in good, either to ourselves or others. Even this is not enough. We should not only aim to *be* good and *do* good, but to be as perfect in these respects as possible. This principle should guide us in the choice of every pleasure, in the determination of every duty, and in the employment of every moment. If we think earnestly and intelligently, if we decide carefully and conscientiously, there will never be cause for regret. The chief source of misery will thus be removed, and life made what it should be, useful and happy. Undoubtedly, it may appear to some, that to follow these principles would preclude a free, joyous, cheerful life. But this is not so. There may be apparent pleasures, which such a rule of conduct would require us to forego, but they are only apparent. Any indulgence which does not improve the character, invigorate the body, or cheer the spirits, is vain and delusive. If we practice such indulgencies, although we may seem happy in the present, the day will surely come, when the recollection of misspent hours and squandered opportunities, will pierce the soul with remorse. The recorded history of too many lives attests the truth of this assertion. Life is an earnest thing. We are false to ourselves and faithless to God, if we rush blindly on its pathway. The

earlier we realize its importance, and the sooner we take a sober, rational view of its aims and duties, the greater will be our success and happiness.

I had intended to dwell at length upon the various forms under which pleasure is pursued here in College, but I have already exceeded my limits, and must close. As we are now separating, to participate in the pleasures of vacation, I trust we shall not forget, that every hour so employed as not to result in advantage to ourselves or others, is an hour lost forever. It is usually true, besides, that time which results in no good, results in evil. It were better that the days and hours thus occupied, should be a blank. Let us see to it, that there be none such in *our* lives. I ask no one to discard vivacity and merriment, but I do ask, that, while you are buoyant in spirit, you be also earnest in life, striving for what is good and noble. The question in vacation, as in term time, with respect to pleasures as with respect to duties, is, will this which I am about to undertake make any one better or happier? In parting, then, I wish all a happy vacation, a vacation which shall be full of joy in its passing, and which, at its end, shall find us all improved in body and mind. J. L.

A Day in June.

THE days, the merry days of June,
When Nature is singing her sweetest tune,
The fairest month in all the year,
Wooing to love in tones so clear
That even the dullest heart must feel
A sense of beauty over him steal,
A thrill of delight unknown before
A feeling that strengthens more and more,
And his pulses quicken as now he knows
The joy of living a life that flows
In harmony with the vaster sea,
Whose limit is eternity.
A golden morning is waking the land,
With cloudless skies and airs so bland,

The little birds open the early song,
And a stronger chorus the notes prolong;
The river reflects the sun on its sheen,
The grasses are waving in meadows green,
And all the leaves and all the flowers
Are smiling in the sunny hours.
The sun himself on such a day
Invites the world to come and play.

Two cows were standing in the shade
Beneath an oak, beside a brook,
While on their backs the shadows played
Of leaves the passing breezes shook.

A robin sitting on the tree
Sang to his mate upon her nest;
Her heart was full of ecstasy
To feel the eggs beneath her breast.

Two flowers were growing by the pool,
Unconscious in their beauty rare;
They looked within its depths so cool,
And saw their love reflected there.

Across the meadows sloping up to meet
The woods, whose swaying branches overbrood
Its paths, just where the buttercups in sweet
Timidity had stopped, as though 'twere rude
To enter, with their merry wanton feet,
And so make gay its solemn quietude;
Within the forests shadow on a mound
Of grass and flowers, sat my story's two;
The one a girl, her hat with lilies bound
That touched her face, as when we see the hue
Of roseate clouds 'neath the o'erhanging white;
A rare and winning face, with hazel eyes
And dimpled cheek, that was the home of bright
Glad smiles;—Her little hand was hid in his
That kept it there with gentlest hold:—

A view

Of quiet farm-lands, flushed with golden color, lay
Before them, while the clouds their shadows threw
Upon the meadows, falling far away
In soft descent, and narrowing more and more,
Until it ended in a thread of light
Reflected from a stream, that trembling o'er
The rocks, ran down through hills, and, lost to sight

Mingled its waters with the lake.—Between
The hills, across the lake, a little spot
That seem'd a distant clump of white and green
They saw, which was her home—the merest dot
Upon the landscape, that a careless eye
Would hardly note.—

They looked without a word
Until he broke the hush: “I scarce know why,
But in my ears a voice all day I’ve heard.
It sounded in the wood and on the plain;
I’ll tell it, though it be in homely strain.”

The smiling freshness of the spring,
The easy slope of yonder hills,
The merry laughter of the rills
Between the rocks where mosses cling;

The swaying of the restless waves,
Sounding in constant undertone
From shoreless deeps, that sad and lone
Is ocean’s dirge o’er unknown graves;

The hum of crickets on the lawn,
The bill-frog’s croak at close of day
From quiet ponds where children play,
The song of birds at early dawn;

The rain drops falling from the sky
And watering every blade of grass,
Till crystal bells ring as we pass
And flash out sunlight as they die;

The hidden murmur of the stream
Are but the herds of harmony,
The variations on a theme
That echoes endlessly.

Another voice perchance he heard, whose tones
The breezes in their flight had failed to catch;
And yet he had no need to tell it then,
For in the answering look of mingled love
And pride, he saw the calm assurance of
His hope. “I’ve heard a poet’s song,” she said,
“That is the echo of your thought, and well
Accords the music with the dreamy hour.”

O woods and hills, whose shadow rests
Upon the vales below;

Those leafy towers lift their crests
Against the clouds of snow.
In their embrace the meadows sleep;
The lake is calm to-day;
Its shores, fring'd round with flowers, keep
Stillness in every bay.

The sunbeams slant from every tree,
Gilding each leaf and bough,
And nature's voices sing to thee
Her silent music now.
They sit there, list'ning to that music, till
The farmers, driving up the cows, recall
The thought of home, and then adown the hill,
Through fields that blush'd with blossom'd clover tall,
And daisies bending down in love before
Her passing footsteps, hand in hand they went,
And almost reached the thickly wooded shore,
When, stopping just to catch the lingering scent
Of flowers, they saw the rainclouds in the west,
And heard the first low rumblings of the blast.
A house stood near, whose porch they sought in haste,
And waited there until the storm was past.
Then, while the evening sunlight shone across
The lake and sparkled in the drops that hung
From every leaf, and fell upon the moss
In diamond show'rs, they loos'd the boat that swung
Within its cover. Seated in the stern
She took the tiller ropes, and he the oars.
The slender craft stole out from tufts of fern
Past rocky point, along the winding shores,
Hiding their grayness in the clinging vines
That dipped their tendrils as they rose and fell,
With ripples, lapsing on the beach. The lines
Grew fainter, as they rocked in the soft swell
The storm had left upon the open lake.
And all the hills were dimmed in golden haze,
While, softer than the falling of the flake
On snow-drifts, or the sunbeam, where it plays
Upon the floor,—the swell sank down, and slept
In silver calm, but open'd up a world
Of beauty more serene,—no gales had swept
Its restful seas, nor angry waves had curl'd.

He rested there, and from the flashing blades
A shimmering gleam of crystal-bells there dripped—
A string of water-pearls, that in her shades
A Naiad fair might crown—then, lightly slipped
Away in merry glee.

They turned their eyes
 To watch the glories of the closing day,
 Where clouds their snow had changed to gorgeous dyes,
 And little flecks, that in the sunset color lay,
 Shone like to molten gold—while towards the north
 The roseate streamers far away were flung,
 Soft fading in the deepen'd azure.

Forth,
 In shyness, came the stars at last, among
 The dying fires.

Then, as the twilight spread
 Its drapery o'er the way, he sang:—

"My love, the stars are softly glowing
 In radiant calm above,
 The evening winds are gently blowing,
 And waft us on in love.

My love, thine eyes are on me beaming
 With purest, tenderest light,
 Reflecting in their depths the gleaming
 Of stars down through the night.

And when the early morn is breaking,
 O'er lake and field and tree,
 Thine eyes from sweetest sleep awaking,
 O think, my love, of me."

The shadows of the night are pointing to
 The East,—a promise of the dawn—
 We leave them in the promise of their life,
 A love that shall not be withdrawn.

ΔΙΚ.

TOWNSEND PRIZE ESSAY.

The Power of Ideas Contrasted with the Power of Individual Men.

BY THOMAS HEDGE.

FROM the beginning of human life there has been a conflict without a pause, which can never end in compromise. A body was given to the soul of man to fit him for his material dwelling place. The world was made the arena of the strife, and time itself shall be ended in the final victory. From this mortal body, as a necessity of this

temporal state, there arises blindness and sin, which it is the destiny of the soul to conquer. We believe that the soul, made in the image of God, is eternal; that from a little beginning of consciousness it is able at last to comprehend infinite truth. It will be able to overcome the darkness and sin of this mortal being as it is brought to know the truth. The truth is made known to the soul through the workings of its own intelligence. This intelligence would work perfectly were it not for man's temporal and bodily limitations. As it works perfectly its results correspond with the truth. Then man's ideas are the thoughts of God, and are eternal.

The power of the individual affects men's bodies, their passions and emotions. It stops at the intelligence, where the power of the idea begins. It is limited by the finiteness of the individual. It can affect those only with whom he actually comes in contact as a living man, and must end with the life of the individual.

If man can attain his perfection only as he becomes subject to his reason, giving this the mastery over the emotions and passions of his lower nature, then must this power of the individual, affecting that nature only, which was meant to be subordinate, approach absolute-ness, as man is in an unnatural condition. Or this power is strongest as men are weakest. It cannot bear scrutiny, for it is a usurpation, ruling those only who are unquestioning subjects, or intelligent, reasoning men, only when the whirl of their passions dethrones their intelligence. This unthinking obedience is capricious and untrustworthy. It is not a satisfied perfect faith, but a blind untrained submission, which, without warning, may revolt.

This power, moreover, is limited by the finiteness of the individual. Not all men can see or hear him. His personal magnetism must follow his short footsteps. It has no wings to lift it higher than himself. It is strongest when men are crazed and bewildered in a whirlwind of passion. It must die at last with the individual.

It is this power of the individual, having its dominion in the emotive nature of man, affecting those men only with whom the living man may come in actual contact, and affecting them not as intelligent beings; a power which is strongest when men, forgetting to think, are weakest; which may excite a storm, which will destroy the individual; which must at least die with him, that is brought into a life-long rivalry with the power of the idea.

The idea finds its dominion in man's reason. Its power affects his intelligence, and is thus proportioned to the strength of those over whom it is exercised. As the man is brought to his manful condi-

tion, his soul controlling and using his body, his reason always superior to and using his lower nature as its rightful instrument, the man is affected by the power of the idea, and is obedient to it.

This loyalty can never rise to a will fury, which will turn against it. Man cannot become enthusiastic for an idea, until it has gained possession of his intelligence. As the idea rules him, reason rules him. With each new light he is attaining a more healthful and natural condition, and his service, day by day, is more faithful, commanding and devoted.

Thus the idea rules the man, when he is in that state intended by his Creator. Its destiny is to govern the entire man, while the power of the individual can ascend no higher than his emotions. The individual can obtain complete control only when the man is degraded and destitute of his highest mark of manhood. Thus the idea is destined to make use of this power of the individual when man's lower nature, alive and vigorous, is under perfect subjection to his reasoning intelligence. The whole struggle is between a rightful authority and a usurpation,—a usurpation which, if it steals the loyalty of the rightful subjects of the idea, must first dethrone their reason.

The idea itself gives the intelligence strength to see it clearly. Through their lower nature, men may be blinded so that they will misinterpret the truth which is in every idea, but this wrong interpretation can be only for the moment. By their very devotion to an idea, and searching out its meaning, they must find at last the truth. There have been many blind wanderings; all that one man can do is to leave his foot-prints a little further along in the straight path, for the easier journey of those who follow.

The idea once born, must live forever, as long as the soul shall live. It never dies, but always grows in power. Those which sway the world to-day, are but the growth and cumulation of all ideas which the soul of man has worked out since the beginning. Seekers after truth have brought together the golden grains, melted them in earthen furnaces, stamped them with their worldly dies, and have called upon men to gaze upon and worship grotesque and fearful idols. But the same gold remains, and in succeeding ages, transfigured into nobler images, more worthily draws men unto it. It shall ever go shining before them in the straight and narrow way, until they find it at last adorning the golden streets of the heavenly city.

It has been ordained that men should impart and receive ideas through the senses. It is a miracle, grander than if they were writ-

ten upon the sky, that they may be published to the world by the acts and words of men. It is a proof of our high descent, that the whole brotherhood of man, through the communion of the sense, may become heirs of the thoughts of God. It were a task for an angel to learn the eternal truth unaided; so it has been vouchsafed to men to help each other. Here we find the sphere of the passions and emotions. By their personal magnetism, that attraction which draws men together, that mysterious influence which binds society, men may reach the intelligence of their fellow-men. Thus is the idea kept alive, not only through the life of those who saw its birth, but through all time; by a few teaching many, using their lower nature to publish it while they live, using the memory of their example to publish it to the intelligence of those who survive and follow them. As the individual has a charm to inspire respect and confidence in himself, his enthusiastic loyalty to an idea will attract the interest, enthusiasm and loyalty of others. If he seal his devotion with his death, from his grave will spring up strength and faithfulness to that for which he died.

Men are apt to confound the power of the individual with the power of the idea which he embodied. They separate his generation from history, taking no account of the concurrence and cumulation of ideas which trained his mind for the great idea of which he is the embodiment. They forget that the power which his intelligence exerted, was the power of its governing idea; that his personal magnetism only brought men within the reach of that idea. If we may imagine such a man, presenting such an idea to the intelligence of his fellows, and then endeavoring to shake their loyalty, we shall see that he is using his personal attraction only against their lower nature, and can never bring them to renounce their allegiance, until they have been brought to dethrone their intelligence, and follow the bidding of their usurping lower nature. If such an attempt succeed, it is only by degrading men. Those the world remembers as great, have always raised mankind. It was by using their personal power in the service of an idea.

When a people beholds its standard bearer, a man of themselves, kindly, patient, great, waiting with a divine serenity through years of awful doubt, their hearts go out after him, and they crowd to follow him. When, as the struggle ends in victory, that leader falls, through their blinding tears they cannot see the standard, and in their sudden panic they forget the great idea. But when the standard still gleams before them, a pillar of eternal truth, then they shout, "*Let his burial be a triumph; he has done the noblest*

work of mortal; God, through him, gave us more clearly to see the right, and to stand for it more firmly. Another hero has taught mankind that human ambition can reach no higher than to be the incarnation of a grand idea."

But it was not enough that men should be taught of men. The conflict between the idea and the individual would have seemed of little moment, but for one pure example, one perfect incarnation of truth. When, the little light which men had found served only to disclose stumbling blocks, and they were flying to their own towers for refuge, this Being appeared, proclaiming as the law of His Kingdom, "Love to God, and love to man." His individual power was in full accord with the ideas which He proclaimed; His life was in conformity with these, and his death sanctified them. Thus, claiming sovereignty, He seemed, not a usurper, but the rightful Heir of Power. If men were drawn toward His person, it was only to have a clearer perception of His ideas given to their minds. Or if there have been minds in which the ideas of love and justice have been predominant, these have felt a peculiar affection for this person, as they have learned of Him. As society has advanced, those ideas, which have been more closely allied to His, have most commanded the loyalty and life service of mankind. These have been at the foundation of all liberty, and have given strength to States.

If all the hope and gladness, peace and charity, which have sprung up in the world under the light of that marvelous life, might be in an instant swept away, then, in the shaking of society, which would rend in twain the veil of every temple, all men would echo the despairing cry of the Centurion, "Truly this was the Son of God."

To human reason, the power of the idea is an evidence of a government over willing subjects, strengthened by strengthening them; one that demands questionings, and proves itself by those questionings. A government which only needs to be revealed in all its power, and love, and majesty, to draw unto it the willing, loyal service of every human soul. And not only is there this government, but an eternal, unchangeable Governor. In His earthly images He has embodied His eternal thoughts. In visible shape He has showed forth "That light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." As men have learned that it is their highest destiny to embody an idea; to reveal a little of "that truth which makes men free;" as they remember that Love and Justice were once crucified incarnate, so they believe that there is a living God, showing forth in His own person, the brightness of all truth and glory.

Woman's Pen.

AMONG the literary phenomena of the present age, that which seems most surprising, is the comparatively large number of women who have reached positions of eminence as writers. The almost uniform silence of woman in this department, up to a recent period, had led to the idea that to man alone belonged the production of literature; not by any exclusive right or capacity so much as by the force of uniform experience. The interest naturally arising out of this innovation is not a little enhanced by the greater prominence, which woman is assuming in every department of society. It is as though some of the ancient moorings of society had been swept away, and men were casting about themselves to see what new tackle was at hand and where they were likely to drift. The question of woman's future influence upon our literature, if less prominent than that of her influence elsewhere, possesses a good degree of interest, not more on account of its novelty than on account of its promise of good. It is but natural to expect that the same benison will attend her influence here, which has attended it elsewhere.

There is also sufficient correspondence between the mental qualities of a writer and the character of his production, so that the one may be predicted from the other. In the absence then of a feminine literature of any large extent, and with one just coming upon the stage, we may very properly judge of its character, from what we know of woman's mind. Although there may be no necessary connection between the mental and physical character of either sex, we may still notice a remarkable correspondence, the one sex in both particulars inclining towards the limit of rugged vigor, the other towards that of delicate grace. Between these two extremes lies a broad field, the common property of both sexes; but even here a sexual distinction may be readily detected. Woman is receptive and elaborative in her nature; inclined to seize upon that which is at hand, and develop it into its full symmetry and completeness: while man on the other hand is generative; ever reaching out after something new and difficult. In this principle may be found an explanation of woman's superiority in moral ideas. Receiving impressions of that which is elevated and true, and adopting them as the rule of her conduct, she follows them out into nicer distinctions and more comprehensive principles. But, on the other hand, if her choice be of the opposite kind, and she yields herself up to the sway of lower

selfish or sensual ideas, she will go to like extent in this direction, according to her choice of motive principles, rising higher or sinking lower, than man in like circumstances. In view of this and the other general qualities, which she is too commonly known to possess to make it necessary to mention them here, we may expect that she will contribute to our literature, a warm and sympathetic glow, an abandon and richness of expression and feeling which it has not possessed as a general characteristic before.

Poetry most naturally suggests itself as the sphere of woman's success. Here she will find ample room for all her fancy and delicate grace. Poetry seems to have been moulding itself into the particular condition in which it could receive the greatest advantage at her hands. A woman would have seemed sadly out of place among the dramatists of Shakspeare's time, in whose writings their wonderful vigor of thought is scarcely more noticeable than their indelicacy; and scarcely any period down to the time of the introduction of the German element into our literature, would have been much preferable. But since that time poetry has been suffering a radical change. The most deferential feature of our modern poetry is its effeminacy, in the best signification of the term. That is, in comparison with former poetry, it is remarkable for those more amiable qualities which we generally associate with the feminine character, such as a more subdued, gentle grace, a fineness of texture, a purity of thought and expression, a genuine spirituality; besides the negative quality of lacking its earlier roughness and uncouth strength. It has latterly become more elaborative, more attention being paid to manner than to matter. Prose has been encroaching upon the sphere of poetry. Indeed, prose, as it remained down to the time of Milton, possessed so little of its present flexibility and easy, natural flow, that it was inferior to poetry as the medium of ideas which to-day are its exclusive property. No one can be said to have approached the masculine vigor and recklessness of thought of Shakspeare and his cotemporaries, since Coleridge, and the change had been progressing for a long time before him. This effeminacy can hardly be said to have deteriorated poetry as an art. Indeed it is doubtful whether poetry is not naturally effeminate, and in proportion as it approaches its own true character it approaches effeminacy. Much that made up the weight and strength of former poetry, belonged as much to philosophy and other departments of writing now considered exclusively prosaic. It was only because prose was so weak, that poetry assumed the burden, being relieved of which, she is now free to display her natural grace

of movement. Hence our modern poetry possesses qualities of the highest excellence comparatively unknown to that of an earlier date, such as, (not to speak farther of manner) a tendency to give greater prominence to personal virtue, and every generous sentiment of common life. These are the qualities which the tastes and exigencies of the times have fostered, and this the tone of character they have given to it. These are the qualities which will most naturally call out the genius of a woman at its best. The dramatic period, which could create a Shakspeare, has passed like the doctrinal warfare out of which sprung the grandeur of Milton; the romance and hot passion of Moore and his fellows, has yielded to a less ardent flame. What we want is a sympathetic poetry that shall take hold of what is best in our natures as a common brotherhood, and fuse us into a community of feelings, as we have been fused into a community of interests. We want a mouthpiece for the dumb poetry of the masses; a voice for these universal aspirations after that which is noblest in common life.

As an essayist, woman's sympathy and intuitive perceptions of moral truths give her a decided advantage; while her readiness of expression makes her success almost certain. The masses are not logical in their modes of thought. Their ordinary experience leads them to notice data and results, rather than the connection between them or the process by which the one is derived from the other. They reason mainly by comparison and analogy, and like woman, depend for conviction mainly upon a vital interest in, or sympathy for the result. Thus, at the risk of being common-place, I have endeavored to show that the kind of argument which is fitted to avail with the masses, is the very kind which is universally considered to be prevalent with womankind. Nor is this kind of writing limited to a narrow or unimportant field. Under the influence of greatly increased facilities for reaching the people, both through periodicals and more regular publications, the essay has assumed a great importance, and one which is constantly increasing. Following up, as a more permanent influence, the culture inspired by the popular lecture, this kind of writing has met with a well merited popularity and a constantly increasing demand. Besides, it is assuming an importance wholly outside of the literary pleasure which it affords, and has become a means by which an author may reach down into the lives of men, and pluck out the social evils festering in them. There is an increasing demand for writers who can take up the ordinary duties and common, every-day dignities of life and show them up *in their true light*. It is not so much that conviction is wanting in

regard to these points, as that this conviction lacks vitality. We want more of woman's sentiment and enthusiasm woven around them; something to bring out into greater prominence those quiet virtues which have been overshadowed by more imposing but less essential qualities of character. The problem of democracy is only half solved. We have learned how to elevate the common people, but have yet to learn how to elevate common pursuits. It is this which makes us so superficial; this neglect of that which must be the groundwork of all thorough advancement. Unnaturally excited ambition has become the ruling passion of the people, and there is a growing necessity for something in literature which shall take hold of every day life and thrill us with a sense of the nobility of living and acting well in common things. As a people become intelligent and refined, they will listen more readily to strictures upon their faults, provided they are uttered in a spirit of fairness, and are intended for their improvement. Our people are withal a little conceited, and might profit by a little judicious stinging. Nothing can be better than to have our faults subjected to woman's gentle savagery which makes her sarcasm so delightful. This field, so broad and so important, is remarkable for making no demands beyond the qualities which are readily accorded to woman. It is not necessary to discuss her capacity for profound philosophy, since philosophy is not needed; nor is labored discussion of any kind needed. The demand is for genuine practical sense,—instinct with a living interest in that of which it speaks. Besides, is there not something in the very idea of culture and refinement, in literature and everywhere else, which implies an approach to feminine qualities? Are not a subdued grace, gentleness and purity, necessary qualities of a genuine culture? If so, and who can doubt it, is not our literature fully within woman's proper sphere?

But one department of writing, that of history, must ever remain exclusively masculine. The same qualities which fit woman for a poet and an essayist, must unfit her for this species of writing. A good historian must be dispassionate; sympathy must lie dormant, and every tendency to hero-worship be stifled. Woman's enthusiasm would be likely to jeopardize that calm weighing of facts, without which a history becomes a chronicle or a romance. The qualities of a good historian are constant and masculine; a calm, clear judgment, a simple, elegant style, a taste for facts, and beyond this scarcely anything.

Romance will undoubtedly possess superior attractions for her, and there can be no doubt of her ability to produce very entertaining

writings of this kind. The only question is whether she will be likely to produce that which should justly be considered an addition to our literature. The proportion of this kind of writing is already very large, and has always been considered of doubtful utility. Love is the mainspring of interest in this kind of writing, and while I would by no means deny that it may be a proper groundwork, yet the temptation is strong to abandon its true philosophy which is so difficult, and to ring wonderful changes upon the theme. This temptation is greater on this account; that whereas on other subjects the interest is greater in proportion as truth and nature are adhered to, in this the interest is greater in proportion as the incidents are strange and unaccountable.

Thus, in a method somewhat abstract, I have discussed the probable influence of woman's pen upon our literature. I have ignored the fact that she has been engaged in writing for a considerable time, and has produced that which is more than respectable, both in quantity and quality, because I have conceived that what she has already written cannot be considered as characteristic of her. First, because only the most masculine of her sex, with rare exceptions, have broken over the natural and social restraints which have stood in their way, presenting masculine features both in the choice and treatment of subjects. Her writings give constant evidence of a consciousness that she was presenting herself as a special target for criticism, a consciousness from which not even her best writers have been able to free themselves.

And again, because she has not yet been admitted to the varied culture which would fit her for a writer. It is a necessity of her social position, that she should be cut off from the many-sided discipline of actual contact with life in all its variety, such as has sometimes made writers; while even down to our time, she has enjoyed little of the artificial culture of the schools. She has been deprived of all that man has relied upon as the aid of his genius.

Besides, all woman's rights have been privileges. Being the weaker and petted member of society, she has been dependent upon the caprice of her stronger brother, for every advantage. Good will, and not a regard for justice, has given her what she has received at the hands of mankind. The smart of these indignities, in the mind of thinking women, has led them to vilify the masculine character in their writings. If then we consider what difficulties woman has been forced to overcome, it is not so much a matter for surprise, that so few female writers of note have arisen, as it is, that there should have

been so many. It is to be hoped, for the interests of our literature, that the agitation of the question of woman's education, and the enlargement of her sphere of active life, will not stop short of giving her free access to all employments and all schools. Then, when education and life have become as broad to her as to man, may we fairly judge of her capacities by what she has actually accomplished.

J. C.

Jeanne d'Arc.

Past midnight long! The moon hath set;
I heard the cock an hour ago.
Still dark! no glimpse of dawn as yet,
Though morning winds begin to blow.
Dear Lord, how swift the time goes by!
There's something in the air that rings—
Listen!—a whirring as of wings—
The myriad moments as they fly.
O fold me in thine arms, sweet night;
Sweet pitying darkness, longer stay,
And veil me from the cruel light
That creeps to steal my life away.

Lo! even now the waning stars
Grow pale. The matin bell doth toll:
Prisoned like me by casement bars,
It wakes sad echoes in my soul.
For memories woven in the braid
Of sound, bring back the abbey bell
That wont to ring when twilight fell,
Through pastures where my childhood strayed,
What time, when flocks were in the fold,
Saint Agnes and Saint Catharine
Looked from the darkening heavens cold,
And wondrous Voices spake with mine.

Slow-winding Meuse, I would that still,
Along thy grassy valleys deep,
Or half-way up some neighboring hill
I heard the bleat of simple sheep.
It might not be: Cassandra-wise
I caught in dreams the din of shields,

Far trumpets blown on tented fields
Summoned to deeds of high emprise.
Sweet household cheer was not for me;
The pleasant hum of spinning-wheel,
And children's prattle at my knee—
The bliss that lowly mothers feel.

My spirit winged to bolder flights
—Drawn skyward in ecstatic dreams—
An eagle on the lonely heights,
No ringdove haunting woodland streams.
O solemn joy! O blessed trance,
That seized me when the drums did roll,
And chanting priests in hood and stole
Led on the bannered hosts of France!
In battle winds above me blown
—Fit sign for maiden chevalier—
White lilies streamed, and round me shone
Strange lights, and Voices filled my ear

Foretelling victory, saying "Ride!
Ride onward, mailed in conquering might.
God's legions muster on thy side
To stead thee in the coming fight."
When swords were sheathed and bows unstrung,
What visions awed me as I kneeled,
While down long aisles Te Deums pealed,
And such triumphant anthems rung,
As Miriam, on the Red Sea shore,
Exulting to the timbrel's sound,
Sung, when amid the loud waves' roar
Chariot and horse and rider drowned!

Ay me! 'Tis past; the battle's won;
The Warrior breaks His useless brand.
Yet even so: His will be done
Who holdeth victory in His hand.
I know that ere the sun is high,
On housetop, wall, and balcony,
Children will clap their hands with glee,
To see the 'Witch of Orleans' die,
And women flout me in the face
Who erst have crossed them at my name,
When in the gazing market-place
My flesh shall feed the hungry flame.

'Twere fit that guns should boom my knell,
Flags droop and funeral music roll;

And through high minster vaults should swell
 Sad requiems for my parted soul.
 Crowned kings should kneel beside me dead:
 Cathedral saints on storied panes,
 Where daylight turns to ruby stains,
 Should shed their halos round my head.
 From nooks in arches twilight-dim,
 And niches in the pictured wall,
 Stone Christs and carven cherubim
 Should look upon my brodered pall.

Alas! for me nor passing bell,
 Nor priest to shrive, nor nun to pray.
 But rising smoke my death shall tell,
 And whistling flames my masses say.
 And if among the jeering crowd
 Some lonely, beggared knight-at-arms
 There be, who once in war's alarms
 Hath seen me when the storm was loud,
 And followed where my banner led,
 He shall my only mourner be,
 And from his pitying eyes shall shed
 A soldier's tears for love of me.

O holy Mary, stead me then—
 A simple maid whose heart may fail.
 I would not these grim Island men
 Should smile to see my cheek grow pale.
 And yet what fairer winding-sheet
 Than martyrs' flame? What church-yard mould
 More consecrated dust can hold?
 What missal claspeth words more sweet
 To dying ears, than those He spake:—
 "Blessed are they—yea, doubly blest,—
 Who suffer death for my dear sake.
 For them bright crowns and endless rest."

The night is spent. The early grey
 Warms into sunrise in the skies;
 The sunrise of eternal day—
 The threshold steps of Paradise.
 'Tis written, "After storm comes shine;"
 Fierce and more fierce the fires may burn,
 But as my limbs to ashes turn,
 My soul, O Lord, shall mix with Thine.
 Even as yonder trembling star
 Melts into morning's golden sea,
 So, rapt through Heavenly spaces far,
 Shall this poor life be lost in Thee.

THE DEFOREST PRIZE ORATION.

Modern English Poetry Compared with the Poetry of the
Seventeenth Century.

BY DAVID JAMES BURRELL, FREEPORT, ILL.

ANALYSIS.

Introductory notice of the two poetic eras under consideration, and the poets of each.

A.—Comprehensive Distinction. Superiority of the poetry of the seventeenth century, in general *average* excellence. Cause.—Diffusion of education among the modern masses.

B.—Distinctions in respect to *matter*.

A.—Poetry of the seventeenth century superior in all those excellences that proceed from boldness and endurance.

a.—Boldness manifested in their choice of subjects, and in their conceptions.

b.—Endurance manifested in the unity and equability of their productions.

Cause (1).—Character of education in the seventeenth century.

Cause (2).—The fact that English poetry was then in its infancy.

Corollary.—Predominance of imagination over fancy in the seventeenth century, and reverse in modern times.

B.—Modern poetry superior to that of the seventeenth century, in subjectivity.

Cause.—Advanced enlightenment of the age.

a.—Introspective contemplation in modern poetry.

Cause.—Influence of German philosophy.

C.—Modern Poetry inferior to that of the seventeenth century in invention, (i. e., novelty of matter.)

Cause.—Partial anticipation, and presumption of entire pre-occupation.

C.—Distinctions in respect to *manner*.

A.—Modern poets superior in originality and variety.

Cause.—The novelty-loving character of the age, and the difficulty of originating matter.

B.—Modern poets superior in correctness and naturalness.

Cause.—The accumulation of models and recent perfection in the art of criticism.

D.—Summary and Conclusion.

“Poets, like the mountain trout, take their colors from the streams in which they lie.”

THE Reformation broke the fetters of the human mind. The unchained prisoner came forth and stood for a moment in speechless astonishment; then uttered the loudest, longest, most exultant shout the world has ever heard. Amid the pealing *gaudeamus* of this golden

age, the reign of good Queen Bess, a century began, wherein a multitude of poets wrote their names among the stars. Spenser had died at its portals; but many who sat at his feet, Daniel, and Drayton, and Warner, and others, survived him. Shakespeare brought his drama just over the threshold, and left it then with Beaumont and Fletcher, and Johnson, and Ford, and Shirley, the last of the Thespian giants. These were the years of Milton, too, and "silver-tongued Sylvester," and "the frenzied Chapman," and Drummond, and Davies, and Donne. The Fletchers also were there, with Suckling and Denham, the inspired Cavaliers, and Wither and Browne, the singing Puritans; and many besides were the younger brothers, who joined in the chorus of this grand epoch. It was a long summer day, whose evening flush continued till the sun went down amid the shadows of the Restoration. Then came a gloomy night, and "the Muse lay sleeping" for a hundred years, scarce murmuring in her slumber. The roar of the French Revolution awoke her. She arose resplendent with beauty; and the wooing of her modern lovers then commenced. Wordsworth, arm in arm with Coleridge, led the way; and Scott and Byron, Crabbe and Campbell, came crowding after. Shelley, the ethereal dreamer, and Keats, the passionate boy, and Moore, the "wonder-worker," and a thousand later bards;—their names are all "familiar in our mouths as household words." This grand poetic era is distinguished from the former by peculiar characteristics.

Experience justifies the reasonable assumption that the productions of the mind are deeply affected by external circumstances. Homer and Milton were essentially similar in mental endowments, but their widely different efforts were due to the peculiar characteristics of their respective times. If this is true in regard to individual productions, then is it doubly true of the aggregate works of any period. It will be eminently proper, therefore, in the present discussion, after ascertaining, by careful investigation, the distinctive features of each collection of verse to look for their causes among contemporary circumstances.

The first fact thus to be accounted for is the great proportion of inferior verse in modern literature. There is no denying that our age, with its vast fund of genuine inspiration, is also prolific of trash. The periodical press, a recent invention, is running night and day on doggerel rhymes. We are overrun by an army of "occasional poetasters," and overwhelmed with a flood of "fugitive verses." "There

is a plague of poems in the land apart from poetry," groans the Sappho of our century. It was not so in the former time. The metrical works of that period all bear the Pierian stamp, '*poeta nascitur*;' and nowhere in its literature is there mention of the existence, in any number, of rhymesters with no claim to inspiration. So far as we know, the legitimate offspring of the Muse monopolized the field.

This striking difference is to be ascribed to the general dissemination of knowledge in the last hundred years. The enlightenment of the masses, by creating readers, must also produce writers. In poetry, however, we meet with an evasion of the law of demand and supply. Here, when the demand increases, the supply is made up not by a multiplication of the real "commodity in request," but by the addition of an inferior or altogether spurious article. Genius is the gift of Nature. It cannot be created, however it may be directed and modified, by external circumstances. Civilization cannot originate this God-breathed inspiration. It cannot, therefore, increase the number of those whose lips are touched from Heaven with poetic fire. Accordingly the diffusion of education, by enlarging the demand for verse, since it cannot multiply inspired writers, must fill the deficiency with uninspired.* Poets are born; but *rhymesters* may be *made*. It is to be expected, then, that each succeeding era in the line of progress, will have more base-born bards than its predecessor.

This deduction of reason is clearly verified in the case of the periods under consideration. How few in those early days, compared with the number now, were they who donned the robes, and how like princes of the line they swept the purple! There was no plebeian mimicking of royal airs, like the awkward strut of Tarquin,† for they were born to their high estate, with the kingly mark upon their brow, and the fire of authority in their eye. There were no "poets in parentheses," to wander bewildered in the halls of the Muses, like boors in the streets of a strange city. Old residents of the wonderful place, constant partakers of its glories, were these great ancestors of ours. But since their day, education has been so diffused, that readers are counted by millions, all clamoring for verse. Accordingly the insufficient band of Aonian mountaineers has been swelled by alien reinforcements, until no less than a thousand writers are now

* We have not entered into a consideration of the fact that God may create more true poets at one time than at another, because (unless the dispensation of inspiration were almost universal, which is incredible,) this would obviously not affect the general truth of what we are saying.

† Priscus.

living, who have published editions of their "poems!"* School girls pipe their sentimental cooings in the same grand chorus with the greater singers; and Martin Farquhar Tupper crowds in by the side of Tennyson! This abundant alloy necessarily impairs the average excellence of modern metrical composition,† and we shall discover its debasing presence at every step in the present discussion.

The superiority of the poetry of the seventeenth century over modern verse, is especially marked in all the excellences that proceed from *boldness* and *endurance*.‡ The grandest themes, the wonders of time and eternity, the mystery and destiny of man, were not above their ambition. They soared aloft to "kindle their undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam," pierced the empyrean to sing responsive to "the music of the spheres," peered through the veil about the great white throne, upon the King of Glory. Where now is the sublime audacity of Milton, the fantastic presumption of the Fletchers, or the blind temerity of Davies? Our poets have descended from the dizzy heights, where their fathers loved to linger. Common place incidents, beautiful landscapes, passions and affections, have taken the place of loftier themes. Love in a thousand forms requited and scorned, children in every stage of precocity, mountains and fountains and daisies and daffodils,—of these our Clio is "never a-weary."

Closely related to boldness is endurance. Lofty purposes require sustained power. Our ambitious ancestors constructed many poems, thousands of lines in length, each marked by unity and equability; and their glory rests not on brief effusions or startling passages, but on their continuous productions as wholes. Fixing their gaze on one great end, they neither wandered from the way nor gathered flowers by the road-side, while they pursued it. All their powers were converged into a "mountainous repose of strength" upon a single grand conception. In modern poetry we miss this concentration of mind upon a single dominant idea, to the exclusion of detached beauties. Our longer works are incoherent medleys of abrupt mental movements, with no pervading conception to bind like a magnet "the glittering filings of thought." Authors aim at quotable passages, rather than a unit of impression; and they are illustrious not for their extensive integral works, but for idyls and extracts. Shelley is best known

* No. British Review.

† Webster's definition of poetry, "Metrical composition."

‡ Boldness and endurance; two coexistent qualities, proceeding from the same causes, and not admitting of separate treatment.

by his "Ode to a Skylark," and Hood by his "Bridge of Sighs;" while Scott, and Browning, and the lesser bards, are great in their outbursts, not in their flow, of inspiration.

This superiority of the earlier poets in both boldness and endurance, is to be accounted for mainly by the character of their education. They devoted themselves to the mastery of a single department, rather than to an acquaintance with all the provinces of knowledge. That was eminently an age of profound erudition when Milton and Salmasius crossed their ponderous classic swords; when Grotius broke the lance with Crellius in religious controversy; when Campanella, Bacon, and Descartes discussed philosophy; when Napier, Kepler, and Galileo investigated science. But we are distinguished, not so much for deep learning as for general information; and it is a wise saw that says: "We all know a little of everything, but few of us know much of anything." Education like theirs, acquired by severe and persevering study, cultivates profundity and patience, and induces a habit of mental concentration adapted to lofty undertakings. Education like ours, resulting generally from desultory investigations and hasty inferences, and derived in great part from periodical literature, creates an aversion to abstract and continuous reflection, and begets a mental dissipation fatal to great enterprises. The older poets were therefore capable of loftier and longer trains of thought than ours. Being confident of their power of endurance, they often ventured to soar skyward, and for hours together; but modern bards who dare not trust the holding out of their undeveloped strength, must skim along the ground in fitful flights. Fearlessness, the first requisite for a great undertaking, is the fruit of confidence, and confidence springs from power; but neither power, nor confidence, nor fearlessness, belongs to the student-of-all-things-and-master-of-none.

Another cause assigned for this superiority of the earlier writers, is the fact that English poetry was then in its infancy. They stood upon the shores of a new world, where only the borders had been thinly settled by a few hardy pioneers, like Langland and Chaucer. Its inviting forests of tropic luxuriance, its waving fields white for the harvest, its unwrought mines of glittering ore, lay all before them. With liberty to choose wherever they desired, they seized, of course, upon the richest spots; and after the lapse of two centuries, it is not strange that settlers now are forced upon the poorer soil. Modern poets having been anticipated in the loftier themes, and, being naturally, though unreasonably, averse to following in the footsteps of their predecessors, have descended to the humbler walks: and

with the loss of sublimity in design and conception, they have also lost what it inspires,—that quiet continuity of thought which gives to a production unity and equability. Wanting thus the fearless ambition and sustained power requisite for the production of the higher forms of poetry, they have abandoned epic and dramatic for idyllic* verse.

It is hardly necessary to add, after what has been said, that imagination predominates over fancy in the older writers, while the reverse is true of modern composition. The very characteristics by which imagination is distinguished from fancy, are sublimity and continuance. The former wings her flight, as Leigh Hunt says,† among the angels, while the latter chases butterflies below. To the one belong those lofty and sustained conceptions‡ met with in the fathers; while the charming figures,§ so abundant in our later verse, are appropriate to the other.

As we proceed with the distinctive feature of these two eras, we cannot but notice the strong subjectivity of modern poetry, a prominent characteristic often erroneously regarded as a mark of inferiority. The older writers zealously avoided introducing their personality into their works, and tried to get outside of themselves, as thinking, feeling men among men, into supernatural existences as poets. But now-a-days the reverse is so nearly true, that a poem is a part of the poet's life, and his complete works are his brain and heart laid bare and exposed to the popular gaze.

The comprehensive cause of this marked superiority in modern verse, is the advanced enlightenment of our age. All the influences of progress are humanizing, and tend toward equality and fraternity. At each step of advancing civilization the low are more exalted, and the lofty more debased. Every succeeding day binds man more closely to his fellow man, imposes upon him a greater respect for the opinions of his neighbor, teaches him to sympathize more deeply with the feelings of his brother. It seems only natural, therefore, that poetry should gradually assume a form wherein the bard may disclose to his readers his own personality, not with arrogant egotism,

*Tennyson calls even his more sustained poems, "Idyls."

† "She (Fancy) chases butterflies, while her sister takes flight with angels."—*Leigh Hunt's "What is Poetry?"*

‡ "The higher efforts of conception fall almost entirely under the province of imagination."—*Encyclopædia Britannica*.

§ "Fancy depends on the rapidity and profusion with which she scatters her images."—*Wordsworth*.

but with that deferential yet free expression of thought and feeling, which we have lately learned to recognize as every man's prerogative. This presumption is fully confirmed by the history of literature. The early poets were altogether objective; for example, the works of Homer do not reveal in the slightest degree the individuality of their author. But as the ages rolled on the poets began to feel, at first with a timorous doubt, that possibly their feelings and opinions were of interest to their fellow men. So Chaucer allowed himself to appear occasionally on the stage, but soon hurried off, suspecting that, after all, like the Dumb Show in the old drama, he had really no business in the play, and was at best uninteresting. When now we reach the seventeenth century, we find the poets coming oftener in their works to make the personal acquaintance of their readers. Who can have forgotten those few but touching lines of Milton on his own blindness, or his rare expressions of doctrinal belief, in *Paradise Lost*? Yet such examples are comparatively infrequent in the writers of this period. The philosophical and metaphysical rhyme-sters entered somewhat, with a timid hesitation, into subjectivity; but the entire works of the century appear to be not so much the expression of independent individual thought and feeling, as the published impression of contemporary circumstances on sensitive minds. The poets as a body were still almost exclusively objective; still appeared like supernatural beings in communion with Divinity, not in the least like men in fellowship with humanity. It is the glory of later years to have properly blended the subjective and the objective; to have taught the poet that he may also be a man. The diffusion of Christianity has opened the heart for sympathy; and the establishment of liberty has emboldened the expression of independent opinion. Wordsworth, who led the way for later bards, is by eminence the subjective poet of all history. In him the two elements were harmoniously blended; he was "not only a translator of what God has created, but a creator in the workshop of his own mind." He mingled I's and my's* with his divinest thoughts, and the latter are not degraded by the association, nor do the former suggest the charge of egotism. Mrs. Browning adopted as her art poetica, Sydney's fantastic line:

* Ruskin, an almost infatuated lover of pure objective verse says contemptuously, "He (Wordsworth) has a vague notion that Nature would not be able to get along well without Wordsworth, and finds a considerable part of his pleasure in looking at himself as well as at her."—*Beauties of R.*

"Foole, sayde my Muse to mee, looke in thine heart and write,"*

and accordingly she has infused her very being, her womanhood, her "week days and Sabbath days" into her works. Tennyson and his contemporaries display this quality to a greater or less degree; but the least subjective of them all is more so than the poets of the former time.

The influence of German philosophy has contributed a new feature to the same characteristic of modern verse. It has induced a spirit of self-examination, which manifests itself in a pervading tone of introspective contemplation, in most of the poetry of the present century. Shelley, who tried in vain to escape the infection, said with a sneer:

"It is a trick of this same family

"To analyse their own and other's minds."

Yet we can see no reasonable objection even to this, so long as it does not obtain undue prominence. Indeed we would by no means favor the cultivation of subjectivity in any form to the exclusion of objectivity, but only a blending of these two properly coexistent elements, that unobtrusive introduction of the author's individuality into his productions against which no well-grounded objection has yet been brought, and for which humanity itself pleads eloquently.

Perhaps, however, the most common complaint urged against modern poetry is its want of originality. But this term originality is ambiguous, since it may have reference either to the mind of the producer or to the production itself. Subjective originality alone is praiseworthy, but the want of it is a literary offense, positive proof of which is almost impossible on account of the frequent occurrence of coincidence in thought. Objective originality then falls more properly within our province. But this expression, objective originality, presents another ambiguity, inasmuch as it may refer either to matter or to manner. Accordingly, for clearness, hereafter we shall apply the term invention to matter, and originality to manner.

We are ready to admit that, in respect to invention, modern poets are inferior to those of the seventeenth century. An assertion so often reiterated cannot be utterly false. Every week some sagacious critic, with complacent satisfaction, discovers a new case of what he is pleased to call "plagiarism;" and the affair is duly heralded by his followers and echoed by the people till the air rings with the familiar cry, "Our poets are a pack of imitators!" Now, while we cannot

* Longfellow also, "Look then into thine heart and write."

deny at least the partial justice of the complaint, yet, lest it be made too sweeping and severe, it may be well to remember that the producer may be entirely original, while his production is utterly stale. Certain it is, that later writers, whether designedly or accidentally, often repeat the plans and conceptions of their ancestors.

A fact to which we have already alluded, will easily account for this advantage of the older bards. Few themselves in number, and with few predecessors, they were in little danger, as they entered on the unsubdued kingdom of poetry, of falling on preoccupied ground, or trespassing on each other's claims. Our poets, on the other hand, are conscious of having been anticipated in many quarters. Innumerable writers have preceded them, each drawing material from the mine of thought. There is always a possibility that the specimens we gather may be found in old museums; that our "new ideas" may be already recorded somewhere in the volumes that have been collecting for centuries on our dusty shelves. As thinkers have been multiplying and thoughts accumulating, mental coincidences have necessarily come to be more frequent. The fact of partial anticipation, however, does not preclude the possibility of invention, but there is a wide-spread presumption of entire pre-occupation, a discouraging conviction that novel thought has been exhausted, which furnishes a plausible excuse for imitation. "Those were not the days of discovery," says an essayist, "when the Pillars of Hercules were believed to be the land-marks of the world." It is hardly surprising, in the light of this consideration, that modern "*materia poetica*" is old.

But our age, with its increased fury in the battle of life, with its hard work and consequent feverish thirst for fierce pleasure, will not be satisfied with staleness alone, in poetry. If it cannot have novelty in thought, it demands originality in treatment; if the matter is old, the manner at least must be new. So we witness continually the appearance of familiar subjects decked in novel garments. Tennyson tells "the old, old story," but so adorned by his dexterous fingers, that its intimate friends greet it as a welcome stranger. "Owen Meredith" revives the heroine of many an old French tale; but he changes her language and calls her Lucile, and lo! we hardly recognize her. Jealousy and affection are introduced to us every week, and we make their acquaintance anew, as if indeed they were not our old friends, Othello and Romeo, skilfully disguised. Here, then, amid this absolute staleness of matter, we find a wonderful novelty of manner. No age has produced a greater variety of strange rhymes and metrical devices than ours. Every writer ostensibly aims at this

sort of originality, and sets out with the determination, "I will seek to follow a path in which I can discover no foot-prints before me."^{*} But the poets of the seventeenth century were generally satisfied with the outlines that had come down to them from the Greeks and Romans, so that even Milton did not hesitate to follow in the steps of Virgil. While they satiated their temperate audience with original thought, their manner was neither various nor novel. They were content to treat new subjects in the old way, while we endeavor to treat old subjects in a new way.

In general it may be remarked, that the older poets considered the expression subordinate to the thought. They "lisped in numbers,—for the numbers came," but little cared they for versification, save as it was a necessary vehicle for the communication of poetic inspiration. Accordingly their poems display a careless exterior, often wanting in that correctness of which modern bards are so justly proud. It would indeed be unreasonable to expect of them a diction so elaborate as our own, for they had neither rules to obey, nor examples to follow. The accumulated works "long sithens composed," which rob our poets of their novelty of thought, furnish some remuneration in serving for the improvement of style. We have the simplicity of Cowper, the elegance of Pope, and all the beauties of the past two centuries, to guide, as well as their defects to warn us. Then, too, we possess many recent poetical theories and formulæ, each yielding valuable suggestions to the versifier. Add yet to these the invaluable essays of Jeffrey, Macauley, and the lesser critics, eagle-eyed to find a fault, and merciless to the offender. All these causes have combined to relieve our vocabulary of many discordant and vulgar words, such as often rendered the earlier poems uneuphonious and disgustingly obscene. By the same salutary influences, our grammar has been reduced to a system of simple but inviolable rules, and our versification has been conformed to the strictest principles of melody. In respect to each of these the modern poet must be faultless, if he would pass in judgment before the court of inquisitors, from which alone can emanate his passport to the people.

But it is often asserted that conformity to rule, and fear of reproof, lead to unnaturalness. So far, however, is this from being necessarily true, that liberal rules and wisely administered reproof have a directly contrary effect. Our poets are not restricted by arbitrary boundaries, which popular taste has set to the latitude of expression, but only by lines stretched by Nature herself, which were never

* "Owen Meredith's" Preface to "Lucia."

before so clearly defined or generally respected as now. Within these limits modern rhymesters have full range over all that is proper and natural, and are cut off from that alone which is unseemly and artificial. Here they escape the affectations of their ancestors, who, having no fixed laws to guide them, conformed their diction to the tastes of mincing courtiers and pretentious scholars. The euphuism and pedantry of the former time, pervading every work of genius, are in strange contrast to the simple grace of modern verse, constructed on the much abused theory of Wordsworth, that the ends of poetry are answered by "fitting to metrical arrangement a selection of the real language of men in a state of vivid sensation." Surely it is not so preposterous, as is often alleged, to claim that our bards surpass their fathers in naturalness as well as correctness of expression.

We conclude now, from the entire discussion; (1) that the character of modern metrical composition, in the mass, is greatly debased by the presence of a vast amount of pseudo-poetry, such as had no existence in the former period; (2) that the poets of the seventeenth century are generally superior to their successors in the matter of their productions, being distinguished for all those excellences that proceed from mental grandeur and sustained power, as well as for the novelty of their conceptions, while they are deficient in subjectivity alone; but, (3) that they are inferior to later bards in respect to manner, in originality and variety, correctness and naturalness. Upon the whole, then, because thought is more important than expression, we must decide in favor of the older poets; but to them we yield the palm with no unwilling hand, for the glory of our fathers is our own.

Memorabilia Valensia.

DeForest Gold Medal.

The successful competitors for the Townsend prize essays, spoke for the DeForest on Monday, June 24th. The following was the

PROGRAMME:

1. The Power of Ideas as contrasted with the Power of Individual Men. RICHARD WILLIAM WOODWARD, *Franklin, Conn.*
2. The Power of Ideas as contrasted with the Power of Individual Men. THOMAS HEDGE, JR., *Burlington, Iowa.*
3. The Power of Ideas as contrasted with the Power of Individual Men. BORD VINCENT, *Eric, Penn.*

4. Modern Poetry compared with the Poetry of the 17th Century. DAVID JAMES BURRELL, *Freeport, Ill.*

5. The Power of Ideas as contrasted with the Power of Individual Men. HENRY CLAY SHELDON, *Louville, N. Y.*

6. Modern Poetry compared with the Poetry of the 17th Century. ALBERT ELLIJAH DUNNING, *Bridgewater, Conn.*

At the close of the speaking, the Medal was awarded to D. J. Burrell.

Sophomore Composition Prizes.

- 1st Prize, H. C. Bannard, New Haven, Conn.
2d " Frank Atwood, Hunt's Corners, N. Y.
3d " F. G. Conkling, New York City.

SECOND DIVISION.

- 1st Prize, { H. V. Freeman, Rockford, Ill.
 { Edward Heaton, Cincinnati, O.
2d " { E. G. Coy, Sandusky, O.
 { J. T. B. Hillhouse, New York City.
3d " { A. H. Ewing, Cincinnati, O.
 { F. S. Hayden, Milwaukee, Wis.

THIRD DIVISION.

- 1st Prize, Bernadotte Perrin, New Britain, Conn.
2d " { Henry Lear, Doylestown, Pa.
 { H. W. Raymond, New York City.
Prize Poem, H. G. Beers, Hartford, Conn.

FOURTH DIVISION.

- 1st Prize, E. P. Wilder, Kolapoor, India.
2d " J. S. Sedgwick, Great Barrington, Mass.
3d " Arthur Shirley, New York City.

To the same Class were awarded the following prizes in Declamation:—

FIRST DIVISION.

- 1st Prize, W. G. Carman, Brooklyn, N. Y.
2d " H. O. Barnard, New Haven, Conn.
3d " W. I. Betts, Stamford, Conn.

SECOND DIVISION.

- 1st Prize, Edward Heaton, Cincinnati, O.
2d " H. V. Freeman, Rockford, Ill.
3d " S. H. Dana, Portland, Me.

THIRD DIVISION.

- 1st Prize, W. L. McLane, New York City.
2d " H. C. Missemer, Pottstown, Pa.
3d " H. W. Raymond, New York City.

FOURTH DIVISION.

- 1st Prize, T. A. Scott, Toledo, O.
2d " F. P. Terry, Irvington, N. Y.
3d " E. P. Wilder, Kolapoor, India.

MATHEMATICAL PRIZES.**SENIORS.**

1st Prize, H. T. Eddy, North Bridgewater, Mass.

2d " L. T. Brown, New Haven, Conn.

The DeForest Mathematical Prize was also awarded to H. T. Eddy.

SOPHOMORES.

1st Prize, F. G. Conkling, New York City.

2d " C. W. Bardeen, Fitchburg, Mass.

3d " R. M. Terrell, Naugatuck, Conn.

FRESHMEN.

1st Prize, Willard Eddy, North Bridgewater, Mass.

2d " { W. A. Keep, Hartford, Conn.

{ J. F. Perry, Crete, Ill.

SCHOLARSHIPS.

The annual examination of the Freshman Class for Scholarships, resulted in the following award:—

Woolsey Scholarship, Edwin R. Stearns, Cincinnati, O.

Hurlburt " E. S. Dana, New Haven, Conn.

Runk " { J. S. Chandler, Madura, So. India.
 { D. W. Learned, Plymouth, Conn.

The Wooden Spoon Promenade

Came off on the evening of June 24th, and was, in all respects, a successful affair. The array of youth and beauty was imposing. The charming faces, graceful figures and beautiful dresses, the fairy forms tripping lightly to and fro, the sparkling eyes and flashing jewels, united with the sweet strains of the band, suggested the idea of a celestial scene, and of the gods dancing at the feet of Juno. But when one found himself standing by the open door, and beheld the "tears of heaven" descending thick and fast, with a lady in his care, and with no umbrella in his hand, and no money in his pocket, celestial visions fled, leaving a painful impression of mundane realities.

The "Wooden Spoon."

The grandest occasion of the College year is the "Presentation of the Wooden Spoon." Occurring, as it does, on the eve of Presentation, it forms an attraction in that eventful week, hardly equaled by the exceedingly interesting exercises of Class-day itself.

The Exhibition had a magnificent introduction in the "Promenade," which occurred on Monday, the 24th. It was by far the most dressy and stylish audience that we have ever witnessed in Music Hall.

The music was by Landers' band, and in quality far surpassed that of the Junior Exhibition Concert. The dancing was very animated, and for once, there was a cry for more room, the crowd being unusually large. If the success of the Promenade was marked, that of the Exhibition, on the following night, was more peculiarly noticeable. The audience that assembled to greet the Spoon Man of '68, never was excelled either for size or intelligence, and their hopes for a successful Exhibition were more than gratified.

The opening Load was a decided success, and keenly enjoyed, not only by the Class, but by the entire audience.

The Latin Salutatory followed, by Mr. Sloane. It was full of fun, and the delivery was of the highest order.

The Spoon addresses were very fine, both on the part of the one presenting (Mr. Dixon,) and of the recipient, (Mr. Berry.) The former stated, in a clear and impressive manner, the character of the Spoon, its doubtful history, and how difficult it sometimes was, to make a proper selection. "But in you, Sir," he said, referring to Mr. Berry, "We have the ideal man, and the unanimous choice of the Class," to all of which "'68" responds a hearty *Amen*. The Philosophical Oration, presented by a double scene—a true phase of College life,—on the one hand was the student hard at work over his mathematics; on the other, some others of his Class engaged in boxing, playing cards, etc. The play, "Love and ambition," written by Mr. S. T. Viele, was an admirable production, and the parts were rendered in a most successful manner. The scene which represented old A. S. & Co. giving out an election, elicited much applause. The High Oration, which followed, was, perhaps, the best thing of the Exhibition. By old graduates, and by those in College, it was especially enjoyed, since, in a comical way, it expressed many truths connected with Prize debates. The concluding exercise was, the "Tragedy of Antigone," composed by Mr. G. Means. To those who had read the tragedy in the original Greek, upon which this was, in part, founded, it was of particular interest. The "chorus" was well carried out, and the whole rendering was such as to fitly close the Exhibition, which is universally conceded to have been the best that has occurred for several years. We annex the programme:—

PROGRAMME.

1. Overture, "William Tell,"Rossini.
2. Opening Load, "The Strawberry,"
3. Latin Salutatory,THOMAS C. SLOANE, New York City.
4. Wooden Spoon Song.
5. Music, "Carnival of Venice,"Petrella.

SPOON ADDRESSES.

6. Presentation,WILLIAM A. DIXON, Brooklyn, N. Y.
7. Reception,COBURN D. BERRY, Nashville, Tenn.
8. Music, "Ballo in Maschiera,"Meyerbeer.
9. Philosophical Oration, "Two phases of College Life."

10. Song.—

I.

Come, jolly Juniors, raise the chorus;
To old Yale loud praises sing;
Ever swell the anthem glorious,
Till the elms with echoes ring.

Once more a year has brought
Around the merry month of June;
Once more at Yale shall reign
The revels of the Wooden Spoon.

Bright eyes are gleaming,
 Sweet faces beaming,
 With pleasure teeming,
 To hail the noble Wooden Spoon. } *B*

Spoon, how Yalensians adore thee!

Fade other honors before thee!

Thou art unrivalled in glory,

And happy the comrade who gains that boon, the Wooden Spoon,

And happy that comrade who takes the Wooden Spoon.

II.

Come, merry elves of mirth and pleasure,

Deign to smile on us to-night;

Grant us joy in boundless measure;

Fill our hearts with radiance bright.

Juno, goddess fair,

In this, thine own sweet month of June,

Juniors, thy chosen sons

We sing the praises of the Spoon.

Fair maids caressing,

Rosy lips pressing,

Breathe forth a blessing. } *Bis.*

On all us jolly Junes at Yale.

Yale! oh, how much the thought grieves me!

Only a year and we leave thee,

But, Alma Mater, believe me,

That never, while living, our love shall fail for dear old Yale,

But ever be glowing our love for dear old Yale.

12. Colloquy, Love and Ambition,"

12. Music, "Dinorah," Meyerbeer.

13. High Oration, "Prize Debate,"

14. College Song.

15. Music. "Yale Pot Pourie,"

16. Colloquy, "Tragedy of Antigone."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.—Creone, king of Thebes; Hæmon, his Son, in love with Antigone; Antigone, a romantic young lady, one of the noblest characters in history; Tiresias, a blind prophet; Choras, an old man; Guards, &c. Scene, Thebes a city of Greece, 1001 years B. C., a few days after a victory over the Argives.

Presentation Day,

Wednesday, June 26th, dawned warm, and almost clear, the rain of the day before having entirely ceased. At 10.15 A. M. the Seniors assembled in the President's Lecture Room, and marched thence to the Chapel. Then, after an Address in Latin by the President, the Poem and Oration were delivered by the Class Poet, W. H. BISHOP, Hartford, Conn., and the Class Orator, J. W. SHOWALTER, Minerva, Ky. Both are considered to be of real merit. The usual Prizes were then an-

nounced, and the exercises of the morning closed, with the singing of the Parting Ode, composed by C. L. Allen.

At 2 30 P. M., the Class assembled on the Green, in front of South Middle, where seats had been erected for the accommodation of spectators. The pipes and tobacco were distributed, and the punch brought in, when the reading of Histories commenced. The Historians were as follows:—1st Division, H. A. Chittenden; 2d Division, C. S. Elliot; 3d Division, L. H. Kitchell; 4th Division, J. M. Spencer.

The first history was hardly commenced, when the clouds opened, and the spectators fled to shelter. The exercises however continued, Mr. Kitchell's history being enlivened by Mr. Morse's imitations of the various Professors, which were capital. The ring was formed under the shelter of umbrellas, and a dreary-good-by spoken. The Ivy was then planted by the Library, the various buildings and the President serenaded, and the Class of '67 broke up forever.

New Books.

We have received from Messrs. LEYPOLDT & HOLT, their three new publications, *The Man with the Broken Ear*, from the French of About; *Fathers and Sons*, a translation from the Russian; and *Critical and Social Essays*, reprinted from the Nation. All these books are very interesting, and will furnish excellent reading for vacation. PEASE has them.

This firm has now in preparation, and will soon issue, three works on Trade Societies, their origin, etc. They will be found particularly serviceable, in these days of Leagues and Strikes.

N. B.—We would call special attention to the Advertisements of this number. Students will find, at the places represented in the advertising pages, the best that can be obtained in the particular line of each. We feel confident, that in recommending these firms to their patronage, we shall confer an equal favor on both parties.

Editor's Table.

ANOTHER year of College life is now ended. Some may experience satisfaction in being so much nearer the struggle of active life, but the rapid flight of time cannot but cast a tinge of sadness over all hearts. The recurrence of these closing scenes reminds us, that another year of life is gone, and that another year of these College days and friendship, has flown forever. As we witness class after class pass from us, we each time contemplate, with a deeper sigh, the diminished interval that separates us from the final parting. At first we look with half distrust upon the grief and tears manifested at the last farewell on the College Green. But now, after three years of participation in a common life, we feel that when our turn shall come, it will cost a painful struggle to sunder these ties forever. There is something beautiful and peculiar in this College life,—something we find no where else. Here men, from every grade of society meet on a common level. Distinctions of wealth and social standing are swept away. Each one is placed upon his own merit, and upon that he stands or falls. The poor boy from the country is as likely to be preferred, as the rich and fashionable metropolitan. It is this obliteration of social ranks, and this reception of one another on the intrinsic merit of

head and heart, that links the members of a Class so closely together. The breaking up of these intimate associations is a painful process. We do not wonder, now, that the day of parting is a day of sadness and of tears. Of the Class that has just left us, I know but little personally. The tendency of College ways and customs here is, to impart, at the outset, an unfavorable opinion of the Class next above us. When we first arrive on these "classic grounds," we find them our determined foes. The name, Sophomore, soon comes to suggest visions of smoke, and horns, and masks, and all things dreadful. The result of it all is, that we acquire a settled dislike for the Class, as a body. This opinion is very justly formed at the beginning, although the reason for it soon ceases to exist. But it is hard to obliterate first impressions in this, as in other cases. Some remains of the old feeling linger in the heart during the entire course. For my part, I think this practice of rendering the situation of the Freshmen as disagreeable as possible, is mean in principle, and highly prejudicial in its results. Everywhere else in society, when the strong override and impose upon the weak, it excites indignation and scorn. It is claimed these impositions upon Freshmen are committed in sport. But the sport is all on one side. In fact, there is no such thing as sport, unless both parties agree in considering it such. I did not intend to run into a disquisition upon these topics, but now that I am here, I would say one thing more. A higher than human authority has laid down as a rule to guide human conduct, "Do as you would be done by." In propounding this rule, He makes no exceptions for cases of sport or retaliation. It does not permit us to treat others as we *have been* treated, nor to do to others in sport what we would not have them do to us in sport. We cannot violate this principle, without wronging humanity and ignoring God. We cannot violate it without demeaning the character and perilling happiness. To do so is, therefore, a more serious offense than may at first appear. In view of this consideration, and in view of decency and gentlemanly deportment, which are outraged, I trust that this overbearing and abusive treatment of Freshmen will soon be known at Yale as only a barbarism of the past. From what I have said, I would not have it inferred, that we harbor any ill-feeling towards the Class of 1867, which has just departed from us. If, however, there still lingers a trace of the old antipathy of Freshman year, or if we regard them in a less exalted light than we did '66 or '65, they, and not ourselves, are responsible. As they go forth to engage in active life, and to win a position in the world, we heartily wish them abundant prosperity, hoping that their lives may be eminent and useful.

We are, ourselves, about to separate for a long vacation. It is not, however, a sad separation. We expect to meet again, when its fleeting days are gone, and pursue our common course, rendered all the happier for its interruption. And what divests the separation almost entirely of sadness, is, that we expect to meet the dearer friends, and enjoy the brighter scenes and serenest skies of home. Undoubtedly we all look forward to a pleasant vacation; undoubtedly we shall all, at parting, cordially wish each other a happy time. But how widely diversified are the meanings which this simple phrase conveys to different minds! If we were to follow the members of a single Class through the coming vacation, how varied should we find their pleasure seekings! Some we should trace beyond the Atlantic wave, and behold them in foreign lands, feasting upon the grand old ruins of ancient castles, or the magnificent piles of modern architecture, mingling in the *gorgeous scenes of the great Exposition*, and basking in the smiles of Parisian

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damsels, climbing the rugged ascent of the Alps, or standing upon the classic Hills of the Famous City, or, possibly, we should see them lost in wonder before the Pyramids, or gently swayed with admiration of Egyptian maidens, as they promenade in *full dress*. Many we should follow to the celebrities of our own continent, to Niagara, Mount Washington, Saratoga, and the West, and see them mingling in fashionable society, and flirting with fashionable belles. Others, we may expect to find content with more quiet recreation. Lovers of repose, of solitude, and of nature, we shall see them directing their eager steps towards the country. There, unobserved by the vulgar world, and no longer constrained and harassed by the conventionalities of the city, they will enjoy that glorious liberty which the country alone affords. They will delight in its green fields, its cooling shade, and its murmuring brooks. They will feast upon the fruits of farm and garden, gathered, fresh and luscious, from tree and vine. The innumerable diversions of the country they will enjoy in rich abundance. Were we so disposed, we might follow them, as, seated with fair companions in the old homestead carriage, they ride gayly on the road skirting the broad rolling river, winding through the luxuriant valleys, sweetly scented with the perfume of the new mown grass, and the exhalations of ten thousand flowers, or climbing the ascent of yon rugged mountain, whence the landscape spreads out, in richest beauty, far and wide beneath. We might follow them to the rustic gathering in the shady grove by the placid lake. We might trace them to the arbor at eventide, and listen to the song and the chat. We might hover near them in the quiet walk, as the last rays of the declining sun bathe the hill and tree-top in golden light, and we might listen to the strange tales of history and affection, unintended for other ears.

Ah! who can tell how many scenes will be enacted in the rides and rambles of vacation, that would rival the wildest and sweetest romance? How many may be the hearts lost and won! How oft may the starry skies bend low over the happy meetings of those whose hearts shall beat in unison for the first time! How the fields will seem richer, the heavens fairer, the birds' song sweeter, the brooklets murmur more musical, and all the world more joyous forever-more! But I am venturing upon ground that is strange to my feet. I am speaking of subjects of which, happily or unhappily, *I am totally ignorant*. I will return, therefore, to that other class of students, to whom, from choice or necessity, vacation must be a period of more or less labor. It is to be lamented that any, after the confinement and labor of a year's study, are debarred from full recreation at the time allotted for it. Of the two classes,—those who are obliged to *earn* money during vacation, and those who have an unlimited amount to spend,—the condition of the former is preferable. Great necessities nerve the one class to great efforts. The absence of necessities removes from the other class every incentive to vigorous action. Perhaps I should not say *every* incentive. There are left those incentives of duty and responsibility born into every heart. But, owing to the constitutional laziness of the human race, we generally find that those who have wealth and position to start with, and are not urged to labor and sacrifice by the absolute wants of our nature, relapse into a life of comparative passivity and indulgence. He who has no supporting arm to lean upon in youth, early acquires independence and self-reliance, becomes strong and manly in his development, earnest and intent of purpose, and well prepared to engage successfully in the fierce struggle around him. *Let him not, therefore, look with envious eyes upon the condition of those who revel in luxury and ease. And let not the gay and wealthy men in early life, re-*

gard with scorn and pity those whom stern want dooms to unremitting toil; for the chances are ten to one, that, when the evening of life is closing round us, they will be far outstripped in wealth and honor by those whom adversity now pinches in its iron grasp. This is a world of justice in the end. Those who begin by despising the poor and toiling, usually live to see those very persons raised far above them in rank and title. And this is a natural result. He who scorns poverty and despises labor, is of a disposition not calculated to succeed in the world. The four classes which I have described comprehend the whole of College life. Altogether we shall find a single class participating in every variety of occupation and amusement, and representing every grade of society. But whatever be the pursuit, we shall find that all seek, chiefly, the same boon,—recreation, pleasure, happiness. Whether we call it by these or other names, it is that something for which we all are longing, and for which we all are striving. One seeks it in the courts and scenes of foreign lands; another pursues it in the fashionable resorts and gay societies of our own country. One seeks it in the solitude and simplicity of the country, and another tries to grasp it, 'mid the toil which circumstances necessitate. Undoubtedly, all have laid their plans for vacation. Undoubtedly, all are elated at the prospect of their speedy consummation. I trust that none will be disappointed. In behalf of the Ltr. Editors, I heartily wish all a happy and satisfactory vacation.

Presentation week is over. Its exercises have already been alluded to in the Memorabilia, but I cannot refrain from a few additional remarks. And first, I would contribute my modicum of praise to the Wooden Spoon Promenade and Exhibition. I do this, not because they were supervised by *my* Class, but because they were a grand success in themselves. Every journal has commended them in terms of unmeasured approbation. For some years, at least, the Spoon Exhibition has not been equaled, and we doubt if it was ever surpassed. The chosen nine will live immortal in the gratitude and love of their class-mates. Sixty-eight is proud of her Cochleareati, and proud of their successful labors.

Perhaps it might not be amiss to call the attention of future Classes to one great difference between the Spoon Exhibitions of '68 and '67. In that of '67 the interval between the different scenes was so long, that the weariness and impatience of waiting, more than counter-balanced the pleasure of the scenes themselves. The plays and exercises are, usually, of such a character, if they only succeed each other rapidly, the result will not be doubtful. We caution future Committees to look well to this, if they would come off with credit.

In speaking of Class Day, I shall only refer to one evil. It is the usual tendency of historians to heap abuse upon those unfortunates who are absent. I do not refer to the historians of '67, for I did not hear them, but to the general practice. In former years I have heard the historians set forth all the evil characteristics of an absent member, without shame or confusion. However immoral or lawless may have been his course, the fact that he was once a Classmate, ought to be sufficient reason for throwing the veil of silence over his misguided deeds. The memory of a Classmate should be sacred from gossip and abuse. If we can speak no good of the absent, let us at least refrain from speaking evil.

There were other events in Presentation week which were, undoubtedly, of interest to the lower classes. I refer to the change in Chapel seats. We have crowded out another Class, and now '68 bows the head to the venerable President of Yale. *I marked that we assumed our new seats, silent and thoughtful. It was an omen*

sion full of sad suggestions to most of us. It is the last move we can ever make in the old Chapel; for when we move again, it will be into the great, cold, world beyond. To the other Classes, however, the change was, doubtless, wholly of a pleasant character. We wish the new-fledged Juniors and Sophomores joy, and earnestly hope their wings will not be clipped by the present annual. And who has caused all this commotion in the Old Chapel? Who has crowded '67 from its place in the College world, and pushed each of us one year nearer the final exit? Ah! here they come! the Class of '71! Already they are gathering about the classic Hall, treading, with faint, uncertain step, on the sacred earth of far-famed Yale. All hail Class of '71! We give you greeting! May you pass, unscathed, through the ordeal of Alumni Hall, and stand, with your feet firmly planted in the "first-precincts of College!" May you become willing subscribers and able contributors to the LIT.

O, hotti dies! O, crammi dies! O flunki examinationum! O, all ye terrors, farewell! "We are going to leave you now." Already I catch glimpses of refreshing shades and limpid streams. "Old Charlie" stands waiting for a drive. There are lilies on the pond to be gathered, and the fair hands that would pluck them from their watery bed, wait for the boatman to come. There are fishes in the brook to be baited and caught. There are fruits in the garden, longing for the hand to pluck them. There's a vacant seat at the table, on the shady banks of the rippling stream. The sweet voices and sacred forms of *home* beckon hither Surely,

"Be it ever so humble, there is no place like home."

Far away in the heat and dust and noise of the city, tormented by the annual on the one side and the LIT. on the other, the soul echoes the beautiful lines of the Poet;—

"Home of my childhood!
How affection clings,
And hovers round thee
With her seraph wings!"

I cannot linger. Once more to all I extend the parting wish, that a kind Providence grant you a happy vacation, and return you at its close safe to each others arms.

To Undergraduates.

In accordance with the annual custom, the Board of Editors hereby offer for competition, the Yale Literary Prize, a gold medal, valued at twenty-five dollars. Each contestant must comply with the following conditions; He must be a member of the Academical Department, and a subscriber to the LIT.: his essay must be a prose article, and must not exceed in length ten pages of the Magazine; it must be signed by an assumed name, and accompanied by a sealed envelop, containing the real name of the writer; and must be sent to the undersigned, on or before Saturday, Oct. 19th. The Committee of Award will consist of two resident graduates and the Chairman of the Board, who will keep secret the names of the unsuccessful competitors.

R. W. AYRES,

CHAIRMAN BOARD OF EDITORS.

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